

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

European Front

How long will Germany be able to withstand full-scale invasion assault from the West? Hitler's ability to resist is now more than ever dependent on his ability to concentrate adequate forces where they are needed. This process is becoming progressively more difficult.

Casualty lists of the Wehrmacht for the winter just ended drew orders from the High Command for a new "levy of desperation" — the second in less than a year. Losses since the summer of 1943 exceed the total of last year's emergency draft. Every male in the Third Reich from fifteen to sixty, not already in the army, falls within the new canvass. Children are being fed into German industries to release more men. Contingents of Poles, Czechs, and other subject peoples are being injected into the Wehrmacht, which once scorned them as "inferior." Reports from the eastern front show that many of these desert.

The air score

1. The crippling of the Luftwaffe leaves the Wehrmacht without sufficient fighting cover on every battle front in Europe. Approximately half the first-line fighter strength of the Reich has been smashed.
2. By adding Lend-Lease planes to her own swelling production, Russia has achieved air superiority over the whole eastern front.
3. In the West, the growth of the Allied air strength based in Britain is attested by the fact that the American bombing fleet there is now larger than its British partner.
4. In the South (where Hitler has overridden the advice of Rommel and undertaken to convert the Italian campaign into another of his familiar "stand and die" adventures), the swift accumulation of

German air strength fails to close the gap of Allied superiority and accelerates the Luftwaffe losses.

5. The battered industrial heart of the Third Reich, long open to blows from the West and South, is now dangerously exposed from the East. Every war industry which the Nazis have moved to Eastern Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia lies within range of heavy bombers from Russia, based no farther from pulverized Berlin than bombers flying from England. Skoda's turn is coming up. Prague and the industrial concentrations near-by — which make up Germany's greatest war production center after Berlin — are almost 100 miles closer to the approaching Russians than is the German capital.

6. The majority of the Nazi plane factories have been reduced to rubble, thanks to the remarkable step-up of precision bombing made possible by a godsend of good weather. Large transfers of ground personnel from the Luftwaffe to combat divisions have been revealed by analysis of the types of prisoners captured on three fronts.

Bread and manganese

Russia's triumphant winter campaign, which is now slowing in the annual spring thaw, adds to the lengthening list of Germany's deficits. Likewise it intensifies pressure upon German morale in many directions, from food to politics. Loss of the vast manganese supply centers at Nikopol and Krivoi Rog is a severe blow to the German war economy, now that Sweden has pared her exports to the Reich because of significant doubts as to Germany's future ability to pay for them. Disruption of the supply route over which the Nazis imported Finnish nickel, copper, and cellulose is another consequence of the Red Army's winter successes and of the renewed Russian naval and air patrol in the Finnish Gulf.

Germany's diminishing foothold in the Western Ukraine is now as useless for economic purposes as it is hopeless for military advantage. That she will lose it long before another grain crop can ripen is certain. Indeed, the formidable Russian offensives north of Rumania in Poland west of the Dnieper and down the headwaters of the Bug threaten to snatch back into Russia's hands what is left of this bread basket before sowing time ends. The subtraction represents a severe loss for the Reich. Steep reduction of food rations in Germany during February shows how quickly effect follows cause. Hitherto during the war Germany has eaten well. That is no longer true.

The plight of Finland and the advance of General Kutsov's steamroller in Southeastern Poland are shaking Germany's Balkan satellites from their last lingering doubts of approaching doom. Unlike Finland, not all of them are tangled in the problems of armed German occupation. In Hungary there are few German troops except for service and supply formations. Bulgaria, up to early March, was but partially garrisoned. Large areas of Rumania were similarly free of the Wehrmacht.

Insurrection, long expected and long delayed, now threatens each of the three as they seek to escape from the war while clinging to their loot. With Russian armies pressing toward the Balkans, this melee creates more hazards for the Germans. Hitler must hold the three Balkan states to protect his flank from the Russian challenge. Yet complete military occupation of all three would demand troops he cannot spare from other fronts. Moreover, if Germany attempts to seize Hungary, where she is roundly hated, she may face an inopportune and costly fight, with the prospect that a brand-new guerrilla army might soon be in the field against her.

Here come the Russians

No phenomenon of the war is more significant than the terror engendered among the German people by the nearer approach of the Russian armies. Cruelties practiced upon war prisoners and civilians in Russia by the German Wehrmacht are well known throughout Germany. Hitler's government has even encouraged home folk to inflict similar brutalities on Russian war prisoners and upon the hundreds of thousands of civilian men, women, and girls kidnaped from Russian cities and villages into slavery.

More than a million and a half Russians are estimated to have died miserably in Germany and Poland since the summer of 1941 from this savage treatment. Even the tormented Poles have fared better. As the Russian armies hammer their way through the Baltic States and Poland, the German home front is afflicted with a fright obviously resulting from "consciousness of guilt."

The first mutiny

For the first time since the war began, mutiny has appeared among German troops engaged in front operations. This is a partial explanation of the swift collapse of the powerful German siege position before Leningrad, which Hitler and the High Command considered impregnable. The imprisonment of the German commander of the whole area, the execution of three famous German field generals involved in this breakdown, the shooting of contingents of mutinous troops, the imprisonment of others in concentration camps, all show that the German High Command recognizes mutiny — the most insidious of all dangers besetting an unsuccessful army.

The troops involved were long inactive in fortifications which the Russian armies did not seriously menace until this past winter. Such situations generally impair morale. Whether any parallel exists between the mood of the Wehrmacht west of Leningrad three months ago and the mood of the defense garrisons manning the Atlantic Wall (which have been inactive much longer) remains to be seen.

What is important is the evidence of increasing dissension among officers in the Wehrmacht and questioning of Hitler's orders by its ranking leaders. Here is the Achilles heel of the whole German war structure — as Himmler's hasty visit to Latvia to mete out punishments indicates.

Can Germany dig in?

How do the Nazis expect to counter threats now raised by Russia from her brilliantly won vantage points in the Baltic States and approaches to Eastern Poland? How stay the avalanches accumulated above Lwow and the Eastern Carpathians, where the last rail supply line from Germany to Southwestern Russia and the main trunk line into Rumania from the North have been neutralized?

How can the Germans block the tidal wave surging toward the Balkans? Germany is heavily outnumbered on the eastern front in every sector of strategic importance. To complicate matters for her, though Russia's immense reserves are yet uncommitted, Josef Stalin releases news of still another host whose training approaches completion. Clearly, this unsuspected — and to the Germans unwelcome — addition to Russian might must be faced in the coming grand Allied offensive.

There are hints that the Nazis may try to meet some of these problems with a fundamental change in tactics. To stabilize the eastern and southern fronts in time to permit a swinging of forces westward against invasion from Britain has been Hitler's hope and dream all winter. That obsession lies at the root of his familiar and monotonous "stand and die"

orders to his generals in both Russia and Italy. Defense in depth has failed to halt the Red armies. Yet unless the Russians can be held, the sweep of invasion from the West cannot be blocked either. It is both dikes or none.

The Nazis plan to try trench warfare as a possible answer. Russian intelligence, operating through the guerrillas, is turning up evidence that defenses along the Riga-Lwow line are being supplemented by elaborate trench systems. The Germans apparently hope to make Russian break-throughs, flanking sweeps, and by-passing moves more difficult by presenting a continuous line.

The experiment is ingenious; but will it work? The long stalemate in World War I in Western Europe was, it is true, tangled in trench warfare. But there were few airplanes in that struggle, and none of them remotely compared with the aerial armadas now functioning. There was no air-borne infantry. There were also few tanks. Mechanized armies did not exist. Armored divisions were unheard of. Will trench warfare stand up today, even when developed around the famous German defense-in-depth system?

Himmler against the guerrillas

The gravity of the military problems accumulating for the German High Command is deepened by the sharpening tone of underground activities throughout the Continent. Hitler has acknowledged the operations of these silent fighters by dispatching Himmler on a grand tour to Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, France, and the states of the Baltic East.

Himmler's mission is to improve and enlarge the organization of the German terror in every subject nation where invasion impends. Quislings and their collaborators have instituted new special police forces to aid the German authorities. Nearly five thousand Gestapo agents, all experts on combating sabotage, have poured into little Denmark from Czechoslovakia.

Yet efforts of the Germans to throttle opposition make slow progress. Underground formations multiply attacks. Sabotage reaches tremendous proportions. Executions of informers and collaborators occur daily. In Paris the toll of these gentry is now two a day.

Robin Hoods at large

The rapid growth of guerrilla forces is an important recent sign of deteriorating German control on the Continent. This explains why Himmler's tour is followed by explosions of regional civil war from France to the Baltic States, and why the Nazis must draw police details from Germany for reinforcement.

Belgium's guerrilla army finds shelter in the fabulous forest of the Ardennes — habitat of outlaw bands since the Middle Ages. Several expeditions to eliminate these forces have failed. According to the Nazis themselves, the Ardennes guerrillas constitute an "International Brigade." Their ranks include escaped Russian prisoners from the Belgian mines, Senegalese and Moroccan French soldiers, as well as thousands of Belgians. Organized under experienced officers, the Brigade possesses motor transport, a communications system, rifles, small field guns, and even some uniforms.

The guerrillas in France, comprising a sizable portion of French underground formations, are officially numbered at nearly 200,000, though that figure is probably too high. A small army of them is fighting a war to the death among the forests and mountains of Haute-Savoie against a powerful expeditionary force of Vichy Mobile Police commanded by the notorious Joseph Darnand, lately named by Laval to direct destruction of resistance cadres. M. Darnand's efforts are impaired, however, by police desertions to the outlaws.

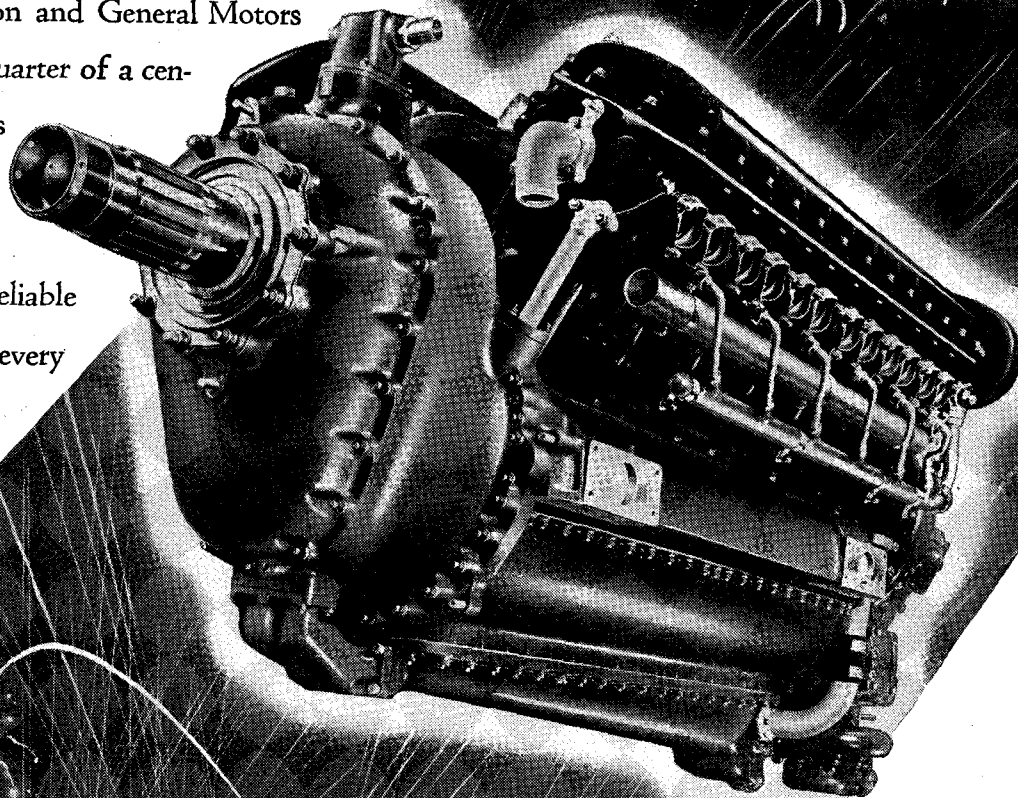
Poland's guerrillas are numerous and rove over the south and central areas of the countryside. Strategic position provides this army with magnificent opportunities for harassing German supply lines. The tough and daring Polish fighters include thousands of trained railway wreckers. Their sudden descents upon German garrisons, prison camps, and trains, and their ingenious system of issuing fake orders to occupying officials, keep the administrations of several provinces in continual confusion.

On his visit to the Baltic States, Himmler conceived the idea of organizing local detachments of natives to fight the guerrillas. His argument was that they were to protect their own property from "the bolsheviks." The result has been contrary to his purpose. Between 60 and 70 per cent of the able-bodied Latvians, Estonians, and Lithuanians have fled "into the bush" to join Russian-directed guerrillas already operating there.

Some of these bands are said to number as many as a thousand. Their ranks are swollen by rescued Russian prisoners, and their arms are provided by ambushing German supply trains and convoys, and by raiding dumps. The efficiency of the Baltic guerrillas is attested by official praise from Moscow, and by the complaint from German headquarters that the loss of one of the key positions on the eastern front was occasioned by the severance of supply lines in the rear by outlaw bands. A whole brigade of Czech guerrillas lately enrolled in Marshal Tito's army in the Balkans. The reconciliation of the two guerrilla factions in Greece bodes more trouble for the Germans.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Pacific War

OUR naval offensive in the Pacific — beginning with Tarawa and proceeding with speed and audacity to the Marshalls and the Marianas, to Truk and Paramushiro — was made possible by two years of unspectacular toil. Not until the circle around Japan had been well constructed could body blows be delivered at will and at points of our own choosing.

We struck only when it was clear that the chain of steel around the Japanese Empire was so strong that a concentrated blow in one direction could not be answered by dangerous Japanese diversions in other areas. Without minimizing the achievements in production, planning, and supply which obviously underlie the naval offensive, we must put it in proper perspective. It is properly understood as one element in a vast and complex plan to shatter the foundations of the Island Empire.

Our general strategy has become so clear that it was useless to attempt to conceal it. Admiral Nimitz's remarkably frank statement that he was on the way to China was echoed immediately by General Stilwell and General Chennault. There was no point in concealing from the Japanese what they already knew. Unless Japan is willing to oblige us with a full-scale naval battle, there is no way of mounting a full-scale air offensive against the home islands short of bases in China.

This limitation does not exclude the desirability of securing bases in the Kurile Islands or on Karafuto. But China is most certainly one of the many roads to Tokyo.

We can afford to be all the more open about our strategy because the very nature of Japan's possessions gives us mastery of tactical surprise. The

Japanese have no way of telling where or when we are going to strike next. There is no reason why the empire which Japan won so quickly should not be as quickly lost, if we can capture the bases from which to use the air and sea power that we are now employing so effectively. We have the advantages which accrue to the side with the initiative.

Islands can't maneuver

The change in the Pacific strategic situation, so carefully noted by our Soviet allies in their official military publications, stems first from our superiority in heavy battleships. Admiral Takahashi put the point clearly in a statement he made towards the end of February. He told his listeners that the "unsinkable air bases" of the Pacific, in which Japan had placed much confidence, cannot be maneuvered, whereas the battleship can.

The basic operations of sea warfare, he suggested, are very different from land war, and Japan should not think of the front in the Central Pacific as similar to that in Russia or Italy. The victor, in other words, will be the one who attains final mastery of the sea; the last battle is the most important. Admiral Takahashi was saying what Admiral Jellicoe said in the last war: the commander of the fleet can lose the war in an afternoon.

The reason the Japanese fleet had not given battle, according to the Admiral, was lack of air power. This is not due, we can suppose, so much to inadequate numbers as to inability to apply them in the proper place and in sufficient force. The strings of island air bases which radiate from the home factories are too far apart to be used successfully unless Japan has mastery of the sea. Fighter planes cannot proceed to the defense of outlying atolls, fight, and return. Nor are the carefully prepared island

outposts able to withstand the new techniques of land, sea, and air attack by task forces.

What is a "task force"?

These task forces really constitute a new kind of weapon. We are told little about them, but it is clear that they change in size and composition according to the task to be carried out. The Army's air forces serve as the "strategic air force" and the Navy's carrier-based planes serve as the "tactical" — although in some cases, as at Truk, the carriers must do everything. All land-based aircraft in the Central Pacific are under one command, whatever branch of the service they stem from.

Details of the exact nature of task force composition and tactics will not be disclosed to the American people — if only because the Japanese themselves must be singularly ill-informed about them. The concentrated fire which destroyed the radio station at Kwajalein was something like the artillery pattern we used on the Anzio beachhead. Nothing could remain upright or alive in the area covered by the shells. Nor could any Japanese get away from these islands to tell the story. In this sort of operation we either succeed immediately and decisively or fail altogether.

Where are you hi-i-ding?

Japanese naval strength is still of tremendous importance. Some estimates put it as low as two thirds of its strength at the time of Pearl Harbor. But estimates of new building are necessarily speculative. The important change, from the point of view of naval strategy, is that Japan's fleet, like Germany's after Jutland, is now a "fleet in being." It is sobering to remember that the battle of wits between our own naval forces and those of the enemy has only just begun. Anything may yet happen in the vast spaces between the Marshalls and Japan.

Much has been made of our enormous superiority in planes and ships. These play their part, but that superiority is relative to the task which must be performed. The most encouraging aspect of our naval offensive is not its weight but our superior strategy — the tactical skill and inventiveness with which these forces are being used. The colossal effort all this represents is in itself the best testimony to the strength of the Japanese Empire.

Tojo at home

Premier Tojo removed his Army and Navy Chiefs of Staff immediately after the attack on Truk. It is not necessarily true, however, that the one event led to the other. The usual procedure is to remove the Army or Navy commander on the spot, not to take away the brains of the military machine when the going becomes difficult. Truk may have

been the occasion, but other differences must have been the cause of the removal of the Chiefs of Staff and the cabinet shake-up.

These differences are not entirely a matter of speculation. It is significant that the Ministers of Agriculture and Commerce, of Finance, and of Communications, were the ones to fall. These men had to do with the three main difficulties of the Japanese Empire: they had faced the bulk of criticism in the Diet and were under the greatest pressure.

The reasons for the removal of the military chiefs are not so clear. The attack on Truk must have brought to a head the shift in Japan's strategic position which had already taken place. Japan has long been on the defensive, but the men in power were still those who believed in the offensive and may well have been committed, within the inner councils, to further offensive action, possibly against the Soviet Union. They were not the men to control the destinies of Japan on the defensive. They must have lost a bitter battle over the question of basic strategy. The home front has long been blamed for the shortcomings of the military clique. This is the first time that the militarists have quarreled openly.

We have long had a concept of Japan as a united country singularly free from the internal divisions that are supposed to mark the democracies. But there are more things than the removal of the Chiefs of Staff to force us to modify this concept. Subtle changes are going on both on the home front and among the soldiers in the field. More and more measures are being taken on the home front that indicate concern over the attitude of the people.

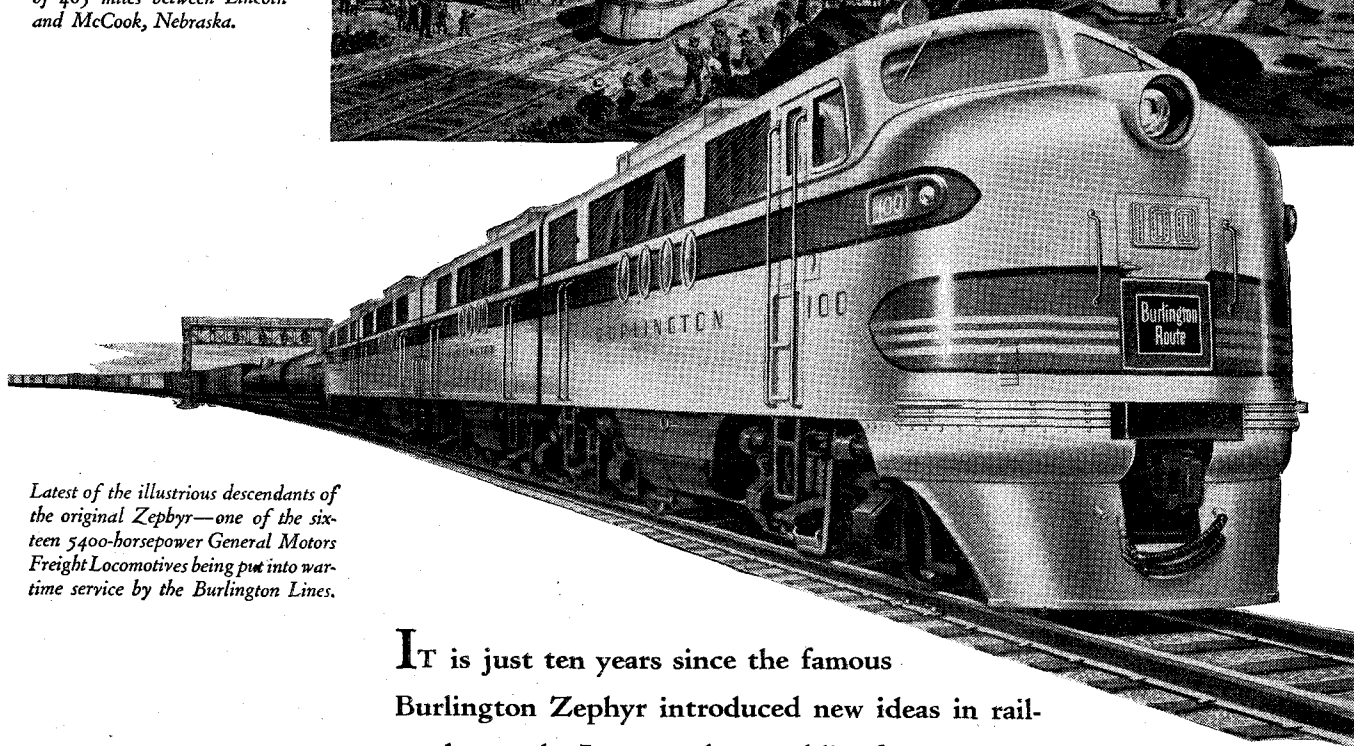
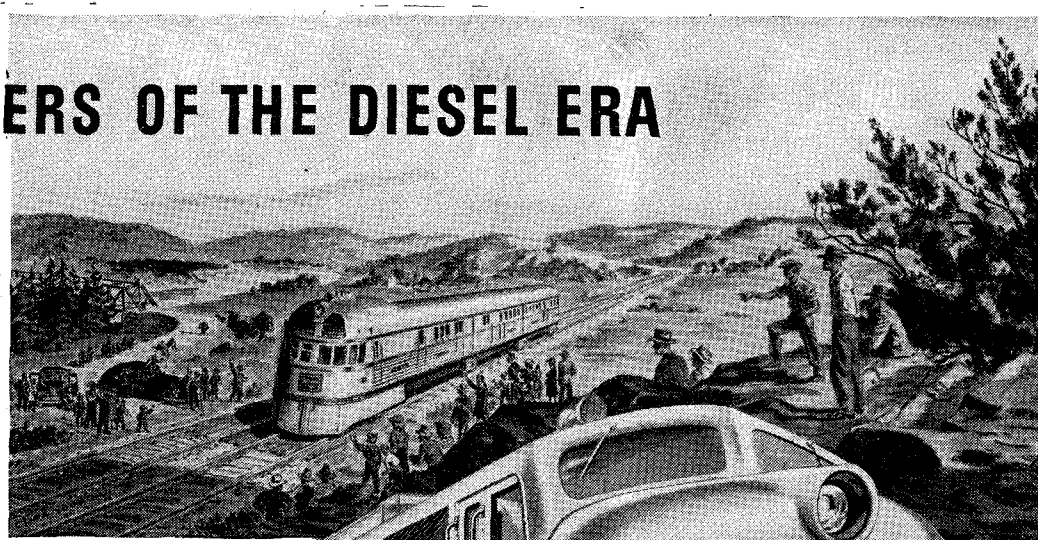
Tojo has the task of forcing through measures necessary to meet coming air raids and, at the same time, of keeping up the morale of a people who have been told that the enemy has already been defeated. According to Russian reports, prominent Japanese newspapers urged that the decentralization of the population and offices in the bigger cities be carried out without waste of time: "The speed with which it is being carried out is not satisfactory considering the present state of the war." When the tide of war changes, the believers in short-range propaganda are caught short.

The Japanese soldier

The stirrings on the home front are perhaps less significant than the changing attitude of the men in the field. One of the casualties of our naval offensive and of the combined operations in the Southwest Pacific is the Japanese theory of "believing operations." The Japanese must have believed their own propaganda when they assumed that the superior fighting qualities of the Japanese soldier would make

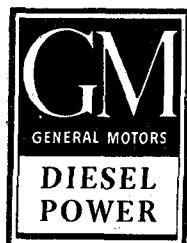
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the war too costly for us to pursue. They are the victims of their own persistent underestimation of the latent fighting qualities of a non-military people.

If the attack on Tarawa pleased the Japanese from the point of view of its cost in American lives, it must also have warned them, as had earlier operations on Guadalcanal, of the "spiritual quality" of American troops. If we accept, as we must, the view that Japanese soldiers, in spite of their indoctrination, are as human as other troops, we shall be the less surprised at the mounting evidence of their very human reactions to defeat.

We are taking more and more prisoners. Two years ago it would have been most unusual for sixty men to allow themselves to be picked out of the water when their transport had been sunk. In New Guinea and Burma, stragglers are coming out of the jungles to surrender. Many Japanese officers have been evacuated from indefensible positions, and we know that in places such as Attu, when escape was impossible, they often slaughtered their men and themselves long before they had spent the last cartridge.

Once he is separated from his officer, the main fear in the mind of the Japanese soldier is that of being tortured by his captors. Many of the Japanese atrocities have been committed as a demonstration to peasants in uniform of what would happen to them in case of capture. It is part of the indoctrination course. There is something very credible in the report from Kwajalein that a group of Japanese resisted capture until they happened to see one of their own number leaning over the rail of a ship with a cigarette in his mouth. All they needed was this demonstration of good treatment.

The Japanese prisoner

One direction in which the thoughts of Japanese soldiers may now be turning is indicated by reports on Japanese prisoners of war in China. The views expressed are those of a politically sophisticated group of Japanese prisoners and are colored by the propaganda of the Japanese Anti-war League in China. According to these men, they are tired of the war — a war which brings them suffering not only in the field but at home. They assert that the people of Japan are beginning to suspect and even to struggle against the militarists who hold them in their grip. They say that strikes are growing all over Japan. They claim that if Japan can be assured of a chance to develop peacefully, her people will turn against the great industrial organizations and the military machine.

These are political opinions extracted from men already captured, and are colored perhaps by wishful thinking. The Chinese have long hoped for social

revolution in Japan and still see a social and political revolution as the most likely concomitant of defeat. It would be unwise to think these views are general in the Japanese Army. They are not. But they do represent one reaction which might well develop rapidly among downtrodden workers and peasants.

United command in China

Our drive across the Pacific towards China is apparently the task of the year. We can expect to see the shadow of coming events not only in the desperate preparations on Japan's home front, but also in the occupied territories. Because the shadow fell first on the Philippines, the Japanese announced a state of national emergency and gave to Laurel the powers of dictatorship. Only those who have lived under the Japanese can picture the sufferings the Filipino people are now enduring and must ultimately face. We do not know the full extent of Philippine resistance, but we do know that the Japanese radio talks about it at great length.

As reconquest reaches other occupied lands and eventually China, the real test of Japan's political position will come. Will the Chinese be ready for the counteroffensive? Will American-Chinese military coöperation have been successfully worked out?

In spite of excellent local coöperation in Northern Burma, there are still many unresolved problems. The well-fed, well-armed, and adequately trained Chinese troops who are protecting the Ledo Road represent a pattern of American-Chinese military coöperation which cannot be projected over the whole of China. They are in effect an American-trained army; they operate under American generals.

In China proper it is a question of coöperation between the Fourteenth Air Force and small numbers of American troops and technicians, on the one side, and the Chinese military establishment, on the other. Where and how the Chinese armies are going to fight is not only a military but also a political decision. We are ill-informed as to whether or not American strategy and Chinese strategy are in any way coöordinated.

Our own strategy may require an offensive in one direction, whereas Chinese politics may demand it in another. Certainly the faster our offensive moves across the Pacific, the more urgent will be our interest in the internal situation in China. Yet there are few things about which the American public knows less. Reports brought back by our troops and travelers from China today show that the Chinese have as distorted a picture of us as we have of them. It is high time we put our relations with China on the same basis of open and frank discussion as are our relations with Great Britain.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Latin America

A REVOLUTION which would transform Argentina from a sullen and politically incompatible nominal associate of the United Nations, favor-seeking and untrusted, into a working democratic ally in the struggle for a freer world, plainly would ease a vast number of nerve strains in the diplomacy of the Western Hemisphere.

It would relieve us and our allies of the embarrassment of having a government of Fascist predilections and practices on our side when we are supposed to be fighting to destroy Fascism. It would remove the constant anxiety of Washington that the Fascist Good Neighbor might be boring from within in the continental politics, seeking to establish Fascist or partially Fascist regimes in other American republics.

But as summer turned toward autumn in the Southern Hemisphere, the ideal revolution seemed far off. There was plenty of violent disturbance, but the only coup that succeeded left the Argentine situation in worse state than before.

This was the still somewhat mysterious Presidential Palace affair of the last week in February, when President Pedro Pablo Ramírez — top dog in the military coup which overthrew the civilian government eight months earlier — suddenly resigned and turned over his office to General Edelmiro Farrell.

Palace squabbles

All sorts of dubious circumstances surrounded this transit of powers. In the first place, General Ramírez's own title to the presidency derived from a strictly unconstitutional military coup. To be sure, this regime was recognized by the other American powers early in June, almost immediately after the overt performance; so the Ramírez junta had more or less title to diplomatic legitimacy. General Far-

rell, however, was appointed to the vice-presidency months later, after the previous vice-president died. He had therefore a somewhat sketchy justification for being pushed forward into the presidency.

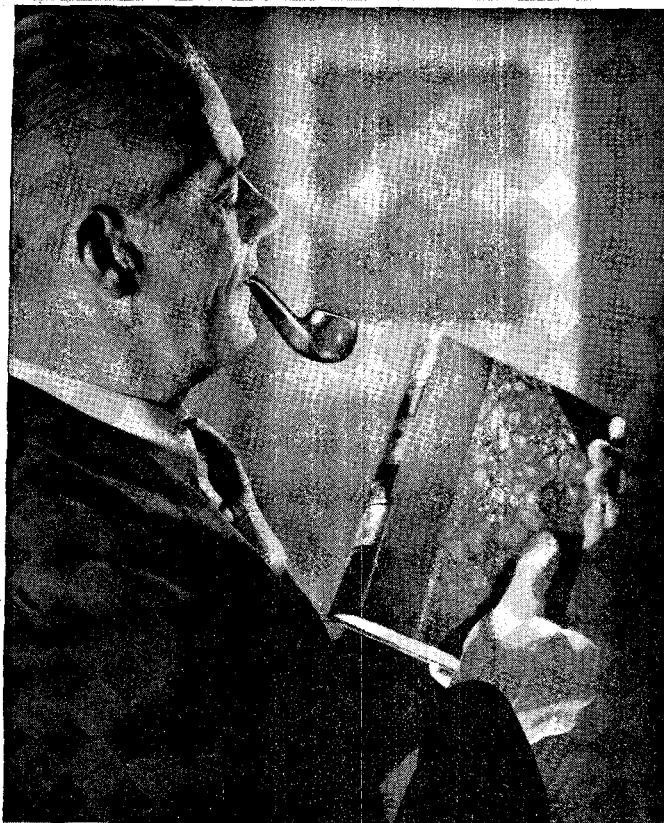
The Farrell succession smelled strongly of revolutionary violence in a number of American capitals, including Washington. It also smelled of pro-Axis aims and influences. Within two or three days Buenos Aires's pro-Axis newspaper *Cabildo* was screaming for suppression of the American news services to Argentina — a ban that was partially imposed and subsequently lifted.

Necessarily, these signs provoked diplomatic action. Within twenty-four hours after the Farrell coup, Under Secretary of State Stettinius announced in Washington that the security of the Hemisphere was involved in the Argentine change to a point where an exchange of information and views was called for among the American republics — obviously on the question of whether or not the Farrell regime should be recognized.

The neighbors cool off

The exchange, though, produced certain difficulties. Not all the Latin American governments were convinced of the wisdom of dropping Argentina from their diplomatic calling lists, regardless of the Farrell regime's legitimacy or international politics. Chile felt that she had too many vital economic ties with her neighbor across the Andes, and too much to risk in a military and political way by creating a deep-seated Argentine grudge against her.

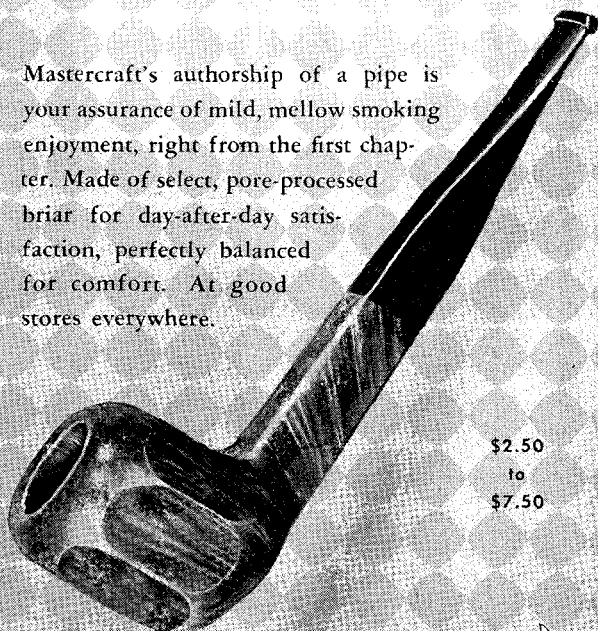
Uruguay feared that expelling Argentina officially from the inter-American concert of powers might lead eventually to some clash between Brazil and Argentina, in which, as a powerless buffer state,



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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

Uruguay might have to play the part of a South American "little Belgium." Paraguay was too dominated by Argentine economic and political pressures to risk any positive opposition, and simply continued her relations with the new regime.

Finally Brazil, as Argentina's top rival for first place in South American power politics, enjoys keeping the Buenos Aires government in an inter-American doghouse, so that Argentina will continue to be ineligible, among other things, for Lend-Lease arms favors from the Allies.

Hence, Rio de Janeiro's experts in foreign policy had their doubts about breaking with the Farrell coupists. The action might provoke a revolution in Argentina which would put a pro-Ally administration in power in Buenos Aires, and then Argentina could legitimately claim Lend-Lease assistance. By maintaining some kind of relations with Farrell, the pleasingly bad dog might be enabled to survive in his chains.

Chile, as things turned out, jumped the gun. Her government recognized the Farrell regime early in March with a blast of newspaper publicity sharply insinuating that the United States attitude toward the recognition question threatened an infringement of sovereignty.

Washington compromises

This step, after a fashion, forced Washington's hand. On March 4, Under Secretary Stettinius announced that the United States for the present was refraining from entering into official relations with the Farrell junta. It was a compromise move—neither an official break nor even a formal suspension of relations—but the stiffest action taken by Washington toward a major South American power in modern history.

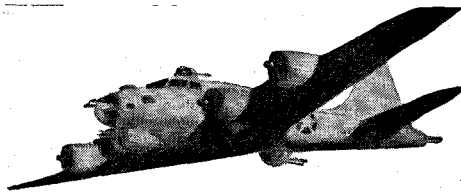
Momentarily, at least, the move won some partial rewards. The inter-American power concert had begun to crack with Chile's recognition of the Farrell group. Temporarily, the crack stopped spreading. Uruguay withheld her decision on recognition for a few days, long enough for the Chamber of Deputies in Montevideo to send a resolution up to the president recommending a suspension in relations. In Brazil the leaders puzzled further over the question of how to play their cards in the growingly complex game of South American power politics.

Unquestionably, though, the test was not finished. The Farrell regime, if it could hang on long enough, might yet seriously weaken, if not positively destroy, the unity of the Americas by detaching a number of powers from full collaboration with the Allies.

The Argentine army and navy

Nevertheless, in Argentina itself, the crack-down menace produced certain nervous tremors. In the army, various elements wondered whether the game of playing the Axis for a victory, and authentic

the Jewels



A WOMAN GIVES A MAN

MORE planes might be named Diamond Lil if pilots and crews knew what this woman knows—that bombers wear jewels!

This woman is one of a little group of war workers whose job is producing synthetic jewels for electric aircraft instruments. The jewels are tiny bearings for moving parts which must be as accurate, and are almost as small, as the parts of a fine watch. They are made from glass by a secret process at a mass production rate, but each jewel must pass an inspection as exacting as a jeweler's appraisal of a precious stone. These jewels, which women are giving men to fly by, are given in painstaking devotion to precision—in manufacture and inspection.

The development of these jewels is an example of the application of General Electric research and engineering to small things, as well as large. Before the war, and before G-E scientists developed a special process for making these jewels synthetically from glass, we used sapphires for these bearings—importing many of them. Think what it would mean, with America's thousands of planes requiring millions of instruments, if we were still dependent upon a foreign source!

Small things perhaps, these jewels a woman gives a man—but in war, as in love, there are no little things.
General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.



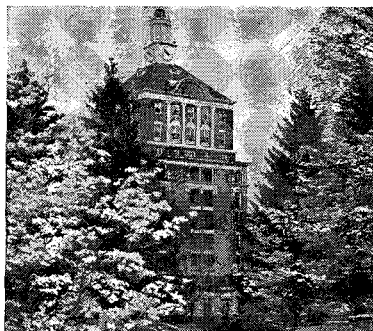
This magnified glass jewel, one of several types, is actually smaller than a pin head. As one of the largest makers of aircraft instruments, and as a supplier of jewels to other instrument makers, General Electric is unofficial jeweler to many American planes.

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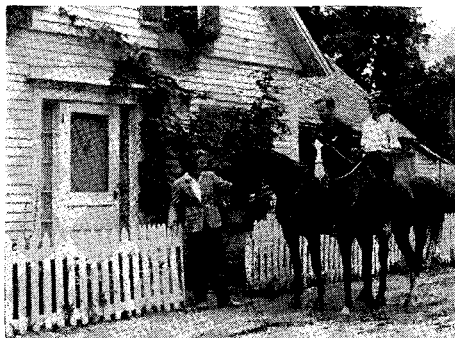
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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

Fascism for survival in the Western Hemisphere, was worth the candle.

The Argentine navy — South America's strongest — was still more enraged. For two or three days, at the turn of the month, a mere general — whom the Ramírez regime had pulled out of the hat and put in charge of the Federal Agricultural Department — was named Minister of Marine. During this brief period the navy seethed close to the rebellion point.

Eventually the Farrell junta managed to find an admiral whom they could bluff into accepting the post — which Buenos Aires wisecrackers christened the "Ministry of Embarrassment" and the "Ministry of Seasickness." But meanwhile certain offended navy chiefs and disaffected army elements managed to talk together. Some sort of plot seems to have been arranged — to wit, that certain army detachments would attack Buenos Aires from the suburbs on the land side, while the navy moved up the La Plata estuary to bombard from the water.

The plan was plausible, but the timing was bad. A military unknown by the name of Lieutenant Colonel Tomas Duco led a single regular army regiment out into a suburb ten miles away from the capital and took up battle positions. But other regiments either did not get the signal at the proper time or ignored it. The navy, tipped off that no effective shore revolt had occurred, held its fire and accepted the Farrell sop of an inconspicuous admiral's appointment to the Marine Ministry with the best grace it could muster. Lieutenant Colonel Duco dramatically surrendered to the Farrellistas.

Who's bullying now?

To outside elements deeply concerned with the Argentine situation, especially the State Department in Washington, the whole Buenos Aires performance since last June has advertised the difficulties of trying to play power politics in the Western Hemisphere on any basis calling for unanimous decisions on policy by a concert of American republics.

The Argentine situation brings to the surface all that is artificial in the inter-American relationship — all that, by being artificial, helps to poison the strong elements of genuineness in it. Under either Ramírez or Farrell, Argentina, Fascist in political technique, embittered, plotting either to do damage or to win undeserved concessions at bargain prices, is unquestionably a menace to the security of the Hemisphere.

Argentina cannot strike directly at the United States. But no power is in a better position to undermine the solidarity of the inter-American movement, or to lure other countries away from the project of building an understanding and rationally coöperating continental neighborhood. The present indications are that, as long as her present government lasts, Argentina will continue to help the enemy by concentrating on these enterprises.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

POST-WAR planning has been given an impetus by the Baruch-Hancock Report. The irreverent call it "The Millionaires' Beveridge Report," because it pleads for cash settlements when war contracts are terminated. The alternative would be chaos. The Baruch Report says that without speed in the final settlements we should be "legislating a depression." Even the most expeditious procedure costs time. Accordingly the Report comes out for a system of guaranteed loans pending settlement.

Congress reacts

At first it seemed that there would be conflict with Congress over this and other provisions of the Report. Senator George was especially critical. The Georgian, who is chairman of the Senate Committee on post-war planning, regarded the Report as a challenge to the Committee.

Later the Senator admitted he hadn't read the Baruch recommendations when he vented his spleen. His outburst was due to the natural jealousy of Congress for its policy-making prerogatives. This particular issue has now disappeared. Senator George finds there is no conflict of objectives. Senator Murray recognizes that the Report "entirely supports my own Contract Termination bill." So the two Senators have framed an omnibus bill which embodies some of the Baruch ideas.

Report and bill are not exactly parallel. The major difference lies in the administrative setup. While Mr. Baruch recommends that demobilization should be handled by the existing agencies, supplemented by one or two new appointments, the Murray-George bill would establish a new agency called the "Office of War Demobilization." The difference is more apparent than real. Offices established by executive order under the Baruch program could

easily be brought under the system proposed in the Murray-George bill.

The Murray-George bill counters what Congress considers Executive encroachment by seeking to invade the Executive domain. It would set up a precedent-breaking provision in the form of a Congressional Committee to confer with the Director of Demobilization in matters of broad general policy. Members of the Committee would be free to attend all meetings of the proposed "Board of the Office of War Demobilization." And the Director of Demobilization would be required to report all general policy decisions to the Committee not less frequently than every thirty days. These provisions would put the head of an executive agency under a kind of legislative surveillance.

Congress ought to be jealous of its prerogatives as a lawmaking body. But, having laid down general policies for appointive officials to follow, it should be careful not to invade the Executive domain. This sort of thing always happens when Congress strikes back. Right now a case is coming before the courts over the right of Congress to withhold the salaries of officials whom it dislikes in the Executive branch. The Executive also has the right to complain when lawmaking provisions are incorporated into appropriation bills.

What will happen to government plants?

One of the most difficult of the adjustments to peace will concern the disposal of surplus materials and plant facilities. Take the plant facilities first. The government's total investment is as much as 15 billions, scattered over 2500 industrial projects. The total is actually a quarter of the aggregate value of America's industrial plant. The government owns about 90 per cent of our aircraft production facilities.

Many of the firms which have had a mushroom growth in this war are in reality managers for the government: Jack and Heintz, for instance. Only \$100,000 of this spectacular company's worth represents initial private capital. But the government a year ago had sunk 15 millions in it.

How is this government interest to be disposed of? If it is knocked down to the highest bidder, big business will become bigger. For 70 per cent of the property is in lots of 10 million dollars or more. A better plan, it is suggested, would be to lease the properties, so far as possible, to small concerns, so that the wartime impetus to bigness might be checked. This is the type of problem that Senator George had in mind when he said that the handling of demobilization would determine the nature of our economy for years to come.

As to raw materials left, the amounts eventually to be disposed of must be enormous. But this is a less complex problem than that of the disposal of facilities. The government will need to retain control of much of the materials for strategical stockpiling. Incidentally, that need will call for a good deal of purchasing abroad. As for the remainder, there must be consideration for the little fellow, and this is assured by WPB's Nelson.

Disposal of surpluses should also begin now. Otherwise we shall have considerable localized unemployment. It is reported that many small concerns are being forced even now to dismiss employees for lack of war work. Prime contractors, in other words, are farming out fewer jobs to the subcontractors. Accordingly the Baruch Report suggests that a Surplus Property Administrator ought to draw up a list of the most critical civilian items and that the Army and Navy should then examine their inventories, stocks, and stores of such items to see what could be safely released. Action is bound to come soon.

Congress is touchy

Congress is reasserting its authority. War agencies are in existence which have been created by the President out of emergency funds. In the last two years he has allocated emergency funds to no fewer than forty-six such agencies. Some go "unrecognized" by Congress. Others are "recognized" by reference — that is, when they go to Congress for fresh appropriations.

Officials in charge of important war agencies have been appointed without the advice and consent of the Senate. The "Assistant President," as Director of War Mobilization Byrnes is called, is one of these. Stabilization Director Vinson is another. The Senate believes that the President, in not submitting these names for approval, has been derelict in his consti-

tutional duty. The organic law provides that all top officials of the United States must have Senatorial approval. Resentment over the shelving of Congress in these matters is responsible for the move to see demobilization handled by a statutory agency.

The ruckus between President and Congress over the tax bill owed a great deal to Congressional jealousy of its prerogatives. Senator Aiken put the issue squarely when he asked: "Is the Legislative branch a coördinate branch of this government, to be respected as such, or is it to become a cipher?" He was referring to the contempt proceedings threatened against the President's assistant, Jonathan Daniels, for refusing to testify, as Secretary Wickard had refused before him, before a Senate Committee. But he cited the tax brawl as well.

Barkley's bite

Trouble over the tax bill had a personal angle. Senator Barkley as the majority leader is the President's voice in the Senate. And the President traditionally relies on him for advice. The Kentuckian has served as a wheel horse, sometimes being passed over for a more alert Senator in crisis. Occasionally in the past the President relied upon the then Senator Byrnes instead of Senator Barkley to pilot an Administration measure through the Senate.

Such neglect has rankled with Barkley. The old resentment came back in a blaze when the President told him he had consulted Mr. Byrnes on the tax bill and Byrnes had recommended a veto. This was in reply to Barkley's earnest plea for signature of a bill over which so much sweat and thought had been expended.

Barkley thus had two reasons for his indignation. He had again been passed over in favor of an official with no responsibility to Congress, and Congress itself had been humiliated. The President gave the Kentuckian and his colleagues a further smart in his stinging veto message.

Politics and taxation

Whether there will be another tax bill on top of the \$2,000,000,000 Act is doubtful. To be sure, the President called for a "realistic" measure. At his elbow are Byrnes and Vinson and the Bureau of the Budget, who have long been asking him to call for one. But this is election year. And word has gone out that neither feuds nor great risks will be tolerated till the people's choice has been registered. The kind of tax bill required by Byrnes and Vinson and the Bureau of the Budget is what is called an "unnecessary risk."

One feature of the tax program of the stabilization officials which is too "realistic" for the President pro-

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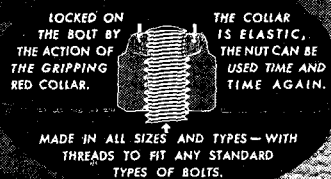
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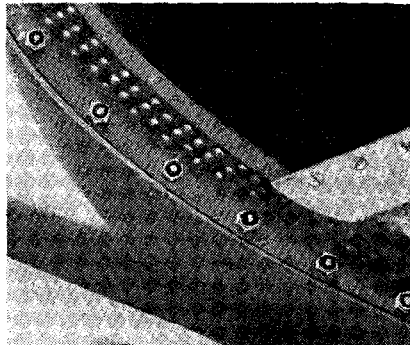
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RUSSIA and the UNITED STATES

by

PITIRIM A. SOROKIN

Professor of Sociology at Harvard University
Author of *THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE*, etc.

Mr. Chamberlain goes on to say:

"In cultural things, both America and Russia are equalitarian, friendly and democratic. Both nations know how to assimilate minorities, both have swelled to continental proportions without indulging in too much blood-letting at the expense of their neighbors and, since the geographical claims of the two countries impinge at no point, there is no political reason why Russia and America cannot be friends forever as they have been friends in the past."

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vides for compulsory savings. This is an item that has caused more hard feelings among the President's advisers than any other. Secretary Morgenthau, who has created a mammoth organization to sell bonds, considers the suggestion a reflection on himself and the Treasury. Even the Treasury is divided about compulsory savings. Randolph Paul is an advocate, though he is the Secretary's closest tax adviser. It will not be surprising if Mr. Paul ends a bad situation in the Treasury by resigning.

The President in his veto message accused Congress of being partial to favored groups. The object of war taxation is to mop up war-created inflationary income. That object has never been achieved. The main excuse for a veto was that the bill as passed by Congress was inadequate in this respect.

Economists feel that the only realistic bases of a wartime fiscal policy are a general sales tax and compulsory savings. But the President has backed and filled on both, and his Secretary of the Treasury has been equally timid.

Simplification of taxes

A subject that is close to the heart of taxpayers at this season of the year is the need for simplifying taxes. That reform will be undertaken. The outcry throughout the country cannot be ignored. In this matter the President in his tax veto sought to pin the sole responsibility on Congress. But he must share the blame.

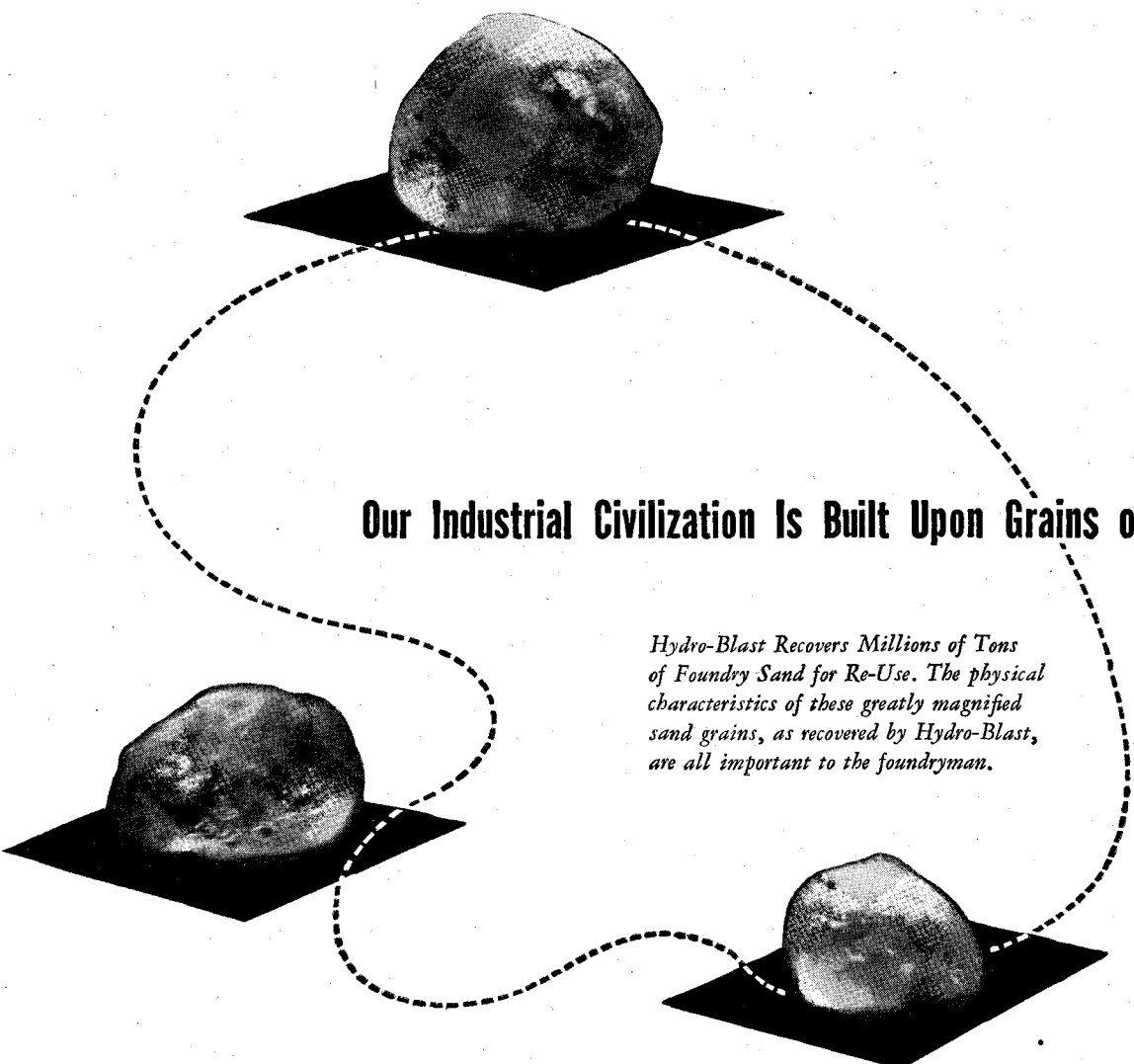
The chief headache at present is due to the adjustment to a pay-as-you-go system. To be sure, pay-as-you-go originated in Congress. But it was then as simple as daylight saving. The Treasury refused to reject or accept it, and instead sought to compromise it. The reason lay in the opportunity of collecting a lot of revenue by describing the device as "forgiveness." So we now have the burden of working ourselves into a pay-as-you-go system.

There will be interim simplification, of course. Both the Treasury and the House Ways and Means Committee are working hard at it. We may possibly look to a merger of the Victory tax, the normal tax, and the surtax rates into a single minimum rate to be collected at the source by means of the withholding tax.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the capital is out of line with the great successes of the naval war in the Pacific and the air war on Germany. There has been a reaction against extremist statements and propaganda.

It is felt that Barkley's remonstrance will generate healthier relations between Congress and the Executive. But most of the speculations in Washington corridors these days concern political chances and prospects — on both sides of the political fence.

Three magnified sand grains are shown, each resting on a black square base. A dashed line connects the three grains in a triangular path, starting from the top grain, going down to the bottom-left grain, and then up to the bottom-right grain. The grains are dark and irregular in shape, showing the physical characteristics of foundry sand.

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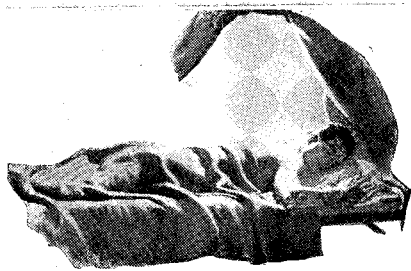
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ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

James Boyd and the South

Sir:

Mr. James Boyd's article in the February *Atlantic*, "The South and the Fight," is a discerning and penetrating exploration of the complexities of the South's way of thinking. But as an answer to why Southerners preceded residents of other sections of the nation in their anxiety to get into the action of the present war, Mr. Boyd's article, it seems to me, omits the most obvious. Southerners led the nation in early enlistments for the simple reason that the economic opportunities for young men were, and are, fewer in the South than in other sections. I knew personally a number of young men who joined the services before Pearl Harbor. Most of them were college graduates. But virtually without exception they were young men who had sought places of economic security and satisfaction in their home communities and had failed to find them, because there weren't enough such places to go around. Insecure and frustrated, they turned to war as both a means of livelihood and a compensatory adventure.

ROBERT LASSETER
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Sir:

If James Boyd has his roots deep in the South, he fails to show it in his wordy article pronouncing why the South is more pro-Britain than other sections of the country. His article was a series of unfounded generalizations.

Mr. Boyd is writing about a South which existed half a century ago. I think it would be wise for him to consider the present generation and its attitudes more carefully. The individuality of the small-town rural Southerner who might have been obsessed with the "trilogy of Southern life: kinfolks, religiosity, and violence," about which Mr. Boyd writes, is disappearing much more quickly than he realizes.

I am a senior at the University of North Carolina. When I was a freshman I never considered the North as a separate unit, but the unruffled neutrality of

a freshman has turned into a burning rage at the continual criticisms and exaggerated facts coming from the North about the poverty-stricken, violent, genealogically glorified, hot-tempered Southerner. I think it would be wise for some Northerners to clean up their own back yards before concerning themselves too much with smug articles, unfounded generalizations, and false statements, as Mr. Boyd did.

JOANNE EDSON
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Sir:

Mr. James Boyd's "The South and the Fight" is very witty and in many respects penetrating; but I think he sins by commission and omission in some respects.

For example, in citing the South's pro-British feeling as the chief reason for the consistent pro-war sentiment, he explains this feeling by underrating the conflict between the South and Britain in the Revolution. Certainly the part played by that section in the conflict, both in materials and in dynamics, is too well established to permit of speculation contrary to the facts; and while it is true that the animus was largely directed against American Tories, the fighting there was mainly against imperial troops.

Mr. Boyd declares that only two battles of any importance were fought in the South; but certainly not more than two battles (Saratoga and Brooklyn Heights) in the North equaled those of King's Mountain and Camden in the South. Washington himself declared that the war in the North accomplished nothing strategically; and certainly there was little devastation of the countryside, the Whigs (then in power in England) having made it a policy to woo the Colonies back into the fold. In the South, on the other hand, the campaign was conducted with much cruelty and wanton destruction (the Tories having come back to power); and the names of Cornwallis and Tarleton are still associated with Attila and Hitler. Thus, far from having made the South pro-British, the Revolution was calculated to have made her violently anti-British.

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in regard to the War of 1812, Mr. Boyd's assertions are all the more amazing. "The South, not being a seafaring nation, was less resentful than New England of Britain's high hand on the high seas." If Mr. Boyd had said that the South "ought to have been less resentful" he would have been more accurate. For it was largely the non-commercial South which advocated and prosecuted this war, commercial New England that resented and impeded it. Has Mr. Boyd overlooked the refusal of New England states to send militia; the Hartford Convention; the trade credits to Canada; the British sparing of New England while the Southern coast towns were pillaged and burned? Here again was a reason the South should have been more anti-British than the North. Mr. Boyd closes this section with the surprising remark that New Orleans, where Jackson won his great victory, was then "regarded as a foreign country" — when it was a part of the Union!

This leads to Mr. Boyd's sins of omission — one of which is that the reason the South is so warmly pro-British is that she is decidedly anti-German. The South not only fought the Germans (Hessians) in the Revolution, but again in the War Between the States; and these Germans were not only contemptible mercenaries but cruel wasters — Mr. Charles Francis Adams speaks in his memoirs of the terrible devastation they wrought in Virginia. And, as the South is overwhelmingly English in her culture, so she was antipathetic to everything German. This feeling never existed in New England: indeed, there is an affinity between "Aryan supremacy" and "Puritan election," and Transcendentalism has much in common with German philosophy.

ARTHUR STYRON
Roxbury, Conn.

● Mr. James Boyd's death at Princeton in late February was a shock to those who knew him, and a loss to those many Americans who remember with affection his fine historical novels, *Drums, Marching On, and Long Hunt*.

Had he lived, Mr. Boyd would have been keen to answer such letters as these which have come to the *Atlantic* in response to his recent essay, "The South and the Fight."

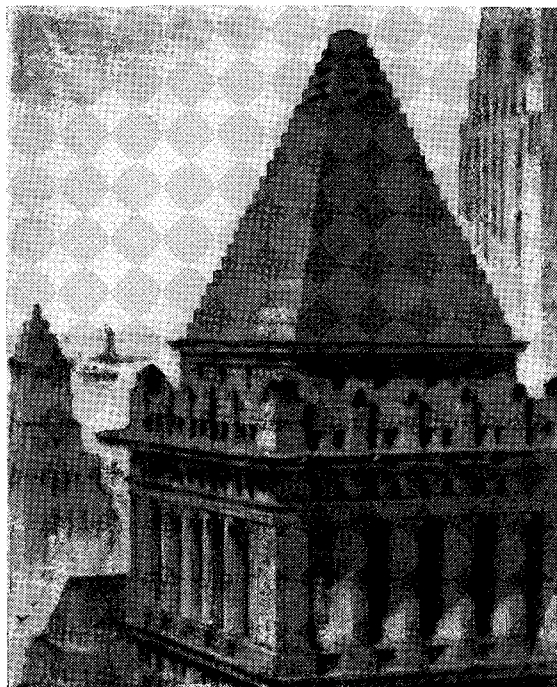
Mr. Boyd was reared in the neighborhood of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, but his forebears were Southerners, and early in his career he retraced his footsteps to the South, where for three decades he made his home at Southern Pines, North Carolina. A Carolinian by heritage and affiliation, he proved himself to be one of the most observant and distinguished of contemporary novelists. One may disagree with his interpretation, but to say that his generalizations are unfounded is to speak unfairly. — THE EDITOR

How the South Feels

Sir:

David Cohn in his article "How the South Feels," in the January *Atlantic*, has given a fine analysis of the well-educated, kindly Southerner's attitude toward the race question, but he takes in a lot of territory when he says the problem is insoluble, for time

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is long and change is sure. He also places the immovable body of his determination to keep one tenth of our population in subjection on the irresistible force of its awakened leadership, determined to fight for its rights. It remains to be seen whether the dead weight of prejudice can forever hold down the forces arising out of the age-old struggle of man for freedom.

It is generally agreed by students of the Negro-white problem — and a minority problem is obviously a majority problem — that it is impossible to have a nation within a nation, a Negro economy inside a white economy. The low condition of the Negro in the North as well as the South is of economic origin and cannot improve until Negroes work wherever people work. Mr. Cohn does not say how he would provide the various "rights" under the practice of segregation, and this is the crux of the problem. Almost any decent American is willing to grant the Negro "equal opportunity" provided he has it out on East Long Street, but Negro leaders are determined to break down the barriers as the only means of providing first-class citizenship for themselves with all the rights that implies.

Social equality and intermarriage are personal matters, and it is not at all probable that the mixture of races would progress more rapidly if Negroes should become real citizens and move about in our community life as such.

We should not rationalize our failures as a democracy, but should rather set our goal and take some first steps to approach it.

MARJORIE J. SPENCER
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

My grandparents owned slaves and fought on the Confederate side in the Civil War, and until I was twenty-two years old (which was last summer) I had never been north of Hendersonville, N.C. I'm *that* Southern.

It seems to me that a grave injustice is done to us of the South when "Southern" opinion is always defined as the opinion of the vast numbers of illiterate, backward Southern people. It is granted that the illiterate and poorly educated in the South vastly outnumber the well-educated, but when is it going to be recognized that the thinking and the initial action are not going to come from the illiterate, but from the well-informed, educated Southerners? In looking for a solution to the problem of relations between the Negro and the white man, why is not the opinion of Southern college students investigated and presented, rather than the eternally hopeless picture of a region run entirely by the diseased and illiterate?

Mr. Cohn hit the core of the problem, of course. In an attempt to maintain racial segregation the white man has denied the Negro civic rights, has exploited him and then despised him for his destitution. But we (and I speak for a larger group than you might think), the intelligent, thinking Southern young people, resent the injustices that have been forced on the Negro by our parents, and at every opportunity overstep the "color line." For one thing, we are convinced that even for the purpose of the maintenance of the purity of the race, segregation is



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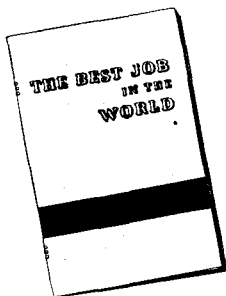
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unnecessary. There is no reason why the Negro should not have as much pride in his race (and by this I mean a sincere appreciation of its points of excellence and not merely an air of snobbery and assumed superiority) as the white man. Why a desire to establish cordial, coöperative relationships with a group of people who inhabit the same region, speak the same language, and eat (if they can get it) the same food presupposes a desire for intermarriage is beyond me. The intelligent person can certainly see the advantage, the dignity, the reason, behind the maintenance of the Negro race, the Chinese, the Indian; and the assumption that we, the white race (a minority group so far as the world's population is concerned), have something that all other races wish either to own for themselves or to erase from the face of the earth, is nothing less than unmitigated conceit.

Much has been done already to break down the wall of segregation by student groups on white and Negro campuses. The educated people have begun to act in a sensible, logical fashion. There has not been a hysterical change from hatred to worship in our minds. The intelligent people are working cautiously and carefully to establish the fact that we of different races are potentially intellectual equals, each with a more vital contribution to make to our common society than the stirring up of hatred.

ELEANOR NEEL
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

The article by David L. Cohn, "How the South Feels," is most refreshing. It is very hard for Southerners, who feel that they have a case, to see their opponents scoring in the press continually and to find that almost no paper or magazine will accept a white argument.

I differ with Mr. Cohn only in this item: that I think there *is* an answer to the Negro problem.

It is Lincoln's own answer, which he mentioned almost every time he mentioned abolition; and that is *repatriation*. Fanatic abolitionists, intent on a cruel policy toward the South, thwarted his efforts to move the Negro freedmen to a land of their own; and those fanatics also were responsible for enfranchising the freedmen — a measure never intended by most abolitionists.

A good land now lies open for our Negroes: the highlands of Africa, heretofore thinly populated because of the sleeping sickness. Now that there is a means for conquering that disease, why not carry out Lincoln's often-repeated intention, and move to that region all of our Negroes who would consent to go?

If we do *not* subsidize their efforts at migration — which they have attempted repeatedly but without sufficient capital or political backing — then we have to look forward to our nation's becoming a land of octoroons when, eventually, Negroes are absorbed into our population. However, so fierce is the white reaction against that, even in the North, where the pressure has been felt, that a ferocious race war is likely to prevent such absorption.

Better, if necessary, give them 10 per cent of our national wealth, in immediate goods and continuing

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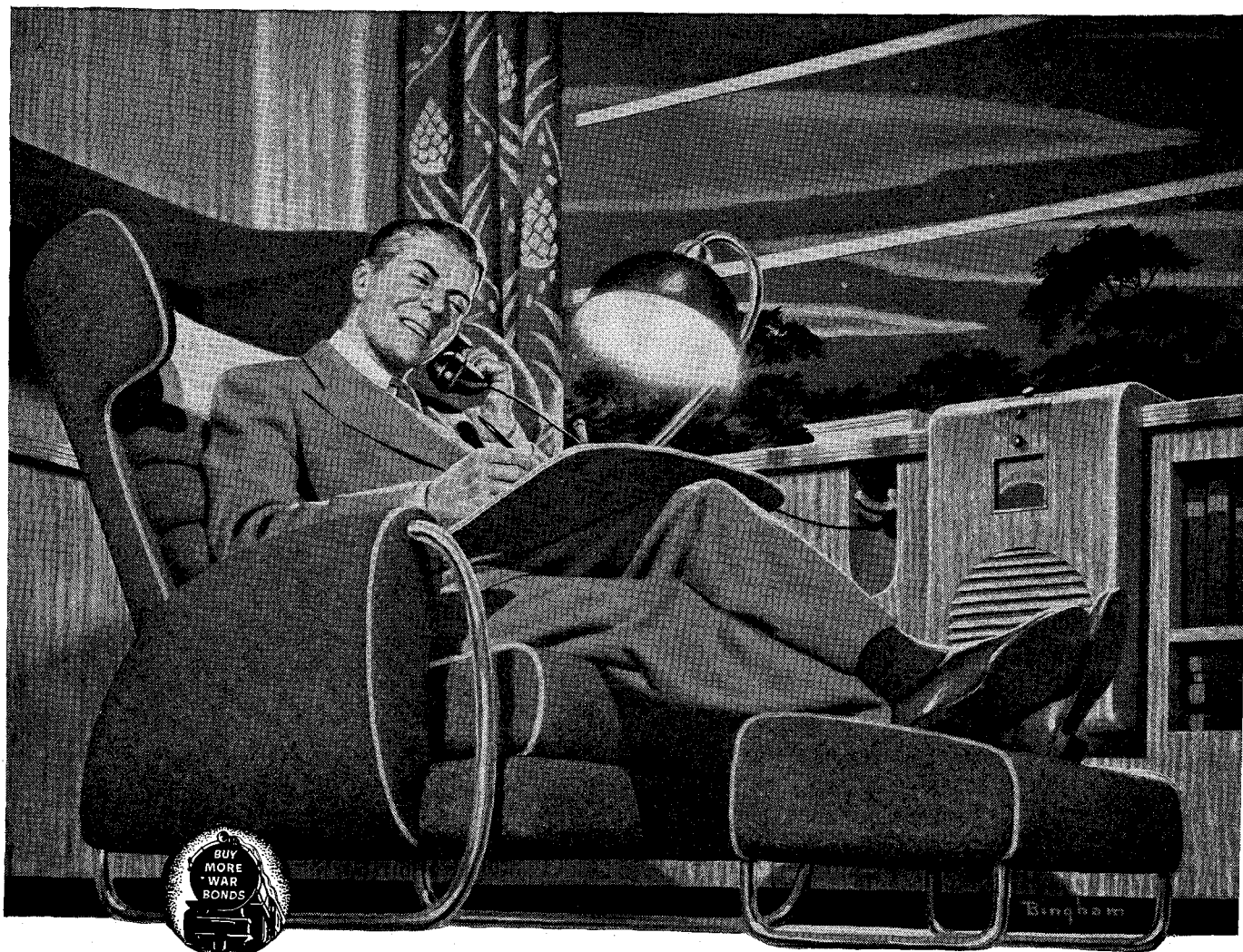
OF ROOM!



The day is coming when a train trip will again be something to look forward to eagerly — something to be enjoyed at ease, in spacious comfort — and all at moderate price. That of course will be after the war is won. It will be when the armed forces no longer need nearly half of all our passenger equipment to move fighting men. It will be when many coaches and Pullmans now busy in war service can be honorably retired to make way for

new cars with comfort, convenience and thoughtful appointments beyond anything the past has known. That will take money — vast sums of money. It will take time. But we believe that it is worth while today to tell you what we plan for tomorrow — to help you realize that the wartime service we are able to give today is by no means a sample of what's in store for the future.

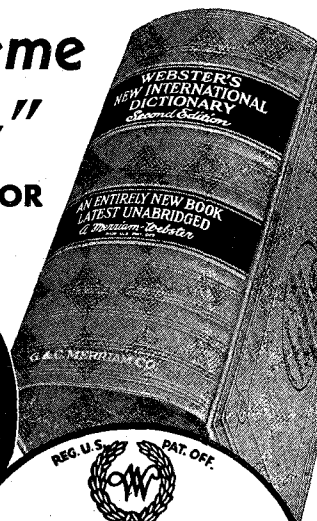
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CHARLES ELI SEXTON
Arlington, Va.

I Personally —

Sir:

Either Mr. Ochsner (February Atlantic Repartee) has radically misunderstood the diary of Raoul de Roussy de Sales, or I have. I wish M. de Sales were alive to make his own answer to Mr. Ochsner; I am hardly competent to answer for him. I have even given away all my old *Atlantics*, and can't refer to the published diary.

M. de Sales did indeed refuse to worship the common man. It seems to me that such worship is contrary to the very spirit of democracy. In the first place, who is going to admit he is a common man? Not I! And not any of my poverty-stricken rural friends and relatives. If there is nothing distinguished about us, we intend to correct the condition as fast as possible. How can we respect ourselves or one another if we do not even aspire to any trait or achievement not inherent in and common to the race?

When you hear a *common* man using that adjective as a term of praise, it is a sign he is at least temporarily so dissatisfied with himself that he is willing to deny his own ambitions for self-improvement and begrudges others their ambitions.

Anyway, where does the *Herrenvolk* come in? A *Volk* is not an aristocracy of any kind — it is a mass of common men, whose claim to *Herrentum* lies in the very assumption that their virtues are their common racial traits, not their individual achievements.

I feel that Mr. Ochsner dismisses too casually M. de Sales's "refinement and tolerance." An epidemic of these two traits might save the world — and I don't see what else can.

MRS. D. M. SCOTT
New York City

Libraries for Negroes

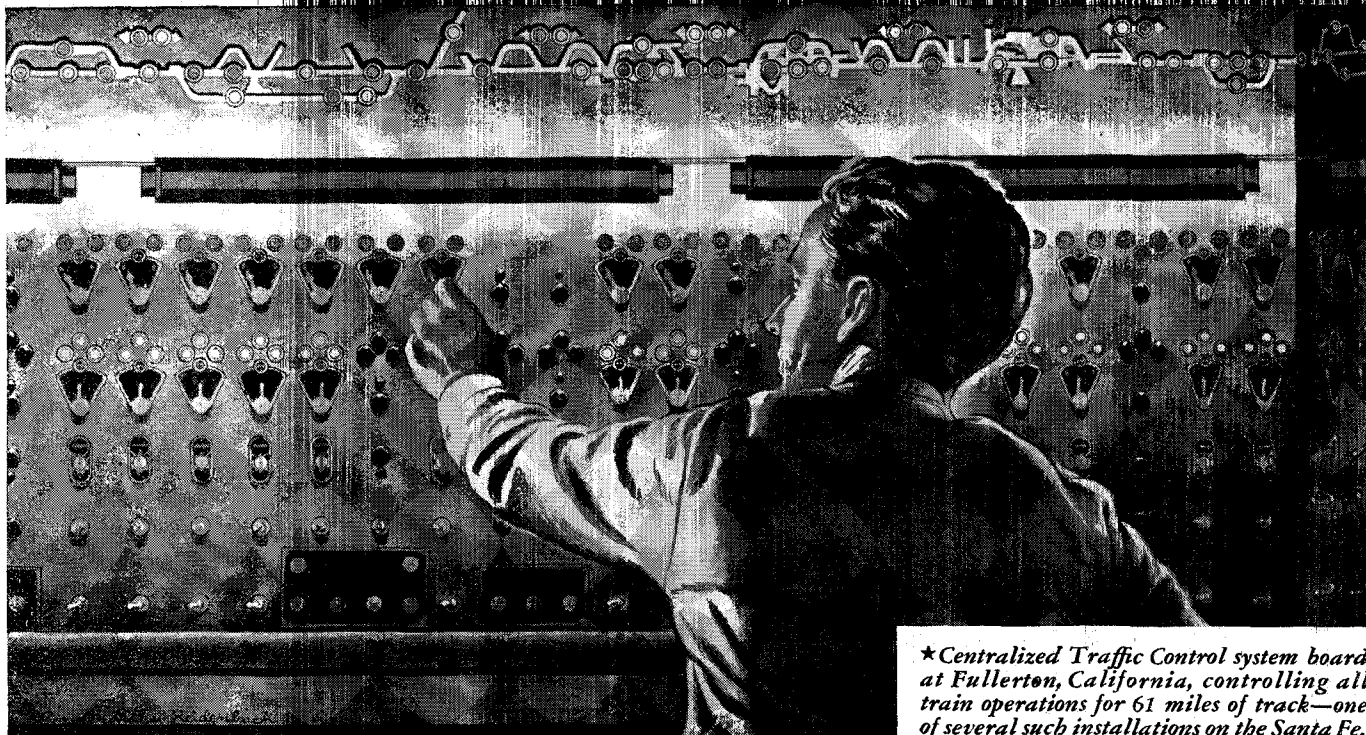
Sir:

The *Atlantic* has over the years consistently and generously afforded space for the open discussion of racial relations, and in my humble judgment has contributed substantially to the current awakening of our people. Many words have been spent regarding racial relations. My conclusion is that the best way to improve such relations is to improve the individual members of the races.

If Hitler had burned all the books in all the libraries of all the nearly 3800 Negro public schools in Mississippi, outside of a score of the larger towns, the total monetary loss would not have exceeded 3 cents per educable child. The State furnishes free textbooks, but library facilities are practically nonexistent.

In response to a recent inquiry regarding the libraries of Negro public schools, Dr. P. H. Easom, State Agent and head of the Division of Negro Education of the Department of Education, said: "... for the most part the library facilities are practically nil in these schools. Whatever library materials the Negroes have they have accumulated over a period of time out of funds they raise themselves. In the little forgotten schools on plantations

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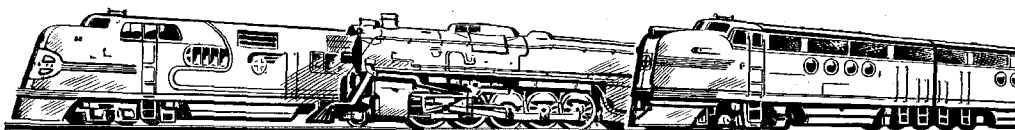
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and out in the woods, we have been encouraging teachers to provide ten-cent storybooks. Such books are easy reading and are interesting to Negro children and they are better than nothing at all. We have a list of publishers of these ten-cent books that we send out to all of the Negro schools and we encourage each school to get at least a start for the lower grade children. Two dollars will buy twenty of these books, and, if they are carefully selected, each child, during one session, can have access to these twenty volumes by different authors. There is a tremendous need in this field."

Under the law of Mississippi, when a public free school shall raise not less than \$10.00 by subscription or otherwise for library purposes, the amount may be matched out of the common school fund. The Julius Rosenwald Fund will supply small libraries for Negro schools at two thirds of cost. If a school should raise \$5.00 and \$5.00 should be obtained "otherwise" and the County should appropriate \$10.00, books costing \$30.00 could be obtained.

The plaintive and heretofore all but inaudible plea of these children is unanswered. Contributions of funds and books may be sent to Dr. P. H. Easom, State Agent, in care of the Department of Education, Jackson, Mississippi.

KENNETH G. PRICE
McComb, Miss.

Would Milk Do?

Sir:

In "Accent on Living" in the February *Atlantic*, the Liebers have run aground on the complexities of nature. In their problem on alcohol and water, they have evidently assumed that one volume of alcohol plus four volumes of water equals five volumes of mixture. That is not true, as there is a contraction resulting in a volume measurably less than five units.

The problem as stated requires the use of partial molal volumes of alcohol in water and of water in alcohol and I am willing to wager that when you have solved it, you will throw away the teaspoon and reach for the glass labeled A.

ROBERT EPPLE
Boston, Mass.

Sir:

The choice of alcohol by the Liebers in their quiz question was a little unfortunate. If they had used almost anything else their answer would have been correct. But when known quantities of alcohol and water are mixed the resulting volume is always less than the sum of the original volumes. What effect this shrinkage may have on the final result we may leave to the Liebers and the Quiz Kids.

When the Liebers speak of "pure alcohol" do they mean absolute alcohol or the ordinary pure alcohol of commerce, which is 95 per cent to 96 per cent alcohol?

C. B. WHITE
Elmira, N. Y.

Consider two abstract, pure liquids, A and B, which have the property that their volumes are additive. The answer will still be startling!
— H. G. AND L. R. LIEBER

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 173  NUMBER 4

APRIL, 1944

87th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

ARE AMERICANS SUCKERS?

by GERALD W. JOHNSON

WILL ROGERS used to say that America never lost a war or won a conference. Once again the impression is widespread throughout this country that at the conclusion of the war we shall be outsmarted by the British both in our national and in our private interests. We have therefore invited Mr. Gerald Johnson, formerly one of the Editors of the *Baltimore Sun*, to examine briefly some of the earlier occasions when Uncle Sam sat down to trade with John Bull. — THE EDITOR

ONCE upon a time the British put over a smart deal in which they burned the Americans for five and a half million dollars. It was in the matter of the Canadian fisheries, settled in 1871 at the same time as the *Alabama* claims.

On this point historians are pretty generally agreed. The fishing rights were worth something, but not that much. The British negotiators on that occasion really did take us to the cleaners. This is in the record and is not to be denied.

Yet how many Americans realize that this is not part of the record of our diplomatic defeats at the hands of the British, but all of it? On some other occasions our diplomatists have been fought to a standstill. On some it is a matter of doubt who got the worst of it. But in the hundred and twenty-nine years since 1815, when we abandoned the policy of fighting the British and adopted the policy of dickering with them, they have never again completely out-traded us.

These, of course, were diplomatic negotiations. Private business is another matter. Many a time and oft an American businessman has made the sad error of presuming that because British businessmen look slow they are slow. Not once, but countless times, the result has been that the American

came out of the deal owing money. Yet even in the field of private enterprise the record is not one of unrelieved gloom. In spite of a tremendous initial advantage, British businessmen have not been able to prevent the development of this country into a trading nation of colossal proportions. Obviously, the individual Yankee trader has managed to make headway against British competition.

Our blushes are not for our businessmen, but for our diplomatists when they meet the British.

The most superficial observer must be aware of a widespread belief in the United States that while we can fight against the British with a fair assurance of success, and fight alongside them with absolute assurance of success, when it comes to making a trade we are as putty in their hands.

This American modesty may be an obstacle in the way of making a reasonable peace when the fighting is over. The suggestion that American modesty — above all, modesty about our trading ability — may be an obstacle to peace is something to stir the laughter of the ironic gods; but it is a fact. Almost the only thing of which we are certain at this moment is that the establishment of a reasonably durable peace will require the closest sort of collaboration between Great Britain and the United States.

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Russia and China must help, too, if full success is to be attained, but unless the English-speaking nations work together we shall not be able even to make a start.

Yet it is hard for partners to work together vigorously and smoothly when one is convinced that the other is vastly the better trader and therefore must be watched carefully every minute. The American impression that our negotiators have never been able to handle the British on anything like equal terms is already being used by isolationists and other troublemakers to create an atmosphere of nervous apprehension about post-war diplomacy.

Nevertheless, merely a superficial examination of the record is enough to show how little foundation there is for that impression. Even the school histories now admit that at the very beginning of the long reign of peace we did pretty well. After the War of 1812 we made a remarkably good deal, considering the military situation. On the surface it appeared that we had lost that war. The military situation was not, in fact, so bad as it seemed to be, for although Washington had been burned, the British expeditionary force had been thrown back at Baltimore, while the force coming down from Canada had been definitely beaten and the one supposed to come up from New Orleans was not yet in place. This is why the Duke of Wellington told Canning privately that it would take a hundred thousand men to whip the United States.

On the other hand, Napoleon had been disposed of, temporarily, and the British fleet and army were available for use in full strength against this country. The Americans, therefore, were pretty sure that they were going to have to pay a high price for the injudicious attack on Great Britain, and when the dealing and dickering started at Ghent their utmost hope was to hold that price somewhere within reason. As it turned out, they paid exactly nothing — not one foot of territory, not one dollar of indemnity, not even an acknowledgment of the principles of international law for which Great Britain had fought. This happy escape was not due to any important change in the military situation. It was a diplomatic victory, due almost entirely to the extraordinary trading ability of three members of our delegation, Albert Gallatin, John Quincy Adams, and Henry Clay. There is no ground for believing we were out-traded in the Treaty of Ghent. It was the British who lost that round.

Set that against the Canadian fisheries deal and honors are certainly even. In truth, the advantage is with us, for what we won at Ghent was worth vastly more than five and a half million dollars; but,

for the purpose of argument, call the score even, one to one. That will leave the question of our ability to handle the British still open. How does the rest of the record look?

2

IN DEALING with the British during the last hundred and twenty-nine years we have had thousands of contacts, but in only four fields of negotiation has anything of desperate importance been involved. These four are boundaries, fishing and navigation rights, the Isthmian canal, and the hegemony of the Western Hemisphere. But of these four, each has held the making of a dozen wars, and each is of such importance that total defeat in any would have laid a heavy handicap on the development of the United States as a first-class world power.

How have we come out in the incessant negotiation that has been conducted in these fields? To find the general answer, take a look at the country. Although the British had a long start, we have become a first-class power and that without war. We have had four thousand miles of boundary to adjust, almost every mile of it involving some difficulties. But every mile was definitely surveyed and fixed years ago. In the course of that adjustment Aroostook County, Maine, lost a few acres of what it claimed, but the British lost more of what they claimed. The northern boundary of Oregon does not go up to meet the southern boundary of Alaska, but that was not our original claim. "Fifty-four forty or fight" was never a serious claim, but only a talking point. The line is at 49 degrees today.

It must be admitted that we have never traded the British out of Canada, but have we ever seriously tried to do so? The record shows that American negotiators were instructed a dozen times to raise the question of Canada, but always as a threat to induce the British to yield on some other point. The fact is, the existence of Canada as a British possession more than once proved highly convenient to American negotiators, when the trading grew really tight. It was an exposed flank that the British always had to take into account. If they became too tough, it was always possible for the Americans to seize Canada; and we never let them forget it. For example, there is little doubt that Canada's exposed position helped Grover Cleveland to win in Venezuela, in 1895.

Our hegemony in the Western Hemisphere dates from the Monroe Doctrine, which was originally a British idea. Most Americans are vaguely aware of this fact, but not many know how neatly the

American Secretary of State hoisted the British Foreign Minister with his own petard in that deal. About 1821 the Holy Alliance (Russia, Austria, France) began to talk of rehabilitating Spain, which was in a bad way, what with internal troubles and the revolt of its American colonies. Because Spain was an ally of Great Britain, Canning, the British Foreign Minister, could not object openly; but he did object, for he was certain that ostensible assistance to Spain would really redound to the strengthening of France, since the scheme involved putting a lot of young Bourbon princes on South American thrones.

Therefore he quietly suggested to Rush, American Minister at London, that if the United States should raise a howl about the South American scheme, the British would be happy to back us. Rush was delighted and promptly tipped off Washington, where the astute John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State in President Monroe's cabinet. But there were at the moment two developments that were troubling this country. The threat of the Holy Alliance to South America was the more conspicuous, but there was another. This was Oregon, where Russia and Great Britain were threatening to cut the United States off from the Pacific, since California still — and for twenty-five years longer — belonged to Mexico.

So Adams drafted — and persuaded the President to insert in his next message to Congress — a thundering defiance of any European power that should undertake to establish new colonies on American soil, and aimed the blast at Russia, thereby strengthening the American claim to Oregon. In a subsequent paragraph he directed another blast at the Holy Alliance; so Canning perforce had to back him, to the weakening of his own position in Oregon. Well, who won that round? In a sense, we pulled Canning's chestnuts out of the fire; but by dragging in the Oregon issue we collected a neat little advantage of our own.

3

BECAUSE the final disposition of the affair occurred within memory of men living, the Panama Canal business is perhaps regarded as the most conspicuous instance in which the wily British outwitted, out-traded, and out-bluffed the guileless Americans. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was ratified in 1850 and received the usual furious denunciation at the time. Since then it has become almost an article of faith that we suffered a dreadful diplomatic defeat.

But what are the facts? There was a terrific

contest in Central America, without doubt. The activities of the British agent, Chatsworth, and the American, Hise, later succeeded by Squier, were frantic and tortuous in the extreme — dubious, too, from the standpoint of good faith and good morals. By winning the Mexican War the United States had acquired California and had swept down the Gulf Coast to the Rio Grande. It was apparently on the march to the Isthmus, and the British felt that it was now or never; so they made every effort to stop us.

To make a long, intricate, and questionable story short, we beat them to it in Panama by making a treaty with New Granada (now Colombia) giving us exclusive control of the Panama route, and the British beat us to it in Costa Rica. That left the Nicaraguan route, then regarded as the best of all, and there we arrived pretty much together. Our man secured title to Tigre Island, at the western end of the route, but a British naval captain seized the island by force. A group of British irregulars from the Mosquito Coast seized San Juan (Greytown) at the eastern end of the route, and an American naval squadron blew them out. Acts of war had been committed by both sides.

But at the moment the British didn't want to fight, because their navy was already entangled with the French down at the La Plata, and one war at a time was felt by London to be enough. Nor did the United States want to fight, because the country was split by the question of slavery, and secession seemed to be imminent. Henry Clay was working on his Compromise of 1850, but nobody was sure it would succeed; and if it failed, the Union would certainly be rent. Therefore when the British sent Sir Henry Bulwer over on a special mission to settle the Isthmian affair, Secretary of State Clayton was willing to talk. The outcome was a stalemate. Each signatory bound itself not to build or seek to build a canal or railway across the Isthmus, except on terms that would assure exactly the same rights of transit to the nationals of both.

On that occasion the British diplomatists may have fought ours to a standstill, but it is hard to see where they won any overwhelming victory. Half a century later, when Great Britain had given up any idea of building the canal, and we were ready to do it, that compromise proved valuable to them, for under it we had to permit British ships to go through the Panama Canal on the same terms as ours. Even so, it has cost us no money. We are merely estopped from holding up the British captains for a heavier toll than we charge our own; but we are at liberty to fix the tolls at any figure we please, as long as it applies to all ships alike.

4

THE gaudiest of all negotiations with the British, however, was that which resulted in the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842. This really had everything. It involved the Canadian boundary. It involved commerce, navigation, and fisheries. It involved the freedom of the seas. It involved an invasion of the United States by British forces, a war on Britain by American forces, the murder of an American citizen by the British, and the threatened hanging of a British subject by the Americans. It involved every great field of dispute between the two countries except South America, and in addition questions of national prestige were raised on both sides. Finally, as if to add the last touch of the fantastic, it became known long afterward that, as regards the boundary question, Webster had documentary evidence that the British were right, and Ashburton had similar evidence that the Americans were right; so each was under the impression that he was running a tremendous bluff.

As astute a judge as S. F. Bemis is inclined to believe that the British negotiator, Lord Ashburton, had a shade the best of it in this transaction, but even he is careful to point out that if this is true it is because Daniel Webster held bad cards, not because he played them unskillfully. This impression is confirmed by a mere glance at Webster's hand.

Among the many points at issue the central one was the boundary between Maine and Canada, and a subsidiary one the boundary between New York-Vermont and Canada. As regards the latter, Webster had no standing whatever. The line was the 45th parallel. On that, everyone was agreed. Everyone had to agree, too, however reluctantly, that at the outlet of Lake Champlain the original surveyor had made a mistake and run the line too far north, with the result that the fort the United States had just completed at Rouses Point was actually on Canadian soil. This was certainly a weak card in Webster's hand.

Furthermore, on the principal issue, the Maine-Canada boundary, the State of Maine, like Br'er Goat, had done voted. The Governor of Maine had called out the militia and occupied the disputed area, ejecting the Canadian officials and grimly announcing that if they tried to come back they would not be put out, they would be blasted out. This has come down in history as the "Aroostook War," from the name of the Maine county involved. With the State of Maine already committing acts of war against the British Empire, the American

negotiator was obviously in a delicate position — another weak card.

Again, the whole dispute arose because, when the Treaty of 1783 declared that the boundary should run according to a red line drawn on the attached map, somebody forgot, or failed, to attach the map. But Jared Sparks, the American historian, rummaging through some Revolutionary archives in Paris, had discovered a map very much like the missing one — and the red line on it sustained the British claims! This Webster regarded as a fatal card, if the British discovered its existence. He never dreamed that one of Ashburton's advisers had discovered, in the British archives, a similar map with a red line sustaining the American claims.

Finally, at the moment the negotiations started, the State of New York was vigorously preparing to hang a British subject, despite the assurance of the British government that the act with which the man was charged had been committed under orders of British authorities. It all began when parties of Irishmen calling themselves the Society of Fenians began to raid Canada from the New York side of the line. In the end the infuriated Canadians raided back, crossing the Niagara River, seizing a ship, the *Caroline*, which the Fenians were openly loading for another raid, and cutting her loose to drift over the Falls. In the disturbance, somebody killed an American, and later one McLeod, a Canadian, came to the New York side and, becoming somewhat exhilarated in a tavern, declared that he had done the deed. He was promptly arrested, and although Washington tried to intervene, New York would not surrender the prisoner, even on the British Minister's assurance that he had acted under orders.

How, then, did our player come out? It must be admitted that the luck broke in his favor at the last moment. Several witnesses came forward to swear that McLeod was not a murderer but merely a liar, because they had seen him miles away from the scene at the time of the fight. That was one weakness eliminated. Then Webster privately informed the Governor of Maine about Sparks's map with the red line, which took the fight out of the Governor, eliminating another weakness. Beyond that he bluffed, matching the Fenians with the *Caroline*. In the end Ashburton, worried about his own map with a red line, agreed to split the difference as regards Maine and, as regards Rouses Point, to accept the wobbly surveyor's line as if it were correct.

Was Webster defeated? Perhaps, but certainly not badly; and if one considers the weakness of his hand, the outcome looks more like a triumph.

5

LET us proceed, then, to the last sharp clash between the two countries, the Venezuela affair, involving the hegemony of the Western Hemisphere, in 1895. This was unquestionably a smashing defeat for the British which they brought upon themselves. Their original error was in putting foreign affairs in the hands of a silly fellow, Lord Salisbury, a supercilious type who knew nothing of men and therefore was crassly incompetent as a diplomatist.

The boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana had never been precisely defined; for although one line had been run, Venezuela had never accepted it. Nobody really cared, for the area in dispute was a wild and apparently worthless jungle; but when gold was discovered there the British proceeded to take over, and after a long series of squabbles Venezuela appealed to the United States for aid. Our State Department had already proffered our good offices, and now it ventured to call to Lord Salisbury's attention the fact that the Monroe Doctrine was involved and the United States urged some kind of settlement. For four months Salisbury did not deign even to reply, and then he took a high-handed tone, sharply informing the United States that Britain would make its own interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine and this case did not concern it.

It was to Grover Cleveland, of all men, that the poor fool sent this sort of message. The response was instant and terrific. The President promptly informed Congress that the United States would send a party of competent geographers to South America to determine where the line really was, and that when it was determined the army and navy of the United States would defend it; and Secretary of State Olney informed Lord Salisbury that "the fiat of the United States is law" in such matters. Congress received the message enthusiastically, and the country instantly began to prepare for war.

Salisbury was caught in a bad jam; for at that moment the German Kaiser had chosen to send a telegram of congratulation to the South African Boers who had just wiped out a party of British raiders, and war between Germany and Great Britain seemed to be impending. When the British people realized that their Foreign Minister had provoked the United States into something very like a general mobilization, a blast of indignation struck the noble lord and he hurriedly acceded to arbitration. Incidentally, the arbitrators, including two justices of the United States Supreme Court, gave Great Britain most of what she had

claimed. But the important point established was that the fiat of the United States is law on the Western Hemisphere. Cleveland had to pull a gun to do it, but he took the pot.

6

THIS is the record, in its main points. Why, then, this excessive modesty, why this impression on the part of the Americans that in all their dealings with the British they have been consistently out-traded, not to say swindled? There must be some reason for a belief so widespread.

There is, and an adequate reason, too, although it does not show in the record. The reason is domestic politics.

Whenever a treaty is made, someone must make it. That someone must be an official of the United States, which is to say, a member of the party in power. It is therefore to the interest of the opposition to maintain that any treaty whatsoever is a bad treaty, simply because it was made by untrustworthy men.

Note that in the whole long list the Treaty of Ghent is the only one that was not instantly and venomously attacked by the opposition party. The reason for that is plain: there was no opposition party. The Hartford Convention, with its threat of secession by New England, had torpedoed the Federalist Party in 1814, and a new opposition had not yet had time to coalesce. This was the beginning of the so-called "Era of Good Feeling." Gallatin's treaty escaped because there was no organized opposition.

But by the time the Webster-Ashburton Treaty was made, partisan antagonism was not only organized, it was at white heat. The administration was in an extraordinary position. The Whigs had won the election of 1840 with William Henry Harrison; but to help in the campaign they had named a disgruntled Democrat, John Tyler, as Harrison's running mate. Harrison died thirty days after his inauguration and that left in the Presidency a man who was a Democrat in everything except his hatred of Andrew Jackson. Tyler proved it by promptly vetoing every important piece of legislation the Whigs put through. Henry Clay, the Whig Party leader, indignantly ordered all members of the Cabinet to resign, and they did, with the exception of Webster, who was so much interested in the treaty that he would not quit until it was completed. This infuriated the Whigs, and as for the Democrats, they already held to the position that any treaty negotiated by a Whig was bound to

be a bad one. The wonder is, not that the Webster-Ashburton Treaty was denounced, but that it was ever ratified by the Senate.

So with the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850. Taylor was President then, and Taylor was merely an old soldier, with no great political strength. Taylor was technically a Whig, too, but neither Clay nor Webster, the great party leaders, had much respect for him and made little effort to defend him. So the Democrats had a field day.

Cleveland, on the other hand, was a Democrat, but he was heartily detested by the radical wing of his own party. The Venezuela affair came up just a year before the election of 1896, and both Republicans and Free-Silver Democrats were swift to accuse the President of trying to make political capital of the whole affair. Cleveland's diplomatic victory was too overwhelming to be denied outright; so the line in that case was that the British really had not been beaten, but that they had connived with Cleveland to create an issue for the political benefit of the President.

This practice of regarding foreign affairs as legitimate issues in domestic politics has been remarked, and deprecated, by every student of American government. The usual argument against it is, however, that it tends to betray us into making war foolishly. At present its tendency is rather to handicap us in making peace wisely. If we go into the negotiations thoroughly distrustful of our ability to hold our own against the British, we shall be handicapped in attempting to judge proposals accurately.

If the record means anything, this distrust may be of small significance in the actual negotiations. On the face of the record, Americans have always done well at the council table. The crucial point, because it is the point at which public opinion is felt, is the matter of ratification. Furthermore, this point is not likely to be passed quickly and definitely after the present war; for there is every indication that the negotiations will be prolonged, perhaps for years, and the settlement will be embodied, not in one document, but in a series of treaties, each of which presumably will have to be ratified by the Senate and accepted by the people if peace is to be firmly established.

It makes no difference which party is in power when these treaties come before the Senate and the

people. The abler men in both parties may be agreed, but small-sized politicians in the opposition will certainly try to persuade us that we have been swindled again. If they are successful, then the treaties will be rejected or, at most, accepted so grudgingly that it will be hard to make them effective in the fullest sense; and that would threaten the durability of the peace.

Yet the widespread delusion that the record is one of consistent failure gives the little politicians an excellent chance to succeed. It seems to be a fact, therefore, that at present the American's undue modesty about his ability as a trader constitutes a real danger; and who would have believed it?

What about the war debts? Well, what about them? Whatever the British did in relation to the war debts, they did not out-trade us.

About the war debts, one must accept the theory that they should have been paid or the theory that they shouldn't. If they should have been paid, then the Americans were not out-traded: they were simply robbed, for the British defaulted.

If they shouldn't have been paid, then again the Americans were not out-traded. On the contrary, they had made so good a trade that the British thought they could not meet it without ruin, and chose the disgrace of default rather than try to meet it.

My own belief is that we skinned the British unmercifully in that deal; nevertheless, the British should have paid, not because the debt was just, but to protect their own credit. I think that refusing to pay is just another instance of the senile futility of British government between 1920 and 1940. It is off the same bolt of cloth as the refusal to stop Japan in Manchuria, the Hoare-Laval deal to sell out Abyssinia, the Spanish non-intervention deal, and the Munich deal. In 1939 and 1940 the British, as a matter of fact, did pay the war debt about three times in the form of high prices for American goods. They didn't get the Lend-Lease Act until March 11, 1941, and one reason for the delay was their failure to pay the war debts. Politically that failure was foolish, for it very nearly cost them their national existence.

In any event, they didn't out-trade us. Only in the case of the Canadian fisheries have they done that.

THE WIZARD FROM CONNECTICUT

by JEAN BURTON

DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME was one of the most mystifying Americans of the Victorian era. His parents were Scotch, his father claiming to be the illegitimate son of the tenth Earl of Home. His mother was credited with "second sight." As an infant, Daniel was adopted by his aunt, Mrs. Cook, who emigrated with him to Norwich, Connecticut. There his wonders began. When at thirteen he began to have "previsions" of his friends' taking off, the community grew uneasy. So did his aunt, what with the furniture scuttling about and the rapping of spirits at all hours. When Daniel was seventeen, she drove him from the house and threw his clothes after him.

For the next thirty-five years Daniel Home lived as a medium, and he lived on the fat of the land. He married twice. In the words of his biographer, Jean Burton, "he became simply, on a lifelong, international, and really magnificent scale, the man who came to dinner." He would accept no pay for his spiritual intercourse, but his visits were extended — and the bequests which came to him ran as high as £60,000. The Empress Eugénie, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Thackeray, and Ruskin were among his patrons. In these excerpts which are drawn from Jean Burton's forthcoming biography, *Heyday of a Wizard* (to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in April) we see the impact of this inexplicable American upon the fashionable world of Victoria. — THE EDITOR

I

ONE January evening in Paris, in the year 1863, twelve ladies and gentlemen of quality ranged themselves soothingly beside a confused and nervous hostess as they waited for the guest of honor to make his appearance. Their hostess was Mme Jauvin d'Attainville; among those present were Princess Pauline Metternich and her husband, the Austrian Ambassador; and the guest whose momentarily expected arrival created such tension was a Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, late of the United States.

Mr. Home had been in Paris on his present visit for some days, as usual spending much time at court. He transformed the Tuileries, by Princess Metternich's graphic account, into "a regular witches' sabbath": in his presence massive pieces of furniture, which it would take half a dozen men to lift, rocked violently, untouched by human hands, while armchairs "flew from one end of the room to the other as if driven by a hurricane." As everyone in Paris could testify, Princess Metternich, sharp-tongued, wiry, audacious, and sensation-loving, was not a young woman to be intimidated without due cause. But she made no pretense of being altogether at her ease with Mr. Home.

It was over six years since there had first been announced in the capital "the arrival of a noted spiritualist, a man who disdained the parlour tricks performed by ordinary mortals, one who professed to belong to the select company of 'great me-

diums.'" And from the beginning Parisian hostesses had found him select in another sense. He more than matched them in exclusiveness.

Indeed Mr. Home was unique. He was neither an entertainer nor a holy man; he must be received strictly as an equal; and one must never, never so far forget oneself as to offer him money. Jewels, clothes, fur coats, trips to fashionable watering-places — in some respects his tastes were rather like a cocotte's — were acceptable; but money, no. Moreover he would not even consider invitations unless they came through an intermediary well known to him.

Tonight this intermediary had been Prince Joachim Murat, one of the Second Empire's more decorative objects of salvage. On this particular evening, however, Murat's hostess was surprisingly ungrateful for his efforts. Mme Jauvin d'Attainville was *dévoté*, and did not care to encourage wizards. But her guests assured her on their honor that Mr. Home was not only a Christian but a Catholic — which last *had* to her knowledge been true for a brief period, and perhaps still was: at least, for the time being neither he nor the Roman Catholic Church wished specifically to deny it. But now voices were hushed and all heads turned in the same direction. "Then the door opened, and at Prince Murat's side we beheld the mysterious, long-awaited hero of the day, the man who inspired fear and uneasiness alike, Dunglas Home."

As Murat, proudly smiling, led the way to their hostess, Princess Metternich swiftly appraised the newcomer who followed him: "Fairly tall, slim, well-built, in his dress-suit and white tie he looked like a gentleman of the highest social standing. His face was attractive in its expression of gentle melancholy. He was very pale, with light china-blue eyes — they were not piercing; rather were they inclined to be sleepy — reddish hair, thick and abundant, but not inordinately long, no pianist's or violinist's mop; in short, he was of pleasing appearance with nothing striking about him except, perhaps, the pallor of his complexion, which seemed natural from its contrast with his red hair and beard."

Murat introduced him ceremoniously to the other guests and a little polite conversation took place, Home speaking fluent French with only traces of his original Scots burr. Presently, still chatting, they began to drift towards the table and take their places at or near it.

The performance which then took place was reasonably typical of the séances of which Home, during his prime — he was now just under thirty — gave literally hundreds a year.

There were all together fifteen present (nearly twice as many as he liked) and they sat in a large drawing room crowded with gilt and marble furniture in the ornate style of the period. Princess Metternich further mentioned that it was "blazing" with light from chandeliers and lamps, which was probably no exaggeration. Of cut-glass chandeliers a Second Empire drawing room could never have enough.

Home chose an armchair some three or four yards from the circle, offhandedly calling to their attention that the table was beyond his reach; and warned, as he usually did by way of preface, that They (the spirits) might not come at all. He then leaned back and was observed to grow visibly paler. Then Home spoke. "Bryan, are you there?" he asked. Sharp raps sounded from the table.

"At once the lustres of the chandeliers began to move, and from the back of the room a chair came, as if propelled by an irresistible force, and suddenly stopped in front of us. Home remained in his seat without moving a muscle. Suddenly he exclaimed: 'They are here! They are all around us!'"

At the same instant, Princess Metternich screamed — with some excuse: an invisible iron hand had just gripped her by the knuckles. In the confusion, others were heard excitedly proclaiming that they too had felt that harsh iron grasp on their arms, hands, or necks, and could distinguish the pres-

sure of its individual fingers, though strangely none felt pain. "One must have been through the experience to realise what it means."

They were cut short by a new and breath-taking spectacle. The tapestry which covered the table was now seen to be slowly rising, while beneath it something — a concealed hand? — was moving towards them. Princess Metternich shrank back in her chair. But her husband, and others of the more skeptical and alert, sprang forward to catch the object; and each in turn had the same frustrating experience. When seized, it quietly "melted away." One of the men tore off the cloth; others hurled themselves beneath the table. All in all, the Attainville drawing room must have presented a curious and unwonted appearance for the next few minutes. But they found nothing, nothing whatever. Home sat motionless, watching them with an expression impossible to read.

Presently, annoyed and a little disturbed as well, they scrambled to their feet and resumed their places. Immediately a perfect rain of derisive taps sounded from *out of the table*. At this Prince Metternich's diplomatic calm entirely deserted him. The rest could do as they pleased, he announced loudly, but *he* was going back underneath that table. Hitching up the knees of his elegant trousers, and directing a challenging stare at Home, he lowered himself once more to his cramped observation post. There was only an infinitesimal pause, as if to allow him time to settle himself, before the maddening raps resumed at an accelerated tempo. Prince Metternich's distinguished head shot out like a turtle's and he peered indignantly upward. "No jokes, if you please!" he called testily. The nonplused circle assured him with perfect truth that no one except himself had stirred. But now they began to glance sideways at each other, and at Home, with genuine perturbation.

Home was by this time in deep trance, white as a sheet, head fallen back, and he cried out again that the spirits were all around them. "One is quite near you. You surely feel it, like a light breath?" Men and women alike acknowledged shakily that they did.

Then, before they had time to recover, Home pointed to a corsage of violets which someone had left on the piano, and asked that it be brought to them. His head sank back against the armchair; and at the same moment the violets began to "glide over the smooth surface, rise, and unsteadily traverse the empty space that lay between the piano and the table." They fell, by chance or design, directly into Princess Metternich's lap, and as they fell her husband bounded forward to seize

them and search feverishly for the thread or hair to which they might — or rather must — be attached. Again he found nothing.

At the end of the séance everyone burst out in animated speculation. Sleight of hand was by far the most popular theory, but there was also much knowledgeable allusion to “electro-biologism,” hallucination, and mass hypnotism. Princess Metternich dealt with the latter briskly: “That he was an unrivalled hypnotist is not impossible; but what I roundly deny is that any of us had any feeling that we had been hypnotised.” She also reminded her readers that the drawing room was as brightly lit as if it were day and had not at any stage of the proceedings been darkened, that it was in constant use by the family, and that Home, who had never been in the house before that evening, could hardly have set up any paraphernalia in advance.

A few days later the Metternichs attended a séance in the Empress’s rooms at the Tuileries, between five and six in the afternoon. This was not, on the whole, successful. “The spirits did not seem to be in the right mood.” At one point, when the customary tattoo was played by a regiment marching through the gardens, the table accompanied it with muffled raps. Princess Metternich, however, thought this a trifle childish, “though curious.” On the other hand she was very much struck by a phenomenon which had not been included the first evening, though it was a specialty of Home’s, and which fretted minds a great deal more scientific than hers; namely, that when tables tilted in his presence, at no matter how sharp an angle, objects lying upon them not only did not fall off, but adhered firmly to the surface and powerfully resisted all efforts to move them.

“On the little table that had just played the drum so prettily, there stood a candlestick with a lighted candle. The table began to move, to rise, to dance, then to lean so far forward that under ordinary circumstances, anything placed upon it would inevitably have fallen off. But what happened? Not only did the candlestick not fall off, but the flame, instead of continuing to burn perpendicularly — as of course normally happens when one holds a candle at a slant — leant over at the same angle as the candle and the table.”

One afternoon shortly after these events took place, Home favored Princess Metternich herself with a social call. She happened to be alone when he was announced and, admitting to a moment’s distinct qualm, almost sent word that she was engaged. Then, her justly famous spirit reasserting itself, she ordered him shown in. Home sat opposite her and they exchanged civilities, but her

attention soon wandered somewhat. “Close by me, a peculiar noise, like that of big plashing drops, began to fall upon my ear.”

She tried bravely to ignore it, but the sound grew so loud and insistent that at length she could not resist glancing quickly behind her. At this Home, who had been tranquilly waiting for some notice to be taken of his little divertisement, allowed himself a fleeting smile and murmured that it was nothing — only one of Them. They followed him everywhere, he told her resignedly.

Home added unexpectedly (and this last touch demoralized her completely) that when his little son Gricha was around, the manifestations were even more vigorous. Mediumship ran in the family. “If you like, Princess,” he offered politely, “I’ll bring the boy with me one day; he’s three years old. I’ll let him stay alone with you. You will be astonished and — convinced.”

Princess Metternich thanked him shudderingly, but declined. This tête-à-tête with a wizard of adult years she could just sustain, but at the thought of a *baby* wizard her blood ran cold.

2

NOWHERE else in the world had the rapping spirits produced louder echoes than in the Anglo-American colony of Florence. “When people gather round a table now it isn’t to play whist,” Mrs. Robert Browning observed wisely. Mr. Browning maintained an attitude of virile and ill-concealed impatience. But as “confederate friends ranged with me on the believing side” his wife listed Sir Edward Lytton’s son, then attaché of the English Embassy and “visionary enough to suit *me*, which is saying much”; Mr. Frederick Tennyson, elder brother of the poet, and a Swedenborgian; Mr. Hiram Powers, the American sculptor; and Mr. A. S. Jarves of the Boston Jarveses, a wealthy art critic, a medium in his own right, and what was more important, “perfectly *veracious*. Even Robert admits this.”

Together they were a formidable band and “Robert has to keep us at bay as he best can,” she told her friend Miss Haworth. She herself heard nothing wherever she went but talk of spirit hands, self-playing pianos, “flesh and blood human beings floating about rooms in company with tables and lamps,” and mediums speaking in tongues. “The unbelievers writhe under it,” said Mrs. Browning with satisfaction.

Daniel Home had not been long in England before Mrs. Browning was again drawn to him as by an ir-

resistible magnet. She secured an introduction to the Rymers, with whom Home was staying, after which she wrote her sister in the country: —

MY BELOVED HENRIETTA,

. . . As to Hume¹ — we shall see *him*, and I will tell you. He's the most interesting person to me in England out of Somersetshire, and 50 Wimpole Street. . . .

Your ever, ever affectionate BA.

England's foremost poetess then journeyed to Ealing and sat raptly, dark eyes glowing in her small ivory-pale face, through an hour of wonders. But also in attendance was her distinguished husband, handsome, immaculately groomed, and frowning in deep distaste for this intellectual slumming expedition. Consequently her next letter was written in an agitated hand: —

MY DEAREST DEAR HENRIETTA:

You . . . want to hear the results of our seeing Hume — so I will tell you — on the condition though, that when you write to me you don't say a word on the subject — because it's a *tabooed* subject in this house — Robert and I taking completely different views, and he being a good deal irritated by any discussion of it.

First she must explain that her friend Mr. Lytton was also in England and had visited Ealing with his father two days earlier. "We did not see quite as much as Mr. Lytton did — but we were touched by the invisible, heard the music and raps, saw the table moved, and had sight of the hands." Then had occurred the famous garland episode, the recollection of which more than everything else kept Browning's rage simmering through the years. "At the request of the medium, the spiritual hands took from the table a garland which lay there, and placed it upon my head. The particular hand which did this was of the largest human size, as white as snow, and very beautiful. It was as near to me as this hand I write with, and I saw it as distinctly. . . .

"Robert and I did not touch the hands. Mr. Lytton and Sir Edward *both did*. The feel was warm and human — rather warmer in fact than is common with a man's hand. The music was beautiful."

To turn to Home's account, it gradually dawned on him that for some reason Mr. Browning "appeared to be very much out of temper" while this was going on. But he was too pleasantly engaged with Mrs. Browning ("who was so kind and attentive to me") to pay much attention at first. The wreath which caused all the turmoil was of clematis which Home and the Rymer children had picked in

the garden; and just before the séance it had been put on the table, "whether naturally or by spirit hands I do not remember." There it lay until it was "raised by supernatural power in the presence of us all, and whilst we were watching it, Mr. Browning, who was seated at the opposite side of the table, left his place and came and stood behind his wife, towards whom the wreath was being slowly carried, and upon whose head it was placed in full sight of us all, and whilst he was standing close behind her. He expressed no disbelief; as indeed, it was impossible for any one to have any. . . . Mrs. Browning was much moved."

This was emphatically where Home should have stopped, as he valued his life. Instead he rashly hinted that Browning had hurried to place himself in the trajectory of the wreath in the hope that it would alight on *his* brow. (Chesterton has remarked that it was almost too dreadful to conjecture what the poet's language would have been if it had taken any such liberty.) Browning's reaction was all that could have been expected.

Unhappy Mrs. Browning assured Henrietta that her husband acquitted the Rymer family of collusion, "believes in their veracity — but cries out against Hume's *humbugging*." Even she felt constrained to admit that Home, in trance, had talked "a great deal of much such twaddle as may be heard in any fifth-rate conventicle."

To many observers, the most puzzling phenomena were the spirit hands, which later psychists preferred to designate austere as psychic rods, terminals, extrusions, or "pseudopods" — literally "false feet."

Home's spirit hands had been given a searching inspection by no less an anatomical authority than Hiram Powers. Powers in turn introduced him to Baron Seymour Kirkup, noted artist of an earlier day. Kirkup, very ancient, very deaf, living amid decayed grandeur in a state of indescribable mental and physical confusion, had been lost for years in the obscurest mazes of occultism. Even Mrs. Browning smiled a little at some of his revelations. But he exerted himself with a surprising access of practicality to make sketches of a hand and arm materialized by Home, which was more than anyone else had thought to do. "You must be able to show *proof*," the old gentleman submitted.

To Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had attended Home's séances in Florence, the spirit messages presented no difficulty: it seemed obvious to him that these had their origin in the subconscious minds of the circle and that some form of telepathy "returned the inquirer's thoughts and veiled reflections to himself." He could dismiss everything

¹This spelling of his name was occasioned by Home's Scottish pronunciation of it as "Hoom."

on this basis, in fact, except the bothersome pseudopods. "The hands are certainly an inexplicable phenomenon. They are impressions of the two senses, sight and touch, but how produced I cannot tell."

Browning's spluttering theory, as advanced to Hawthorne, was that the spirit hands produced by Home were either "the scoundrel's naked foot" or contrivances attached thereto. As he spoke Mrs. Browning kept putting in little distressed expostulations in her sweet and tiny voice. But Browning forged ahead, and "the marvellousness of the fact, as I have read of it and heard it from other eye-witnesses, melted strangely away in his hearty gripe, and at the sharp touch of his logic," said Mr. Hawthorne uncomfortably. Here were two clever, likable, witty people, both of whom Hawthorne respected, and as to whose complete intellectual integrity he would have taken his oath. But it was one's word against the other's.

Browning also fumed to William Allingham that he had never seen so impudent a piece of imposture in his life but that shortly after the séance Home, to his amazement, had called on him in town "with his right hand outstretched in amity. He bore no ill-will — not he!" Browning's response had been to point to the nearest exit with the inhospitable words: "If you are not out of that door in half a minute I'll fling you down the stairs." But, he continued, grinding his handsome teeth, "now comes the best of it all. What do you suppose he says of me? You'll never guess. He says to everybody, 'How Browning hates me! — and how I love him!'"

Mrs. Browning defiantly wound up her letter to Henrietta: —

For my own part, I am confirmed in all my opinions. To me it [the séance] was wonderful and conclusive; and I believe that the medium present was no more *responsible* for the things said and done, than I myself was. . . . A very little patience, and we shall not speak such things in a whisper: for *it is but the beginning*. . . .

Your ever attached BA.

3

FROM Rome [where he had gone to recover from a severe cold] Home advised friends in Paris that he went little into society, the spirits thinking a complete rest necessary. But he spent April both pleasantly and profitably, for shortly afterwards Mrs. Browning heard what seemed to her the greatest wonder yet: the medium was engaged to be married.

In Rome he had fallen in with a young Cossack nobleman, Count Gregoire Koucheleff-Besborodka, who had a beautiful wife and sister-in-law. The latter was the seventeen-year-old Alexandrina (Sacha) de Kroll, youngest daughter of the late General Count de Kroll and a goddaughter of the late Tsar Nicholas. She had been educated in Paris, as most girls of good Russian family were, and was just out of her convent — vivacious, impressionable, charming, and little more than a child.

Koucheleff asked Home to come and spend a quiet evening with the family, but when he arrived around ten he found a large rollicking Russian party in full swing. Supper was served at midnight. Home sat at his hostess's right, and when she introduced him to the pretty, dark-haired little girl on his other side "a strange impression came over me at once, and I knew she was to be my wife." At the same moment Sacha began to laugh. "Mr. Home," she teased, "you will be married before the year is ended." Home asked why. Oh, she said, it was an old Russian superstition — it never failed when a man sat at table between two sisters he had just met. Both omens were fulfilled. Twelve days later the engagement of Mlle de Kroll and the medium was formally announced.

It must be considered entirely a tribute to Home's social charm, for Sacha had not yet seen him in action. Indeed discussion of his profession was rather carefully avoided. Once his fiancée turned to him as they were sitting out a dance and said lightly, "Do tell me about spirit-rapping, for you know I don't believe in it." Home's diplomatic and gently quelling response was: "Mademoiselle, I trust you will ever bear in mind that I have a mission entrusted to me. It is a great and holy one. I cannot speak with you about a thing which you have not seen, and therefore cannot understand."

The wedding was to take place in Russia. Sacha went ahead from Marseilles while Home made a hurried trip to Scotland to provide himself with a birth certificate, disappointing friends in Florence who had hoped for a glimpse of the pair. "Certainly her taste must be extraordinary," marveled Mrs. Browning. "How strange the fortunes of that young man are! . . . My friend Mr. Jarves spent a night with Hume once," she went on by a not too obscure association of ideas, "and a four-posted bed was carried into the middle of the room — shadowy figures stood by the pillow, or lay down across the feet of those about to sleep — nothing threatening, everything kind; but, at best," she concluded thoughtfully, "extremely disturbing."

In June, Home joined Count and Countess Koucheleff-Besborodka, who were waiting for him

in Paris. One night he took them to call on Alexandre Dumas; they found each other wonderfully congenial, and when someone suggested that Dumas be best man at the wedding he accepted at once with Gargantuan roars of delight. With this last-minute addition to their party they proceeded northward, a trip amusingly described by Dumas in *De Paris à Astrakan*. Alas, he said, the wizard could not bid the waves of the Baltic be still, but was seasick for the entire voyage.

Sacha's relations were gathered expectantly at Polonstrava, the estate bestowed on Koucheleff's grandfather by Catherine II. It stood just outside St. Petersburg, with a glorious view of the Neva. There were illuminated fetes and ceremonial dinners, and young and old appeared delighted with the match: to Dumas's surprise they made no objection whatever to bestowing their lovely Sacha on a young man with no background, no visible means of livelihood, and most visibly in shocking health. One more proof that he was, of course, a sorcerer, a caster of spells.

What others thought even more astounding, being utterly without precedent, was the suspension in Home's case of the ironclad rules governing marriages of the noblesse. But Alexander II had given his permission without question; the newly crowned Tsar of Freedom was bent on emulating the court of France in all things.

There was, at the last, some little difficulty about his birth certificate, but Alexander quickly set this right. "All the obstacles in the way of my marriage were removed by his most gracious Majesty, who upon this, as upon every occasion, has shown to me the greatest kindness." Three days before the wedding the Tsar sent a blinding diamond ring by his chamberlain, Count Schouvaloff.

Until now Sacha had not been allowed to see any of Home's phenomena, which possibly was wise. "My wife's first introduction to anything of the kind" came when two apparitions entered their bedroom, and for a moment "her actions betrayed a certain shrinking." But on the whole she took it well. When the apparitions vanished and raps began to sound, she was soon happily engrossed in putting questions and learning to count the raps which replied. Judged as an artist, Home gave as finished a performance in the home as outside it; judged as an impostor, he took no one into his confidence.

The next landmark in Home's life was the birth of his son on May 8, 1859, at seven o'clock of a wild and stormy evening. Not only did signs and portents attend the birth, but the child had given certain evidences of being a *prenatal* medium. (As

an early sign of vocation, it was pointed out, this topped the record even of Jenny Lind, whose first cry on entering the world was a high F.) The warbling of an invisible bird was heard, and mysterious illuminations glowed through the night over the cradle of the infant, who to a trained eye gave every indication of remarkable occult potentialities. But the proud father, while making this clear, added that he would never encourage the development of such a gift. A medium had too hard a life.

The Tsar sent Mme Home a congratulatory emerald brooch set with sixteen diamonds. The baby was christened Gregoire (Gricha). His Aunt Luba (Countess Koucheleff-Besborodka) was godmother, and the French Minister, the Marquis de Châteaureynard, was godfather. On this occasion he was christened a Roman Catholic. When he was rebaptized in the Greek Church some years later his sponsors were more exalted, being none other than H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Constantine, and the Tsar of All the Russias.

4

WITHIN a few weeks of his return to England Home had given séances for Lord Stafford, Mrs. Milner Gibson, Elizabeth Lady Dunsany, Baron and Lady Pollock, Lady Compton, Lady Salisbury, Lady Trelawney, Sir Daniel and Lady Cooper, Lady Loftus Otway, Sir Charles Nicholson, Lady Helena Newnham, Lady Palmerston, and Lady Egerton of Tatton. He was taken to perform before Lord Lyndhurst at the aged Chancellor's residence; and, more importantly, before the Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House. The approval of the Duchess, a generous sponsor of high-minded causes, could hardly be overestimated.

For a time it seemed that Home would be more or less appropriated by Lady Shelley, a pleasant, lively little woman of inexhaustible energy. But against heavy opposition the victor was Mrs. Thomas Milner Gibson, whose social gifts had made her a well-known figure in more than one European capital. "That impulsive, compassionate, affectionate woman," Dickens characterized her (adding confidentially to their mutual friend Mrs. Lynn Linton, England's first woman journalist, "but as to the strength of her head—?"). Latterly political refugees—Louis Blanc, Mazzini, and Kossuth—had absorbed her time and attention, but Home was soon the undisputed lion of her "Mondays" at 3 Hyde Park Place. And the only one who was not entirely happy over this arrangement was Mr. Gibson.

"I hear from England that the subject is advancing with a large section of the public," Mrs. Browning wrote from Italy. "Milner Gibson's dinner table is, in the middle of dinner, lifted up to an angle of forty-five — he praying (or rather swearing) for leave to get his dinner in peace." Mr. Gibson gave further pain by declining to attend séances in his own home or elsewhere; and if by chance he opened the door on such gatherings he would pause only to groan, "Well, my dear, at it again!" before vanishing with lightning speed.

But it was not so easy to dissociate himself from his wife's enthusiasm where the public was concerned. Gibson was one of the great parliamentary triumvirate of Free Trade (the other two being Cobden and Bright), and it happened that about this time he was negotiating a commercial treaty with France. One day, wishing to report to the Commons on exchanges that had passed between the two governments, Mr. Gibson arose and cleared his throat. "I have been a medium —" he began. But that was all they heard, the rest being drowned in the uncontrollable roar that went up from both sides of the House.

Though it was sometimes forgotten, Home had a domestic as well as a public life. He was an exemplary husband; but some of Mrs. Browning's premonitions seemed borne out by his account of a little incident that took place in April, 1860.

In Mrs. Gibson's salon he had often met Louis Blanc, the socialist leader exiled from France under the dictatorship of Napoleon III. Like other distinguished refugees, M. Blanc was much sought after as a lecturer; and one evening Home and a party of friends (Sacha had gone to bed early suffering from a headache) went to hear him speak. The lecture proved to deal with Mesmer and Cagliostro, whose hidden contributions to the revolutionary forces of 1789 had, according to Blanc, never been seriously enough appraised.

Home's detractors had frequently likened him in a most unflattering way to the self-styled Count de Cagliostro, the arch-magician whose harsh shadow fell across the French and Russian courts of an earlier day. Accordingly a good many in the audience glanced surreptitiously at Home as the lecture progressed, and they found him wearing an oddly distraught air. For the very good reason, he explained later, that the old magician's astral body had entered the hall a few minutes after Blanc began to speak of him. When he went back to the hotel and Sacha roused herself to ask how he had enjoyed the lecture, his reply (hardly soothing to one with migraine) was: "I have been haunted all evening by Cagliostro."

Sacha put both hands to her aching head. "Pray," she exclaimed faintly, "do not use that word *haunted*, it sounds so weird-like, and quite frightens me!"

Home meanwhile had blown out the candles; but now the room was luridly lit up for an instant. Sacha, all at once very wide-awake, asked if this was Cagliostro. Three blue flashes answered in the affirmative. Then footsteps were heard, and in a moment they felt a pressure on the bed which seemed to indicate that their visitant was companionably seating himself beside them. Both his wife and he himself, said Home, were temporarily struck dumb by this free and easy behavior on the part of a spirit who was, as he put it, "in no way related to us." But presently Cagliostro began to speak "in a distinct Voice audible to both of us" and cleared up some much debated questions. ("My biographers have ever done me injustice.") He appeared to be making an effort at cordiality for Sacha's benefit, and such experiences might be harmless — but at best, as Mrs. Browning had said, *disturbing*.

5

TAKEN singly, neither Home's phenomena nor his facile charm, both of which captured sensation seekers, could have quite explained the kind and degree of success he had attained. Taken together they justified the title of an article in Thackeray's literary monthly, the *Cornhill Magazine*, in August, 1860: "Stranger Than Fiction."

The anonymous author was quickly identified as Robert Bell, an Irish journalist and critic previously associated with Lytton. The scene was Mrs. Gibson's drawing room, and Bell began by describing the bewitching of its furniture. This was fairly stereotyped, except that a table had turned over on one side and traveled about the room with a weaving motion so rapid that they could hardly keep up with it. Finally it had tried to climb an ottoman, succeeded after several attempts, and descended nimbly on the other side, winding up triumphantly poised on one leg like a ballerina. Then the lights had been dimmed, and it was what came next that brought his readers up short and staring. To judge the full impact on the *Cornhill's* subscribers, the story had best be told in his own words:—

"Mr. Home was seated next the window. Through the semi-darkness his head was dimly visible against the curtains, and his hands might be seen in a faint white heap before him.

"Presently he said, in a quiet voice, 'My chair

is moving — I am off the ground — don't notice me — talk of something else,' or words to that effect. . . . In a moment or two more he spoke again. This time his voice was in the air above our heads. He had risen from his chair to a height of four or five feet from the ground. As he ascended higher he described his position, which at first was perpendicular, and afterwards became horizontal. He said he felt as if he had been turned in the gentlest manner, as a child is turned in the arms of a nurse. . . ."

It would be hard to find a modern parallel for the furore created by this article. So liberal an education on sense deception and mal-observation did the public all at once receive that if Home achieved nothing else, he severely undermined the prestige of human evidence. Shallow-minded persons were being *Hume-bugged* right and left, sneered *Punch*, coming out the next week with a poem entitled "Home, Great Home!"

With a lift from the spirits he'll rise in the air,
(Though, as lights are put out, we can't see him there). . . .
He can make tables dance, and bid chairs stand on end.
(But, of course, it must be in the house of a friend.)

As for Home's converts, the kindest thing said of them was that they were of the class born for no other purpose than to be deluded. Controversies in the sixties were normally abusive; this one was only a trifle more so than most. Edmund Yates, who had a long-standing journalistic and personal feud with Thackeray and could hardly credit his good fortune at seeing his enemy thus delivered into his hands, made it a point to inveigh not so much against Home as against his "silly dupes, eleven-twelfths of whom are hopeless fools." A number resented this classification hotly enough to give up their protective anonymity and corroborate the *Cornhill* article in angry detail.

Thackeray had first met Home during an American tour some years before. On that occasion he had been as excited as a boy — lowering his plump form to peer beneath the table, getting down on hands and knees to examine the floor, mopping his brow from these unwonted exertions, and keeping up a running fire of questions. Then he hurried back to his hotel to write his friends in England, instructing them exactly how to go about it so that they too might form circles and make tables tilt. "It is the most wonderful thing . . .!"

Now, implored on all sides to wash his hands of the article, Thackeray refused. They had not seen what *he* had, he told expostulating friends. "Why, presently, the body being removed, shouldn't we personally be anywhere at will?" he inquired — and "anywhere" included Mrs. Gibson's drawing

room. Home could not claim him as a believer, but he was undeniably a friendly advocate. "It pleases me that Thackeray has had the courage to maintain the facts before the public," approved Mrs. Browning. "I think *much* the better of him for doing so."

Home traveled to Italy at the end of the year — in the new and unexpected role of sculptor. This had come as a surprise to his closest intimates, but he explained that he wished to make himself financially independent. It was his plan ultimately to open a studio in Paris. In the meantime Joseph Durham had given him some preliminary lessons in his new art and had given him letters of introduction to leading sculptors in Rome, including William Wetmore Story. When Browning got wind of this last his indignation verged on the apoplectic. He wrote Isabella Blagden: —

Dec. 19th, 1863

Hume went to Rome with a letter . . . to Story, asking to become his pupil; Story refused, but got him a studio, conceiving himself bound to do so much by the letter: Mrs. S. wrote me this: of course Hume immediately wrote to England (to Dr. Gully a Gull indeed) that S. had taken him as a pupil — it is Story's own business — he chooses to take this dung-ball into his hand for a minute, and he will get more and more smeared.

Home was saddened by this exhibition of vindictiveness, but hardly surprised. "*I happen to know*," he wrote darkly, "that Mr. Browning once remarked of me that I was in the habit of being assisted home drunk by the police nightly."

He settled down quietly in the artist colony, going about his business and conscientiously visiting the art galleries; but he was not allowed to make much progress in his new career. In January the Papal Government swiftly moved to have him expelled from the city, although it later relented to permit Home to stay if he would swear to "desist from all communication with the spirit world."

But Home, as always, replied that this was out of his control. The utmost *he* could promise was this: "I give my word as a gentleman that, during my stay in Rome, I will have no séance, and that I will avoid, as much as possible, all conversations upon spiritualism. DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME, Palazzi-Paoli, 4 January, 1864."

It was not enough, and he was requested with finality to be outside the gates of Rome the next day.

6

FROM the day Browning's pulverizing "Mr. Sludge" appeared in 1864, its inspiration was obvious to

everyone in England with the exception of Mr. D. D. Home. "No person even slightly acquainted with me could discover one point of resemblance," he protested with his most charming smile. But "I find myself compelled to notice this remarkable poem of Mr. Robert Browning," he wrote distantly after some years had elapsed, "as an offensively coarse attack upon the cause I have the honour to represent and an insult to the memory of his deceased wife, who lived and died a believer in Spiritualism — and whose intellect," said Mr. Home (becoming human for one moment), "was far superior to his own."

Other and more disinterested critics had thought the poem not in the best of taste on this score, for it was known that this was almost the only topic on which the Brownings ever differed. But Mrs. Browning had grown to be a most attractive and exceptional type of spiritist, laughing cheerfully at her own enthusiasm — "I dare say you all set me down as raving mad," she told her sister — and keeping family arguments on a resolutely light plane. Nevertheless, to the day of her death in 1861 she had neither recanted nor compromised. "It grows, it grows," she had exulted at each fresh report of the movement's progress.

Taken at face value Sludge's hysterical, cringing confession was a recital of nothing but sordid beginnings, sordid cheats, and icy and unfathomable contempt for a race of dupes. To the sole dissenting commentator, Chesterton, its significance, like that of all Browning's monologues, lay rather in its probing of "a reality tangled almost inextricably with unrealities in a man's mind." Moreover, Sludge in his extremity told all; the formidable thing about Home was that he never relaxed his guard. His life must have been one of perpetual and exhausting wariness, his wits must often have raced against disaster, but the hairbreadth triumphs that constituted the real drama of his existence could never be shared. "A really accomplished impostor," reflected Chesterton, "is the most wretched of geniuses; he is a Napoleon on a desert island."

And even for Sludge, he pointed out, Browning had left one door ajar. "When he has nothing left either to gain or to conceal, then he rises up into a perfect bankrupt sublimity and makes the great avowal which is the whole pivot and meaning of the poem."

Now for it, then! Will you believe me, though?
You've heard what I confess: I don't unsay
A single word: I cheated when I could,
Rapped with my toe-joints, set sham hands at work,
Wrote down names weak in sympathetic ink,
Rubbed odic lights with ends of phosphor-match,
And all the rest; believe that: believe this,

By the same token, though it seem to set
The crooked straight again, unsay the said,
Stick up what I've knocked down; I can't help that
It's truth! I somehow vomit truth today.
This trade of mine — I don't know, can't be sure
But there was something in it, tricks and all!

It is doubtful whether Home would have been grateful for this loophole even if anyone had noticed it at the time, which no one did. But in contrast to Browning there now entered his life John Ruskin, whose attitude was full of balm. Ruskin was introduced to séances by his confidante Mrs. Cowper Temple, who like many others had been intensely concerned for him since he announced his loss of faith in revealed religion. Mrs. Temple felt that séances would almost certainly lift him out of his despondency. For her own part, as she wrote Home, "I feel now *no interest*, except in the spirit-world."

At one séance a poem was dictated to Home by the spirit of Southey, while the table beat time. Mr. Ruskin, who was sitting opposite, then asked diffidently if *he* might recite a little poem. Pray do, said the spirits. Ruskin's choice was a religious verse, and the table, rising on two legs, beat time to this with special fervor.

The change in him was marked, and friends reacted to it in differing ways. "When we last met," blurted Holman Hunt, staring, "you declared you had given up all belief in immortality!" True, true, admitted Ruskin, wincing at the memory of those desolate days; but since then he had had unanswerable evidence to the contrary.

In the fall, just before Home left for the States, solemn Mr. Ruskin wrote him a letter which, with all allowances, must be considered peculiar: —

DENMARK HILL, 4TH September, 1864

DEAR MR. HOME, —

It is so nice of you to like me! I believe you are truly doing me the greatest service and help that one human being can do another in trusting me in this way, and indeed I hope I so far deserve your trust, that I can *understand* noble and right feeling and affection — though I have myself little feeling or affection left, being worn out with indignation as far as regards the general world. . . .

Till March is long to wait — and it really isn't all my fault. . . . You never told me you were going away before Monday. . . .

Well — do, please, write me a line to say you are safe in America. And come to see me the moment you come back. I shall be in every way, I hope, then more at leisure and peace.

May you be preserved in that wild country, and brought back to us better in health and happier.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

7

THE climactic levitation took place at Ashley House before Lord Adare, Captain Lindsay, and Charles Wynne. Adare and Lindsay wrote separate accounts (later microscopically examined for discrepancies). Wynne, not a literary type, contented himself with a gruff and general corroboration.

First came telekinetic phenomena witnessed by all three, and apparitions visible only to Lindsay. (He saw one spirit form leaning an arm on Wynne's shoulder.) Then Home, who had been in trance for some time, began to walk about uneasily and finally wandered into an adjoining room. At the same moment Lindsay heard a voice whisper in his ear: "He will go out of one window and in at another." He had barely time to communicate this startling intelligence before they heard a window in the next room being flung up. Lindsay's account continues: "We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately afterwards we saw Home floating in the air outside our window.

"The moon was shining full into the room. My back was to the light; and I saw the shadow on the wall of the windowsill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room feet foremost, and sat down.

"Lord Adare then went into the next room to look at the window from which he had been carried. It was raised about eighteen inches, and he expressed his wonder how Mr. Home had been taken through so narrow an aperture.

"Home said (still in trance) 'I will show you'; and then, with his back to the window, he leaned back and was shot out of the aperture head first, with the body rigid, and then returned quite quietly.

"The window is about seventy feet from the ground. I very much doubt whether any skillful rope-dancer would like to attempt a feat of this description, where the only means of crossing would be a perilous leap.

"The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches, and there was not more than a twelve-inch projection to each window, which served as a ledge to put flowers on."

From Adare's version: "When Home awoke, he was much agitated; he said he felt as if he had gone through some fearful peril, and that he had a most horrible desire to throw himself out of the window. He remained in a very nervous condition for a short time, and then gradually became quiet. Having been ordered not to tell him, we said nothing of what had happened. . . ."

Large books could be filled, and in fact have been filled, with the controversy over this séance alone. The most sensible conclusion that emerged was that it would probably remain unexplained until it was repeated under observation; and this has yet to be done. The late Houdini went on record as being able to duplicate it on the same premises and under the same conditions, and when he was in London in 1920 made plans to do so. But the project fell through, apparently because of some dispute with his assistant. It might be mentioned in passing that Houdini, though convinced that Home was "a hypocrite of the deepest dye," had a certain respect for him as a performer who worked tirelessly to improve his act. He could think of several ways in which the illusion in question might have been worked, but did not exclude the possibility that "a man of Home's audacity with levitation feats" might have swung from one window to the other, with a wire placed in readiness below.

8

HOME met and deeply interested William Crookes, the brilliant and ambitious young physicist and chemist. There was only a year's difference in their ages; they were soon Dan and William to each other; and before long Crookes was afire to study Home's phenomena in the laboratory.

Crookes's announced objectives when he began his celebrated tests with Home were, all things considered, modest. "The Spiritualist," he explained, "tells of rooms and houses being shaken, even to injury, by superhuman power. The man of science merely asks for a pendulum to be set vibrating when it is in a glass case. . . ."

"The Spiritualist tells of heavy articles of furniture moving from one room to another without human agency. But the man of science . . . is justified in doubting the accuracy of the observations, if the same force is powerless to move the index of his instrument one poor degree."

His apparatus — which seemed an extremely impressive array at the time — included a galvanometer, a thermometer, an accordion placed in a sort of cage wound with insulated copper wire, a small hand-bell, an electromagnet, two Grove cells, and a spring balance attached to a board, with a self-registering index to record variations in weight. (Home could hardly, Crookes pointed out, mesmerize *instruments*.) He then issued invitations to a picked list of his colleagues to witness the tests; but almost to a man they declined with emphasis and haste. At the outset he had, however, the jubilant

approbation of the press, which, as Mme Home later remarked bitterly, "hastened to confer on him a printed certificate of fitness for his task." When he brought in his totally unlooked-for verdict, the tone abruptly changed.

An enormous literature has grown up around the Crookes tests. It need only be said here that the reaction in scientific circles was sharp, not to say anguished, when they read that Mr. Crookes "affirmed conclusively" the existence of "a new force, in some unknown manner connected with the human organisation, which for convenience may be called the Psychic Force"; and that of all persons so endowed Mr. Home was the most remarkable. Mr. Home's power was, indeed, strong enough to withstand even "the antagonistic influence of light." Consequently, except on two special occasions, *"everything which I have witnessed with him has taken place in the light."*

"Pray do not hesitate to mention me as one of the firmest believers in you," Crookes told Home. The scientific world was in an uproar. Inevitably and lamentably personalities entered into the dispute; charges of observational bias and experimental error (to mention only the kindest) flew; poor trusting Mr. Crookes, it was jibed, had been taken in by tricks that would not deceive a normally bright child of ten. Crookes, a high-tempered man and a forceful debater, struck back with vigor.

For a time Crookes's well-wishers had feared that a brilliant scientific career was at an end. But he survived an ordeal of merciless ridicule; and by

1898, when he was elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, all was forgiven if not forgotten. On the last night of British Association conventions it was the custom to hold an informal "Red Lion" dinner, the room being decorated with a shield for each President, bearing his name, crest, and a suitable motto. The motto assigned Crookes (now Sir William) was: "Ubi Crux, ibi Lux." But on this particular evening a burlesque shield was also made ready, with the motto: "Ubi Crookes, ibi Spooks." Everyone, including Crookes, laughed a trifle louder and longer than the jest strictly called for, and amity was restored.

To this day, if psychical researchers are disposed to make any exceptions whatever to the axiom that every physical medium is fraudulent, the one to whom they give the greatest benefit of the doubt is the enigmatic Mr. Home.

In the spring of 1886 Mme Home took her husband to Paris lung specialists, who gave a negative prognosis, and then back to Auteuil by easy stages. He died there on June 21, with a Greek Orthodox priest in attendance, and was buried in the Russian cemetery at Saint-Germain-en-Laye.

No one could say whether or to what extent Daniel Home believed in his own legend. All that was certain was that he had given a brilliant and marvelously sustained performance; and sometimes great actors who play one role for many seasons almost forget where the role ends and their own personality begins.

THE BIRD

by CONRAD AIKEN

BRING back beauty when you come,
you, the always hurrying home;
bring the fabulous honeycomb,
a hundred summers' golden foam:

bring back birds the brightest yet,
feathered flame and screaming jet,
the furious claw on passion set,
terror between two eyelids met:

and precious stones, but such as blaze
when sun and tigress stand at gaze,
hers the night's and his the day's,
O the perfect cruel phrase!

Bring all these and more, for love
still must airy falsehoods prove —
prove unmoving those who move,
prove unchanging those who love:

and unless you lay them by,
jewels for the heart and eye,
lampless and alone you'll lie,
loveless and alone you'll die:

all save him whose breast's a cage
where the bird that knows no age
sings from the heart though hell should rage,
the whole wide world his music page.

AGAINST BASIC ENGLISH

by ROSE MACAULAY

I

BASIC English has become, since Mr. Churchill accoladed it at Harvard, a solid and imposing, if questionable, upstart, now famous enough, and still eccentric enough, to be a popular butt and cockshy; when it is mentioned in Parliament, members make their feeblest jokes; all the good ones have perhaps been made already by journalists, who have, as a rule, more wit. We have most of us contributed to these quips; it is inevitable, for Basic English is comic, like mothers-in-law.

The notion of foreigners being deliberately taught to speak English wrong must move all but the gravest Britons to mirth. More comic still is the notion of the English having to learn it too, in order to understand and reply to these poor foreigners. For Mr. Churchill says its use is to enable non-English-speakers "to participate more easily in our society," and they would have little enough ease if they could not make head or tail of what we said to them. "I have tried to explain," added Mr. Churchill, justifiably annoyed by the weak and irrelevant jests of his colleagues, "that people are quite purblind who discuss the matter as if Basic English were a substitute for the English language." Nevertheless, if it is to be of any use at all between Britons and foreigners, it must on occasion be just this, and we must suppose that we are to be encouraged to learn to talk it.

It is obvious that we are in danger of being found on the wrong side in this matter, the side of the retrograde, the obscurantists, the purblind. The Basic forces are formidable. The tendency to conceive them, like other reformists, as Folk, jaegerish, sandaled, bearded, weaving, spinning, and folk-dancing, adorned with button badges like their hated rivals the Esperantists, is a mistake. In the

Basic van march an army of eminent progressives, supported by some, though by no means all, experienced teachers of English abroad, and missionaries to the heathen, who believe (and I am told find) that here is a laborsaving short cut for their innocent charges. Behind amble the less enlightened ranks of those amiable and inexperienced souls who trustfully think that anything promised us by the Prime Minister (even such unappetizing objects as blood, toil, and sweat) must be rather nice to have. And in the rear, quiet and unobtrusive, gazing nonchalantly at the landscape, stroll the Patriots, who see in the spread of any variant of their native tongue a step towards turning the world into a kind of Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth of Nations. This is a view of the matter seen even more clearly by foreigners; I have heard it trenchantly expressed by Frenchmen.

With this heavyweight army against them, I feel that the anti-Basics must stick to their guns. I do not think their charges have been adequately met. There is a tendency to elude, to cover up awkward questions. I have been reading with care Dr. I. A. Richards's book, *Basic English and Its Uses*, which deserves careful perusal, both for what it says and what it omits. It must be granted that he makes out a strong case for the language's being easy to acquire. The case for the advantages of a common tongue does not need arguing; it would obviously be an enormous convenience. It would not necessarily lessen wars, or even "aid immensely in ironing out boundary tensions": it might even increase the latter, for what is said by those suffering from boundary tension is, as a rule, better not understood by those on the other side of the boundary. As Dr. Richards himself points out, radio, talking to each nation in its own tongue, encourages, on the whole, loyalty to the group, disloyalty to the planet.

Still, without claiming too much for mutual comprehension, we most of us admit it a good aim. And the use of a common tongue by foreigners

Novelist, satirist, and keen-witted critic, ROSE MACAULAY first attracted American readers with her novel, *Potterism*. If there are those who wish to counter her attack on Basic English, let them speak.

among themselves would increase it. The Russians and the Poles, the Chinese and the Japanese, the Italians and the French, could (should they desire to do so) understand one another's utterances, though not, I think, address to each other all those remarks customary between great contiguous nations. Though, if they consult the Basic dictionary, they may be gratified to find what they can say. They can say pig, dog, and hyena (which figures in the dictionary as an "international" term). You cannot call anyone a savage; if you feel like that you must say "early natural man"; you cannot say brute, but "rough animal," nor barbarian, but "person of no education, at a low stage of development." It all takes time, but they do, presumably, get one another's meaning, for they have learned the same idiom.

2

SO MUCH for international understanding between foreigners, that high, shining, and so far rather remote ideal. Passing to that other high and remote ideal, understanding between foreigners and us, the prospect looks less satisfactory. Unless we learned to speak our language in this particular way ourselves, we should not be much better off among foreigners than we are now. As to the foreigners, they would be in the same plight in intercourse with us that most of us are in abroad: we can talk to the native, selecting for use the words we know, but the native talking back knows no such consideration or limitations, and overwhelms us with a torrent of words that he knows and that we don't.

I have no wish to make elementary jests on this subject, but it is a fact that the Basic foreigner in this country, if he asked the way somewhere and succeeded in making himself understood, would probably not grasp the answer, which is, as we know (unless it is a policeman, a taxi-driver, or a postman who speaks), "Sorry, I'm a stranger in these parts." To be understood, the native would have to say, "I am sad, troubled, or pained, or I have regret, I am a man from another place, or a strange man here." Unless he has learned Basic, he will not say this.

And so the Basic foreigner's day proceeds, frustrated, groping in the dark after his simplest needs. He cannot inform the police that he has lost his purse, though he can say (and perhaps this is near enough) that he has "had a loss of his money-bag." He has no lunch, but a "middle-day" meal; no dinner, but "the important meal of the day"; if a friend should invite him to lunch or dinner, he will not even be aware that he is being asked to food. If he

is asked what time he would like to be called in the morning, he cannot understand; they should have said, "What time will I make you awake?" "It is possible," Dr. Richards assures us, "to say in Basic English anything needed for the general purposes of everyday existence . . . in all the arts of living, in all the exchanges of knowledge, desires, beliefs, opinions and news." To this, one might reply in the words of the nurse asked by her charge if it was possible to have children without being married, "Quite possible, dear, but a pity."

Yes, it is more than possible: in both these cases, it is only too easy, provided one condition is fulfilled. The condition is defined by Dr. Richards (in the case, naturally, of Basic English) as "sympathetic coöperation" or "mutual aid." The native English-speaker must, in fact, talk Basic too, and meet the foreigner halfway. "Their success is a common triumph. An unusual candour on both sides, a simplicity which is not merely linguistic, often accompanies such efforts. Men then return to a fresher world in which the miracle of speech has regained its glory, become conscious again of the tenuousness and fragility of human contacts, and are readier to enjoy and honour them with sincerity. . . . The first stages of a beginner's progress are often lit by moments of peculiarly intimate communion." It sounds a little like the experience of someone "changed" by the Buchmanites.

And it is quite easy. "A few hours spent in serious study of the principles, and a little practice, enable most people to write fairly freely in something near enough to strict Basic for all practical purposes." Too true. The studied childishness, the careful agglomerations of small easy words till they add up to a verb or forbidden noun, the long ramble round instead of the terse short cut, the strained grammar, a kind of tough yet innocent silliness, the degraded diffuseness of a stunted barbarian vocabulary — these are oddly infectious, as readers of a certain school of modern English and American fiction know. It has the morbid fascination of solecism. ("The words employed may be English, but they may be combined in a way that is not English. This is solecism," as the grammar book says.)

Will for shall, would for should, for example: Dr. Richards himself catches this. He writes a Basic paragraph: "In later pages I will be attempting to say how they do it. . . . Only then will we see," etc. He translates it into ordinary English; but his final sentence begins in the same way, "Only then will we see." He has become so far corrupted as to leave the *will* unchanged.

This corruption (Dr. Richards perhaps calls it co-operation) will, I believe, overtake sooner or later

all English-speakers who learn to use Basic. The Englishman abroad will pick it up almost unconsciously; helped by newspapers, radio, and daily conversation, he will "go native"; it may be as easy a trick to acquire as drug-taking, and as hard to throw off.

3

Soon its addicts will scarcely know which language they are speaking; then the stage will arrive when ordinary English sounds wrong to them, pedantic, obscure, verb-ridden, full of "strange ink-horn terms"; in short, out of the mode. Those who say *ask* instead of *make a request* or *put a question*, *destroy* for *make destruction of*, *shave* for *take the hair off*, *buy* for *get in exchange for money at a store*, *sweat* for *drops of heat* (Mr. Churchill take note), will sound curt and abrupt by the side of the new elongated, attenuated, capless speech.

After a few years of it, common English will be rusty on the tongue; the Basic-taught child will grow up unable to read English literature, so full of words he has not learned that *Robinson Crusoe* will look to him more obscure than Chaucer looks now. Poetry will be a closed book to him. His reason and integrity will be affected; he will be told that, though he may not say "I have brushed the dog," he may say "The dog lets itself be brushed," because the second *brushed* is an adjective, not a verb. If he knows it to be a passive verb, he must forget it. His theology and natural history will suffer, when his Basic dictionary tells him that an angel is "a being with wings"; instead of learning that it is "a subordinate superhuman being in monotheistic religions," he will be confusing it with wasps and sparrows.

His knowledge of the facts of life will suffer; he will be led to believe a virgin and an unmarried woman the same thing, with the prophet in his Basic Bible exclaiming, "Behold, an unmarried

woman will be with child." (And yet this Bible boasts that it "offers a valuable corrective to the loose and ambiguous use of words.") His sense of economy will be ruined, having three or four words thrust on him to express what had been better said in one. Such weak extensionism is a step in the wrong direction: there is too much of it already, and new forms of language should take the opportunity to compress. There are certain stock phrases, for instance, often used just now, that might well be expressed, to save time, in one sound: the freedom-loving peoples might be *freeps*, the cause of freedom and democracy, *frick*, the fight against the forces of evil, *fivle*, the British way of life, *brife*, and so on. Ugly, no doubt, but at least not diffuse.

To our already deplorable use of our native tongue, threatened and debased on all sides by jargon, wrong constructions, solecisms, genteelisms, parvenu pronunciations, are we, in order to help foreigners in their Basic English, to add the deliberate stunting, distortions, circumlocutions, and impoverishment of this clumsy changeling? Its sponsors are insinuating. "Official encouragement from governments," Dr. Richards persuasively suggests, "school systems, and other bodies, could be a great help. So could the action of powerful individuals." (A hint to the Prime Minister?)

The scheme of Mr. Ogden and his able followers is clear: they want the thing taught in English schools. They are intellectuals, with a feeling for literature and language; they have no wish to make destruction of the English tongue. They call Basic a ladder to fuller English, and believe it can be knocked away when its tutelary purpose is achieved. That would be an odd situation indeed, should foreigners, having mounted the ladder, be left conversing, reading, and writing in excellent English with one another, while the natives, having corrupted themselves with Basic to oblige them, walked down the ladder rung by rung.

So great cultures go under, change hands.

FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

I

TO OBSERVE the human race and be invisible oneself gives one a strange sense of power. It is especially interesting to study another generation and to observe its foibles. There should be more concealed doors and hidden balconies in the world.

My sisters and I watched dinner parties from the top of the stairs. It was a proscenium box and gave an excellent view of a series of good first-act entrances and exits. From our position we could see the front hall and its mirror, the center hall and its mirror, a section of the parlor if the portieres were pulled back far enough, the door and a bit of the dining room, and we had a clear view into the very congested pantry.

What we could not see, we could hear. The voices would at times be obscured; but sounds rise, and by moving down a few steps, we could catch actual dialogue.

Though the play began when the curtain went up on the cast, there was a prologue that we never missed. These fifteen minutes gave an overtone to the performance. As soon as my parents had gone down to the parlor we would seat ourselves in our box. Dressed in easy wrappers, knowing we should eat at certain intermissions, we comfortably waited for the show to start.

My mother had just opened a window, and all the portieres were waving. My father, looking very handsome in a dress suit and big white tie, hurried in.

"Margaret, it's freezing," and he lit the fire. "The papers say snow. This room gets cold enough anyhow with the draft that comes from the front door."

Then started the perennial discussion as to whether the whole house should be altered into

GRETCHEN FINLETTER is the daughter of Walter Damrosch. She and her three sisters grew up in New York City in a home dominated by pianos, rehearsals, and arias. She has been adding to our gayety with her irresistible narratives of New York in the early 1900's.

what was called English basement. We had heard this argument so often that we turned our attention to the pantry door.

Our regular waitress, a tall lady with a great gray pompadour on the top of which rested a white cap with a black bow, was giving some directions to the hired waitress, who wore a different kind of cap and had a haughty manner. It seemed that at the last dinner party where she had hired out, she had started with the roast and the regular waitress had followed with the gravy. But Jenny, our waitress, was sticking up for her rights.

Behind them was Katy, our friend the chambermaid, who had only recently been raised in status from kitchenmaid. Katy easily broke into wild laughter if she got nervous, and showed a set of teeth that looked like Roquefort cheese. She also was wearing a cap—for the first time. Jenny considered Katy too flighty to go into the dining room, and she was kept concealed in the pantry to "hand things."

My father now appeared at the pantry door and told Katy to go in and light the candles. No matter what distance Katy had to travel, she always ran it in 10 flat; so seizing the matches and ejaculating an unhappy "Begorra, I'm wrong agin," she tore through the hall, not forgetting, however, to wave to us. Katy was warmhearted and wanted everyone to have a good time tonight.

There were candles on the piano, at the ends of the mantel, and in two great candelabra on the tops of the bookcases. The whole room took on a gay glow. It looked like a party. To us the depth to which the candles burned was the yardstick of how good the evening had been. If they were down a third it was average. If they burned themselves out it was tremendous.

My father's voice now came from the pantry with a note of real anguish: "Jenny, red wine is never iced! Claret should be the temperature of the room. Are you color-blind?"

There was a "Glory be to God" from Jenny, and my mother called out, "Close the pantry door. There's a smell of fish coming up through the dumb-waiter."

My father, having rectified the disaster to the claret by producing four new bottles, joined my mother again in the parlor, but his face was still flushed.

"Ce domestique est insupportable."

"*Cette* domestique," corrected my mother. She spoke better French than my father and seldom let him forget it.

2

MY PARENTS now began a slightly depressing discussion about their expected guests.

"The trouble with having asked Madame Henriques," said my father, "is that she spoils general conversation by wanting to tête-à-tête all the time."

My father has always been the enemy of the tête-à-tête. He hated being washed up on a sofa alone with any lady. I was never sure whether he felt that he was missing all the fun in the rest of the room or whether he felt the rest of the room was missing something good that he was saying, but he never let himself be trapped for long. An eager lady who wanted to tell him how she adored musicians never got very far unless she was willing to shout it out in front of a big circle. He wanted six or seven in on the love scene, and in the same way he felt destructive towards other duets. If a man and a woman at the dinner table seemed to be having obvious pleasure talking together, they must want to share this pleasure with everyone else. So my father would tap on his glass, propose a health, and cheerfully and successfully break up the dialogue.

"I'm sorry you asked Charley Robinson," continued my father. "He hates music."

"But I got him to balance what you told me was a French soprano, Mademoiselle Bonnard," answered my mother.

"I misread the letter of introduction. It's a tenor, René Bonnard. They say he sings very well."

"I've put him next Ethel Barrymore. Ethel will be wonderful with an unknown tenor."

"Ethel is wonderful with everyone," declared my father with great conviction, and the bell rang.

The hired waitress determinedly went to the front door and a lady came in.

"Is this Mr. Damrosch's house?" she asked.

Even to our inexperienced ears the answer did not sound quite right: "I'll be going and finding out.

I'm thinking that's the name, but then again, maybe it's not."

Jenny indignantly appeared and ushered the lady to the center hall. The hired waitress opened the front door again to a gentleman with a beard.

"It's begun to snow," he announced in a surprised voice.

We now had the double view of the lady and gentleman each in front of a mirror and both lost in contemplation. The lady finally walked into the parlor.

"Dear Madame Henriques," exclaimed my father. "What a pleasure!"

Polly beckoned us to come to the window and look out. Hundreds of little specks were falling by the street lamp. There was that strange soundless sound that seems to belong only to a snowstorm in the city. The pavements were white and some flakes had collected on the window sill. A taxi drew up.

Richard Harding Davis appeared in the hall below with his wife Cecil. He stood in front of the mirror looking at his handsome, ruddy, soldier-of-fortune reflection with an obvious satisfaction which we above shared. Cecil Davis was taking off a long cape. Her hair was the color of her chow dogs and she had the same mysterious eyes.

"Walter, it's begun to snow," she called.

Two other guests walked in, Irene and Charles Dana Gibson. There were loud greetings from the Davises. Dana Gibson took off his coat and hat. He had on an even bigger white tie than my father's and his collar was much higher. He looked seriously into the mirror. Then he winked at himself once and went into the center hall.

Katy, who had somehow escaped the pantry, gesticulated to us not to miss Irene Gibson. If she would only move a little closer to the mirror we could get a clear view. But in that not so very long ago ladies apparently dressed at home and did not have to remake their faces with powder and lipstick. All we could see was the tip of one white shoulder and her blonde hair.

"Button this button on my glove, Dick," said Irene Gibson. "I can't get it through the hole."

My father, hearing cheerful sounds from behind the portieres, or perhaps finding himself too enmeshed by Madame Henriques, now burst through the curtains and seized the gloved hand.

"That is the host's privilege," he exclaimed.

"I got her hand first," answered Dick Davis, not letting go.

Katy, with a singular lack of tact, approached with a hairpin and said sure she could do it easy. Katy was palpably searching for any excuse to be of the party.

The doorbell rang again and they all moved into the parlor.

We watched the new arrival with interest. We had never seen him before. He carried a bouquet of roses with a ruffle of paper around it. The flowers must be for my mother. My mother must be nearly forty years old. It was preposterous. He took off his hat. Ah, good, it was an opera hat — the crush kind. We could experiment with it later. He hung up a fur-lined overcoat and unwound a heavy silk scarf from about his neck. Then to our great pleasure he pulled a small comb from an inside pocket and combed his hair carefully on each side of a middle part.

We hung over the balustrade, trying not to breathe too loud. He replaced the comb in a little case and put it back in his pocket. Suddenly he leaned forward, opened his mouth wide, and examined his teeth. Apparently satisfied, he smiled charmingly at himself, picked up the roses, and walked through the middle hall and into the parlor. Then he kissed my mother's hand.

Two more guests came and my father appeared again in the center hall, calling to Jenny to close the front door, everyone was freezing. There was a tap on the glass.

"Are you trying to shut me out?" said a lovely familiar voice.

"Ethel!" exclaimed my father with delight.

"Ach, mein kleiner Walter!"

He helped her off with her wrap.

"Did you know it was snowing?" she asked.

Polly signaled up to the third floor to tell Minnie, who was watching from above, to come down and get a good look. Minnie would only observe if she felt it was really worth it. Certain guests she would dismiss after a penetrating glance through her eyeglasses as "Trash!" This time she gave her highest praise.

"Very nice. Who is it?"

"It's Ethel Barrymore. Isn't she beautiful?"

Minnie studied her again. "Akee-kock, why don't they cover up their shoulders!"

Minnie was always chilly and always wore what she called a "yacket." Those who were dressed the warmest were to her the prettiest. She now turned her attention to Katy, with deep disapproval.

"Greenhorn!" Minnie hated the Irish.

3

FROM the pantry came Jenny with fourteen very small cocktail glasses in which were fourteen Bronx cocktails — no shaker, no dividends. The hired

waitress followed with two plates of little sandwiches. Katy leaped about them like a setter, opened doors, and pulled curtains.

Minnie descended the stairs toward the basement.

"That tramp Antonio calls himself a furnaceman. I'm going to put on some coal myself!"

There was a series of little agony buzzes from the dumb-waiter bell. Katy lit the candles on the dining-room table and at last Jenny announced, "Dinner is served," and we watched them march into the dining room. They were all talking, the gentlemen stepping carefully so as not to walk on the ladies' trains.

Katy, having been instructed by us, partially closed the dining-room door. We ran down the stairs quickly and into the parlor. Then we drank up what was left of the cocktails. We did this because we liked the taste of orange juice and this seemed to have more bite to it than the breakfast kind. We then ate up the sandwiches.

Feeling for some reason released, we proceeded to the front hall to examine the tenor's opera hat. The fifth time that we snapped it open, it would not close. By all of us pressing it very hard together we finally shut it again. Something clicked inside. Without saying so, we knew it would never open again. We next tried on a couple of the silk hats and rubbed them both the right and the wrong way. Then we returned to our position on the stairs.

"Do ye want soup?" asked Katy.

"Skip the soup and the fish unless it's shad roe. Open the door wider into the dining room so that we can hear."

The noise was tremendous. Everyone was talking at once. Then came my father's voice.

"Dick Davis has just asked Dana if he is not a perfect Gibson man. I insist that I have always been the model. The ladies must vote."

"I vote for Dick," cried my mother.

"Margaret, you don't count. You're prejudiced. Ethel, Irene, Cecil, I appeal to you!"

There were sounds of everyone disputing. Katy stood in the door, her mouth wide open, watching with burning interest.

Minnie came toiling up the stairs again, carrying two plates of ice cream, one for herself and one for little Anita. She halfheartedly suggested that we go to bed.

There was applause from the dining room. Katy wheeled once, regained her sense of direction, and made for the hall.

"Sure it's your father that's won the illiction. Ain't that grand!" she panted to us.

"Hurry up and get us something to eat."

Irene Gibson was telling a darky story, mimicking

each voice. There was a loud laugh, but the French tenor had apparently not understood. My father tried to translate.

"Un jour un vieux nègre s'appelait Oncle Rastu disait à son arrière petit fils —"

"You had better say it in German," urged my mother.

"Es war einmal ein alter schwarzer Mann," obliged my father, "der bei dem Name Onkle Rastus bekannt war. . . ."

4

AS THE dinner progressed, the noise from the dining room grew louder and louder and sounded like the lions at feeding time. We could no longer distinguish conversation.

We ate sections of the courses as they were brought to us, a melange of salad, rolls, cake, and Hollandaise sauce. The dessert was an egg shape of yellow ice cream embedded in a nest of spun sugar. The spun sugar did not possess any particular flavor, but, like alligator pears, was a party dish we always hailed with admiration. It scratched the mouth but looked holiday. Polly placed some on her upper lip in a trailing white mustache and signaled to the faithful public, Katy.

"Ye look just like Santa Claus," she called appreciatively.

A pleasant smell of tobacco smoke began to float up the stairs. A little later the ladies left the gentlemen, but Cecil Davis remained in the dining room.

"That's what I'm going to do," I announced. "I'm always going to stay with the men and never join the ladies."

I saw a rosy future — me, in a train, with yellow hair, sitting at a table surrounded by Gibson profiles in white ties.

As the men walked through the center hall looking well-fed and contented, Madame Henriques came through the portieres.

"I think I left my handkerchief in my wrap," she said to my father.

"Let me help you."

Madame Henriques seemed to be in no hurry to find it.

"When I watched you conduct last Friday I was so profoundly moved. There was a certain something —"

"It was the tails of my beautiful new dress suit," replied my father, spreading them out. "Jenny," and he made for the pantry door, "bring in the Scotch."

Madame Henriques was left hunting her handkerchief.

The door upstairs opened and little Anita, eluding Minnie and dressed in a pair of blue flannel pajamas, joined us.

"It's snowing!" she told us.

We went again to the window. An unmistakable sound came from outdoors, the scrape of a wooden shovel. There was no one on the streets, but down the block two men had begun to pile the snow. It was a real blizzard. Already the footprints of the guests on our steps had been obliterated. We opened the windows. The outside world had changed. It was intoxicating watching the white flakes whirl by. We must be the only people awake in the city to see it.

Then we heard my father playing a few soft chords at the piano, and the voice of Bonnard rang out: —

"O, mon enfant, ma soeur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble."

The voice was beautiful, with that strange intensity that seems to be the unique possession of French singers.

"He's good," whispered Anita.

He sang on: —

"Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté
Luxe, calme et volupté."

Across the street a taxi drew up, struggling through the drifts. Our neighbors, the Douglas Robinsons, were coming home from a party, and their shouts and laughter echoed across to us as they floundered through the snow.

Up the stairs came the creaking footsteps of the cook, who was carrying a loud ticking clock and groaning to herself. Again we heard the piano, and Monsieur Bonnard sang: —

"Voici des fruits, des fleurs,
Des feuilles et des branches,
Et puis voici mon coeur . . ."

We knew that the candles would gut themselves tonight.



MAKING A MAN OF HIM

by LEONID SOBOLEV

1

WASHING dishes, as everyone knows, is a dirty job and something that one gets fed up with, particularly if one has to do it day in and day out. But in the small wardroom galley of the destroyer with which this story deals there was a certain apparatus for this purpose which radically altered matters.

This apparatus occupied the right-hand corner of the galley where a shining copper samovar, standing on a zinc-plated tray, hissed out steam — a small samovar, it is true, but wicked, constantly snorting sparks and boiling hot. The tray on which it stood was covered with wire racks for dishes; there were little nests for tumblers and a special hanging compartment for knives and forks. Over all this hung an intricate system of copper pipes with little holes drilled in them, the pipes being attached by a rubber hose to the faucet of the samovar. Through the holes streams of boiling water squirted over the racks in strong, even-flowing jets which washed the dishes clean of grease, the sticky remains of stewed fruit, and condensed milk — the latter being a particular favorite with the Commissar of the destroyer.

Disdainfully leaving the water to do the dirty work, Andrei Krotkikh, the wardroom orderly, would go into the tiny cabin which bore the proud title of "Commander's Saloon," and while he was changing the white tablecloth for a flowered one in token of the fact that the Commander and Commissar had finished their meal, the first part of his work would finish itself without him. On returning, he would soap a narrow, long-handled brush and with the same disdainful expression on his face swoosh it around the wire racks of plates, rinse away the soapsuds with the hose, and then turn off the water. In the hot air of the close galley the dishes

dried of themselves, and all that remained was to put the gleaming plates and sparkling glasses in their proper place so that they would not fall when the ship rolled. And only the fighting steel of the knives and forks required a towel.

This ingenious automatic machine was born of the mortification that ate into the soul of Andrei Krotkikh, Red sailor and Young Communist League member. He loathed dirty dishes as the symbol of an unsuccessful life. The fact was that the other men of his class who had been called up were training to look after engines, to fire guns, to stand at the helm, while to him had fallen the strange naval duty of washing dishes. The reason for this was that Krotkikh, who had been reared on a distant collective farm in the Altai, had decided to part with his textbooks in the fourth grade, with the result that when men were being selected for the naval schools he had been left out in the cold.

Of course, when "general quarters" sounded, it was Krotkikh's duty to bring up the shells to AA Gun No. 2 in the stern. But this duty was a very unimportant one: all he had to do was to take from their cases the tapering shells, resembling cartridges for some giant rifle, and place them on the tray near the gun. It was the duty of another sailor, Gunner Pinokhin, to place them in the clip of the gun — while he could only stand and watch, envying him and bewailing too late the gaps in his boyhood education. During their very first encounter with dive bombers, Krotkikh realized bitterly that at his post he would never become a Hero of the Soviet Union, and that after the war the Young Communist League in the Altaiskaya Zarya Collective Farm would not have occasion to be proud of him.

It was Gun No. 2 that gave him the idea for the automatic dishwasher in the galley. Once, while washing dishes, it suddenly occurred to him that the plates could also be placed in a clip, so to speak. Then there would be no need to carry them one by

LEONID SOBOLEV, one of the best short-story writers in the Soviet Union, is a man of considerable seafaring experience. In this story of a Russian destroyer in action, he writes with the ardor and nationalism which account for Russia's comeback.

one under the stream of water, scalding one's hands, but, on the contrary, it would be possible to direct the stream on a number of dishes at once. He hopelessly tangled up quite a lot of wire before he got what he had dimly pictured to himself and what, as he learned later to his chagrin, had been thought out long, long ago and was being used in most big restaurants. He was told this by Battalion Commissar Filatov, the Commissar of the ship, on the very first evening the latter had looked into the galley for some tea and had noticed the "automatic machine" that Krotkikh had rigged up.

This setback, however, unexpectedly turned out to have a good side to it: the Commissar had had a heart-to-heart talk with him, and Krotkikh had poured out his whole soul, a mixture of dishes and the Altaiskaya Zarya Collective Farm and dreams about being a Hero of the Soviet Union and a certain Olya Chebykina, to whom it was simply impossible to write a letter about a war in which he was washing dishes, besides which the words crawled out onto the paper with such difficulty that even he could not reread his own scribbling afterwards.

The Commissar listened to him, smiling ever so slightly as he gazed with interest at his face — the broad, high cheekbones of a Siberian, with the clear smooth skin — and looked deep into the bright, intelligent eyes. He smiled because he recalled the time when he had entered the Navy as a League member himself, and had himself suffered when, instead of being put into some hair-raising action station, he had been set to the uninteresting and dirty work of cleaning out the hold of a destroyer that was undergoing repairs, and how he had suffered over his first letters to his friends, and how brazenly he had lied to them, describing the long journeys, the storms at sea, and the streamers of his cap as they fluttered on the bridge beside the commander. Youth, so long past and beyond recall, breathed on him from those shining eyes, and he understood with all his soul that it really was absolutely impossible to write to this Olya Chebykina about dishes.

And he began to question Krotkikh with such friendly concern about the collective farm, about Olya, about how it had happened that he had left school, that the latter felt as if the man before him was not an elderly officer who had come to the ship from the reserves, not the Commissar of a destroyer, but a League member of his own age. The interested and friendly eyes of the Commissar drew the words from him in a regular torrent, and if Political Officer Kozlov had not chanced to come in, the conversation would most likely have continued for a

long time. The Commissar put down his glass and once again was the man Krotkikh had always been accustomed to seeing: reserved, somewhat dry, with the same weary, mature eyes.

"You've come just in time, Comrade Political Officer," he said in his usual soft, clipped voice. "Since we're at war, do people have to develop and grow by themselves? No need to teach them or train them. As the saying goes, war gives birth to heroes. Spontaneously. Is that it?"

"I don't understand, Comrade Battalion Commissar," replied Kozlov, foreseeing unpleasantness.

"What can't you understand? — Thank you, Comrade Krotkikh, no more tea. You may go."

Krotkikh quickly picked up the glass and the can of condensed milk (lest the Commissar take it into his head to treat Kozlov with it), but on going out he lingered for a moment on the other side of the door: the conversation seemed to be about him. The Commissar wanted to know whether the Political Officer was aware of the fact that Andrei Krotkikh, able-bodied seaman of his unit, was rather shaky in his general education and that it was impossible for him to get ahead. Further, he asked whether it could really be that there were no League members on board who had been in the university before being called up, and then himself named the chemist Sukhov, who had been attending teachers' college.

Kozlov replied that Sukhov was very active in the League, and so overloaded with all sorts of assignments, such as the ship newspaper, the Y.C.L. Bureau and lectures, that he simply hadn't the time. The Commissar grew very angry. Krotkikh knew this by the sudden silence that fell: when the Commissar was angry he usually became silent and slowly rolled a cigarette, looking at the person with whom he was talking and then immediately turning away, as if waiting for his rage to subside. The silence continued. Then there was the click of a cigarette lighter, and the Commissar said softly: —

"I believe it's you who haven't the time to think, Comrade Political Officer. Why have you loaded everything onto Sukhov? No one else around, eh? The trouble is you're blind to the people around you, just as you've been blind to this lad. See to it that you arrange something with regard to his studies, yes, and step into the galley occasionally — take an interest in what's going on in his head."

2

FROM that evening perspectives opened up before Andrei Krotkikh. The war continued as ever. There were skirmishes, storms, journeys, gunfire at

night, and raids by dive bombers during the day. The automatic AA gun greedily swallowed the shells fed into its insatiable maw. Krotkikh dragged them to the gun and washed dishes — but all this was thrown into the shade by the future: before him was the spring, when he would be going to the Artillery School. He maneuvered so as not to lose a minute of time. While squirting the hose on the dishes, he would hold a grammar book in his other hand. While polishing the brass in the Saloon, he would recite the multiplication tables to himself. While standing in readiness at the shells, he solved problems in his notebook. The notebook had been given him by the Commissar. Everything had been given him by the Commissar — the notebook, the lessons, and the future.

And the heart of the nineteen-year-old sailor was filled with a strong and unwavering love for this calm, elderly man.

He was happy when he saw that the Commissar was in a good mood. He moped when he saw that the Commissar was tired and preoccupied. He hated those who made the Commissar fall silent and slowly roll a cigarette. At such times rage would mount in a hot wave in his heart, and once it even flooded over into an offense which in its turn made the Commissar fall silent and roll a cigarette.

The night had been fraught with alarm. The Black Sea gleamed under the cold winter moon. There was only a slight wind and the ship was not rolling, but it was bitterly cold on deck. The destroyer was not far from the enemy and at any moment the clear white sky might rain down bombs on the vessel, which made a distinct target against the path of moonlight on the water. The gunners had orders to remain at their posts all night.

The Commissar came down from the bridge and made the rounds of the guns. He looked as if he were chilled to the marrow. When he came to Gun No. 2 in the stern he suddenly stretched out his arms and began to do some setting-up exercises.

"I advise you to do the same," he said to the sailors. "It makes your blood circulate."

Krotkikh went up to him and asked leave to go below: he would heat up some tea and bring it to the Commissar on the bridge. Filatov smiled.

"Thanks, Andryusha," he said, addressing him as he always did in the long unofficial conversations they had, "thanks, lad. But I don't feel like tea. Besides, you won't be able to warm up everybody — they're also frozen."

He turned to the gun and began to joke, glancing around in his usual way to see whether all the members of the crew were at their posts. The gun layers were lying face up on their seats, scanning

the hazy moonlit sky. The other members were squatting on their haunches, ready to jump up and take their places at the gun. The gun commander, Petty Officer Gushchev, was standing there wearing his telephone headset, looking like a deep-sea diver in the tangle of pipes and hoses. The gun was in readiness to fire at the twinkling of an eye. But suddenly the Commissar frowned.

"And where is the loader? What's the meaning of this, Comrade Petty Officer?"

Gushchev reported that he had given Pinokhin leave to go below for a few minutes. The Commissar looked at his watch and fell silent. A long, silent five minutes passed and he raised his eyes to Gushchev. In an undertone the latter ordered Krotkikh to look for Pinokhin in the head gallery and to tell him to make it snappy.

Pinokhin was not there. As he had suspected, Krotkikh found him on the forecastle deck. Pinokhin had stretched himself out on the locker near the alarm gong and was sleeping peacefully, apparently having decided that in the event of a call to action the gong would rouse him.

Krotkikh looked down at him; rage and resentment on behalf of the Commissar seethed in his heart. He recalled how the Commissar had tried to warm himself by doing exercises, how he had refused a cup of tea, how he was standing there now in the cold, silent and waiting — and suddenly gritting his teeth he swung out and punched Pinokhin.

This whole affair was gone into after the destroyer had carried out its mission. The Commissar had been silent and had rolled a cigarette — rolled it because of him, because of Krotkikh, and this was beyond bearing. Life seemed to have come to an end: now the Commissar would never again call him Andryusha, never again ask him how much nine times nine was, never again smile and say, "Well, then, cadet." Tears welled up to his eyes and apparently the Commissar realized that they were ready to fall from under his lowered lids. He put down his cigarette and began to talk.

His words were slow and biting. He began by saying that if any other Commissar had been in his place Krotkikh would not have taken Pinokhin's behavior so much to heart. Further, he said that he had long noticed how devoted and loyal Krotkikh was to him, but that all this was not quite the thing. It seemed that the Commissar had noticed one night how Krotkikh had tiptoed up to him, closed the porthole, arranged his blanket, and gazed at him for a long time smiling. He called all this childishness and unbecoming to a sailor in the Red Navy.

If Krotkikh had struck Pinokhin because the

latter had abandoned his post, thereby injuring the whole ship and in actual fact betraying his country, then the Commissar might have understood it more or less. But Krotkikh had acted from entirely different motives, as he himself had admitted when he had shouted that a man like the Commissar was freezing on deck while that skunk was snoring away in the warmth.

He spoke sharply, and Krotkikh suffered the tortures of the damned. Everything he said was true: he had not even given a thought to the fact that Pinokhin was interested only in himself and was a deserter. Evidently the Commissar noticed this, because at long last he lit the cigarette that he had rolled, and Krotkikh, who knew his habits, realized that he was no longer angry. But Filatov exhaled the smoke and unexpectedly concluded: —

"It goes without saying that you will have to be punished. Your case will be taken up by the League as well. And you will have to be transferred."

Everything swam in front of Krotkikh's eyes.

"Comrade Battalion Commissar — I couldn't stand it on another ship," he said in a choked voice, and suddenly the Commissar softened.

"Now, then, I'm not sending you away from here. Where would you find another Sukhov? Why, all your studying would be done for. You are to be transferred to the general mess. Take your automatic dishwasher with you — you'll need it. I guess that'll be all right now, won't it?"

And although in his heart of hearts Krotkikh considered that it was not at all right, that the Commissar did not understand his love and devotion, that his whole life was now clouded over, and that to go over to the general mess was really hard lines, nevertheless he drew himself up smartly and replied: —

"Aye, aye, Comrade Battalion Commissar."

It was a real tragedy to him. To cap everything, Krotkikh had never known that besides love there was also such a thing as jealousy in this world. Now for the first time he experienced that bitter and resentful feeling. The love for the man who had found the way to his young and ardent heart, and who had then turned away from him, burned too strongly and brightly within him.

He could not help thinking that someone else was concerning himself about the Commissar now, that someone else was listening to his jokes at mess, that the Commissar was having heart-to-heart talks with someone else as he sipped his tea and condensed milk. And the new orderly would, of course, never think of hiding the can of condensed milk from visitors and would never be able to serve the Commissar during a storm as he used to, when soup

would slop out of the plate, tea scald your fingers, and you had to think up something fast.

3

IN THIS sorrow of his, this jealousy and remorse, Krotkikh matured. He became more serious, reserved, and, involuntarily imitating Filatov, kept quiet when anger or offense dictated immediate action. Of course he didn't roll a cigarette: you couldn't smoke everywhere. But he taught himself on these occasions to wriggle his fingers, one by one, which could be managed even when he had to hold his arms stiffly at his sides.

He saw Filatov now much more rarely than before: at official meetings or when the Commissar came to talk to the men on the lower deck. He always tried to get into the crowd of men around the Commissar, but Filatov spoke to him as he did to all the others, and his eyes never once flashed with the warmth and lively interest to which Krotkikh had become accustomed and which he missed so much now. And little by little, Filatov, the man who was so near and dear to him, was replaced in his mind by Filatov, the ship's Commissar. And, strange to relate, it was then that Filatov fully entered his heart.

This was no longer that childish, confused, and touching but foolish love with which he had burned previously. This was something new, the profound love that binds comrades at war.

The Black Sea was up to its old alarming habits, and the ship dived into the waves like a submarine, while the whole deck was awash with the icy waters. On the forecastle deck there were hot coffee, a peg of vodka, and dry felt boots, while the watch was changed every hour — and Krotkikh realized that this was the Commissar's doing. At the small base where they had put in for repairs after the storm, a cart had come up to the gangway with eight sheep, two guitars, tangerines and cabbages. The men in the shaggy fur caps had asked in broken Russian how they could hand over this little gift to the sailors about whom the Commissar had spoken to them the day before at their collective farm. In every big and small event in the life on board ship, in battle and in storm, in the work of machine and gun, everywhere Krotkikh felt the Commissar — his thought, his will, his solicitude.

There came a troublous day in that strange southern winter, when the sun warms while the wind is cold, in which everyone on the destroyer walked around silently and gloomily all the morning: news had come that the Germans had captured

Rostov. Distressed and alarmed thoughts flew to the Caucasus, to the oil, to disrupted railway lines. The men did not speak to one another, each thinking his own thoughts, while the work was done in any old way. But later heads began to rise, eyes to sparkle with hope and hate, hands to work furiously and swiftly. Now everyone spoke about Moscow, about the push that Stalin was planning, which would be launched at any moment now — and Rostov took its place in the huge scheme of the war, while Krotkikh realized with pride that it was the Commissar who had told the men about this.

Krotkikh began to understand just what the ship's Commissar meant and why the sailors spoke of him with respect and love although they knew him little privately, off duty. He began to understand why every one of them was ready to risk his life in battle for Filatov, not only as a splendid, honest, responsive person but as the Commissar, a Party man, and the life and soul of the vessel.

4

AS EVER, Krotkikh stood at his case of shells, placing them beside the gun, no farther. But his childish envy of the gunner (now no longer Pino-khin, who had been handed over for court-martial, but Trofimov) had ceased to worry him, just as the knowledge that he would perform no great feats of valor here had also ceased to be a source of mental agony. He now had an entirely new conception of the ship. He admired it as such, admired its strength and its men, its steel and its commanders, its motion and its name.

This new attitude towards the ship as a living, strong, and affectionate friend took such a grip on his imagination that one evening he sat down to write his first letter to Olya Chebykina.

But nothing came of his efforts. The writing was now clear enough and easy to read, but he could in no way convey his amazing feeling about the ship and his love for it. He wrote a whole page of trite, inexpressive words and tore up the letter in a rage, even forgetting to wriggle his fingers. For two days he walked about moodily, searching for the words he needed to write about the ship, but the ship itself distracted his thoughts.

They were making ready to send out a landing party to participate in a raid on the enemy. At the League meeting, everyone had volunteered. But only fifteen men were needed from the destroyer, and these had to be good at handling tommy guns, bayonets, and mortars. Krotkikh did not answer these requirements at all, and the Commander did

not even look his way. Krotkikh wriggled his fingers and was silent.

But at dawn, when the destroyer came to the landing place, and when the landing party came up on deck with their arms, and the case of bombs for the mortar was set down beside his case of shells in readiness to be loaded on the ship's boat, he yearned to go with them. The mortar bombs lay in the case in even rows, fat-bellied and familiar; he was expert at taking them out of the case and carrying them over to the mortar, better than anyone else. But just then the destroyer veered sharply, the Commander of Gun No. 2 blew his whistle: aircraft had appeared overhead and had to be driven off.

The AA gun barked fitfully and accurately, but something was rattling down on the deck like dry peas. Trofimov fell, dropping the shell, and the AA gun began to hang fire. The dive bomber had fired a burst from its machine gun. Krotkikh dashed up to the gun and, quickly bending over the shells that he himself had laid out in readiness, fed the ravenous clip. Once again the gun set to work.

Every bit of Krotkikh's attention was concentrated on taking new shells from the case and getting them to the clip in time, so that he had absolutely no time whatever to reflect on the fact that, at last, he, Krotkikh, was actually fighting himself. Something whistled past the gun, and a huge column of water and smoke rose into the air. Right after the bomb, the screaming and roaring plane nose-dived into this same choppy water. Krotkikh noticed only the tail with the black cross and realized that they had brought down the German that had been so brazenly diving over the destroyer. But before he could feel delight or surprise, someone shouted: —

"The mortar bombs!"

He wheeled round. The case with the bombs was on fire. At any moment the bombs would begin to explode. He saw someone's figure flit through the smoke, someone's hands trying to lift the case, and then the sailor (who it was he could not make out) sheering off. Gushchev waved his hand despairingly, tore off the telephone headset, and shouted: —

"All out of the stern!"

Any second now, two dozen bombs, one of which would suffice to wipe out the whole gun crew, would blow up. It suddenly flashed through Krotkikh's mind that, after the mortar bombs, his shells would also begin to explode in the fire, and after them the magazine and the whole ship — and he took a step towards the case. But just then Gun No. 4 thundered from behind the aft turret, and it seemed to him that it was the death flaming in the case which had exploded. This notion so terrified him that he dashed from the stern after the others. That step

towards the case had left him behind the rest, and despair gripped him: if he tripped, there would be no one to help him. Terror paralyzed him. Then suddenly, near the bridge, he caught sight of the Commissar.

Filatov was pushing through the men coming his way and was running towards the stern. And Krotkikh was thunderstruck. In two leaps he was back at the case, trying to lift it and burning the palms of his hands. But the case was too heavy for one man to lift. Someone was running to his assistance. But that "someone" was the Commissar, and he must not get near the case.

Krotkikh crouched down and seized the smoking stabilizer of the end bomb. It seared the palm of his hand, and for a moment the agonizing pain wrung his heart, but the bomb flew overboard.

It is possible that he shouted something. As his comrades related afterwards, he had hopped about like a frog beside the case, dancing some kind of

ghastly dance of pain, and cursing senselessly and horribly at the top of his voice. But the bombs flew overboard one after the other, rapidly emptying the burning case. Straightening out with the next bomb in his hands, he saw the Commissar. The latter was already at the stern bridge, alongside death. In a flash Krotkikh crouched down again and raised the half-emptied case. The flames lapped his face. His jacket caught fire. Turning his face aside, he heaved the case overboard with a mighty effort. Then he began to beat at his burning jacket, no longer feeling the pain.

At this point someone grasped him firmly around the shoulders. He turned his head. It was the Commissar.

"It's all right, Comrade Commissar, it's out already," he said, thinking that the Commissar was trying to extinguish his burning jacket.

But glancing into the Commissar's eyes he realized that this was an embrace.



TUPUTALA

by CAPTAIN ROBERT P. PARSONS

I

LIKE most Americans in Mapusaga, I became acquainted with Tuputala's saxophone before I met him. One evening during our early days at Mapusaga I was sitting in the old Mormon church, where we had our administrative office, when there came to my ears the sweetest saxophone notes I had ever heard. What interested me was that anyone who could play such pure notes should be playing so falteringly.

The fellow was playing Schubert's *Serenade*, but he would play a short phrase or two, then stop and repeat it, and then wait several moments before going on with the next phrase. I went out to investigate and found Tidwell (one of the fine vocalists of our hospital corpsmen) sitting on a cargo crate

beside a large, light-brown Elysian man. The Elysian was holding a saxophone and listening to Tidwell singing Schubert's *Serenade*, a phrase at a time. It was Tuputala, hearing the *Serenade* for the first time. In a few minutes Tidwell sang the whole piece through without a stop. Tuputala, sitting motionless and all ears, was allowing it to register on his infallible musical memory. Then he put his lips to the sax and gave the lower hillside as flawless and sweet a rendition of the *Serenade* as anyone could want.

That was my introduction to Tuputala's saxophone, but I had to wait some weeks before I exchanged words with him. A few evenings later I went to my first Elysian dance, at a *fale* in Faleniu. That was the first time I saw and heard the great Tuputala getting hot with a hot Elysian dance orchestra.

He was a musical clown as well as a musical artist. He could play almost any instrument — and whatever the instrument he started to play, he

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invariably pronounced it his favorite. He would have given his soul to own a saxophone, but he had never been able to save enough money to buy one. In fact, the only musical appliance he ever had a clear title to up to that time was a small piece of steel he used in producing steel guitar effects on an ordinary wooden guitar. He could get more fine melody from a three-dollar ukelele than many competent fiddlers can produce with a violin.

At dances he would beat time with his size fourteen bare foot, which went flap-flap on the floor so loudly you could almost consider it a part of the drum section. He also kept time with his head, and when he got into the hot and fast runs with his saxophone, his neck went through some alarming contortions. If the stringed instrument of a near-by player was the slightest shade off tune Tuputala would reach over with one swift movement, in the middle of a piece, and give the proper tuning key just a hair of a turn and go on as though nothing had happened. I don't think that was clowning. It was just that Tuputala could not endure a chord with a flaw in it, even a flaw too small for detection by ordinary ears.

2

ONE night in August, 1942, I was reading in my tent when a vague awareness came to me that something or someone was near the tent entrance. It might have been a moving shadow or it might have been a noise no louder than the moths made around the electric light above the table. I looked up from my book and there in front of the tent entrance stood Tuputala. How long he had been there I couldn't say. It might have been a half hour.

That is the Elysians' way of making a call. They just sneak up to your front door and stand there until you call them in. From their point of view there is a reason for this method. They can hear bare feet approaching at fifty yards, no matter how stealthy the approach. At twenty yards they know who it is, day or night, and at ten yards they know your mood and what you are thinking about. So before you are within twenty yards of their *fale* they can welcome you in.

If they don't notice you, it isn't because they don't know you are there — it means your presence is not desired. I have excellent hearing and vision, by the white man's standard, but the Elysians considered me, like all *palagi* (white people), practically deaf and blind.

I was speechless for a moment as I looked at Tuputala and he looked at me. He said, "Oxcoose me, gentlemen Kaptin, you say I come in?"

"Sure," I said. "Come on in. You're Tuputala, aren't you?"

"Sure," he said, "dat's me." He sat down cross-legged on the floor in a corner of the tent. Then he wouldn't say anything for a few minutes. Just short non-informative answers to my questions that were partly social amenities and partly for the purpose of finding out the reason for his visit. But you can't hurry an Elysian in conversation. He has to go through the preliminaries, whether they take five minutes or a half hour.

If a high chief comes to call and only wants a bucket of garbage for his pigs, he will start by saying, "I call upon the mercy and love of God. It is so nice for us to meet this pleasant morning. All the round shells are in the bag and all the oranges are on the twig (meaning 'Well, here we are assembled together'). We are meeting, I hope, in the best of health, but not in disturbances."

Tuputala was embarrassed. It took him some time to come to the point, or points. At last he said, "Say, Kaptin, I got big trouble with Tuia." Then for half an hour he related how Tuia had induced him, three months earlier, to leave a good stevedoring job in Fagatoga and come to Mapusaga to play in one of Tuia's dance orchestras.

At that time a clever dance racketeer could operate different orchestras in different villages every night in the week and with fifty cents admission make a net profit of fifty dollars from each *fale* where one of his orchestras was furnishing the music. The musicians themselves received two dollars for the evening's work — if they could collect it from the orchestra owner.

The orchestra owners really owned the orchestras — bodies, souls, and instruments. They either owned all the instruments (as Tuia did) or had obtained exclusive orchestra rights in certain villages through arrangements with the high chiefs of those villages. There was no muscling in. You either had exclusive village rights or you had nothing. It was tighter than a musicians' union in the States.

The proposition had looked very attractive to Tuputala because two dollars a day was considerable money for doing something that he loved to do anyhow. It did not appear remarkable to Tuputala that he, acknowledged in every village as the number one saxophonist of the island, should not own a saxophone, or that he should be working for two dollars a day for a boss who was making so much money on Tuputala's playing that the boss could not even imagine what to do with it all.

The only thing worrying Tuputala was that he had never been able to collect one evening's pay

in three months. That evening he had demanded a settlement. Harsh words had been exchanged. Tuputala had dared to talk back to Tuia and to tell Tuia what he thought of him because Tuputala was not, strictly speaking, a citizen of Mapusaga — and therefore not subject to the caprices of the chief.

Tuia had called Tuputala the equivalent of a base and uncouth yokel. He would pay Tuputala off and be rid of him and never again could Tuputala play in one of Tuia's orchestras or even touch one of Tuia's saxophones.

The "big trouble" about which Tuputala was now complaining to me had occurred in the pay-off. Tuia had shown him a lot of arithmetic, proving that he owed Tuputala exactly fifteen dollars. Tuputala thought it should be thirty dollars. The sums were so small because Tuputala's "board and room" were deducted from his salary. He had been occupying a mat in Tuia's *fale* and had moreover been eating four meals a day at the Tuia menage. Also Saki, Tuia's wife, had been washing Tuputala's lava-lavas for him.

I asked Tuputala what he was going to live on, now that he was blacklisted from Tuia's orchestras and had been thrown out of Tuia's *fale* where he had been eating and using a sleeping mat. Tuputala was at a loss to understand my concern on this point. No Elysian has ever been known to worry about what the morrow will bring or fail to bring. He said that he would get his taro "okay same like before" because he was now living with his "cushin" (cousin), Tavili, whose *fale* was only two *fales* down the hill from Tuia's.

I suggested that his cushin would expect some payment sooner or later for this, to which he replied, "No, dat is my *aiga* (family) and we don't pay no money to *aigas*." Maybe he would give his "cushin a presents sometimes like maybe can salmon or can peaches or pisoupo." (Pea soup was the first type of canned food to reach the islands. Thus, all canned food was likely to be called "pisoupo.") I asked him how long he could buy things like that with fifteen dollars. "Maybe long time," he said. "Tuia will give me de odda fifteen dolla when he hear you gentlemans Kaptin know about dis."

"How will Tuia hear about it?" I asked him.

"He maybe know about dat now," he said. And probably he was right, because nothing much was ever said or thought in Mapusaga that didn't spread to every *fale* in the village within a few minutes by some telepathy. Tuputala wanted to change the subject. He didn't want to be reminded that some day soon his money would be spent and his welcome at the home of his cushin might be worn out.

3

TUPUTALA made many visits to my tent after that. He wanted especially to talk about music and his musical ambitions. On the other island he had been a prize fighter, at ten dollars per infrequent fight, and since his early youth had made a bare living playing in dance orchestras or concert orchestras when not engaged in plantation labor. His only happiness had been with music. He could be supremely happy if he could live by his music and not have to work as a stevedore or in taro patches.

All he really needed to make him happy, Tuputala said, was a saxophone. He wanted to make a down payment of twenty dollars with me, have me arrange for the shipment of a good secondhand sax from the States, and then pay a dollar or two at a time until the account was settled. I told him I would write to the States for a sax but that I should own it and he would play it. If he owned it, I told him, he would sell it at some period of want and then he would be unhappy again. The deal delighted him.

Tuputala talked about music. He said that all Elysians were pretty good natural musicians but that only rarely would one make the effort to study music seriously. That was why they didn't know the difference between a major and minor chord, or a major and minor key. He said they sang church music, popular American music, and their own folk songs all in minors just because they liked it that way, not because they knew what they were doing. He said, "De way dey sing 'De Sta Spangle Banna,' you American have hard time to know what it is dey sing." Tuputala was quite correct. You could scarcely recognize the music or words, but a chorus of Elysian school kids singing "De Sta Spangle Banna" was always so beautiful and soulful that it was a sure-fire tear-jerker for any American.

During the months we waited for the sax to arrive, Tuputala entertained me scores of times with guitar or ukelele. He could glance at a piece of sheet music, hum it to himself a moment while he flapped time with his bare foot, and then play it through flawlessly. He could listen to a new song on the radio, shut off the radio, and repeat it, usually better than the radio performance, without missing a word or a note. What awed me as much as his music was his ability to remember the words. Another of his stunts was to accompany popular music with my ukelele, which he did to perfection, even when the number was one he had never heard before. He loved my radio. He loved the symphony concerts on the radio but said that only a rare Elysian could "know to like dat kind music." When he had day-

dreams he thought about going to Honolulu to study music seriously, like blind Joe Salonoa, the public school music teacher at Fagatoga.

Just a few nights after Tuputala's big quarrel with Tuia I borrowed Tuia's saxophone for Tuputala to play at one of our hospital crew dances. It broke Tuia's heart to do it and he said I was asking an impossible thing of him; that I was asking him to love an enemy who wanted to kill him. I reminded Tuia that he was an elder in the Mormon church — which upheld the Bible that advocated loving one's enemies, and that furthermore he didn't have to love Tuputala in order to let him play his saxophone at our dance.

Tuia said, "All right, I will lend the saxophone, not because I love Tuputala, but because it is your desire and because I love the Americans of this village."

When Tuputala came to see me the next day, I related how Tuia had wept in righteous protest before lending the saxophone. Tuputala's comment was: "But jus' only face his cries; sweet lips he got, but heart his is mad want to kill."

4

THE new saxophone arrived from Montgomery Ward (\$75.00) a few days before Christmas. I sent word to Tuputala to come up and try it out. My new *fale* was perched high on the mountainside, difficult to reach without getting short of breath.

Tuputala came up the path in a full run. He stood in the doorway, panting. Sweat was streaming from his bare torso onto a freshly laundered lava-lava. He didn't wait to recover his breath; he even saw fit to dispense with the customary conversational preliminaries. His eyes were intent and his face was set in a smile of pleasant expectancy.

"You got it?" he asked, looking at me. Then his eyes shifted to the case in the corner of the room. "You got it!" he said.

"You unpack it and put it together," I said.

While assembling it, he doted over and fondled that saxophone like a mother dressing her first-born.

He put the mouthpiece to his lips and ran up and down a fast chromatic scale to test all the keys. "Oxcoose please, gentlemen," he said, "what you want de fust numba?"

"'In the Mood,'" I said, knowing that to be

his current favorite of the hot and fast section.

He made it moan and whine; he gave it rippling laughter, chortles, plaints, ineffably melodious sweetness, everything but actual words. He continued all evening, until we both had exhausted our memories of musical composition titles.

Three months later it was "necessary" for Tuputala to return to the island of his "auntie." When it comes time to make a journey to another island, there is no use talking about it — in Polynesia certainly no use talking against it; it is as natural an event as the migration of birds. Now he was torn between the migratory pull and a saxophone he didn't own but couldn't leave behind. There was only one solution.

He came to my *fale* on the evening before his departure, and stood on the porch so silently I didn't look up from my book until he said, "Hello, Kaptin, I come say *tofa* (farewell) to you."

I knew what he was leading up to; he had to take the sax with him. "But how can you do that? I have seventy-five bucks in that sax."

Grinning, he reached down under the waistband of his lava-lava and brought out a wallet. He walked over to the table and emptied its contents. We counted it — exactly seventy-five dollars.

"And where in the world did you get that?"

"My cushin," he said. "He want I look like a big man when I go my auntie's *fale*."

More months went by. I was missing Tuputala's visits and his recitals. Then I had occasion to be on the island of his auntie for a few days. I had no idea what village he might be staying in. No one seemed to know of him around the large village.

But on the last evening of our stay on the island we drove out to see Isaako, a native Mormon missionary, formerly of Mapusaga, who lived at the village of Nofo Alii (Home of Kings). We were sitting around the kerosene lamp, visiting with Isaako and his family, when I heard coming from a *fale* off in the bush some strains of uncommonly fine dance music. It sounded like a practice session of a small dance orchestra.

"I thought only one man in these islands could play a saxophone that well; a man named Tuputala," I said to Isaako.

"That is Tuputala," Isaako said. He told me about Tuputala's very wonderful saxophone. "Three hundred dollars it is worth," he said, "but some officers get it for him for only a hundred fifty."

I'LL NEVER KNOW

by JOHN HUNTINGTON

SIXTH General Hospital, Helwan. Oh, yes. Used to be a hotel. Yes. "Sister, come change my dressing." It smells so — at least I think it smells — something smells so and I can't see. And where is Johnny, poor guy? Never put petrol again on any oily motor: *whoof* and where are you?

Sixth General Hospital, Helwan, and dressings all over your face and arms, and nobody gives you a cigarette. "Cigarette, cigarette. Somebody put a cigarette in my mouth, for sweet sake."

"Thanks."

Pretty good and nice. Half-smoked and saliva-wet, but pretty good — pretty good and nice.

"Thanks."

"That's okay, chum. Just a V."

"I haven't had one since — I don't know how long ago it was — I got burnt, and not since then. Maybe two days."

What about Johnny?

"What about Johnny, my cobber, Johnny Harris, 14th RHA, a petrol burn — is he here? Good fellow, Johnny."

"No, only you."

Poor Johnny, poor guy. But it's going all right, it's going to be all right and the food's all right. If it only wasn't for the smell. And so that's the reason for the smell — not me but him, all the time, and yet chipper enough but having to smell like that all the time, God! and in both legs too, so he says.

And is it night now? I wonder if it's night. I wish I could see.

"Look out the window and tell me when she comes out."

"The blonde or the brunette?"

Either or both or together and are the kids playing under the trees?

Not like trees we have home nor our children, but wog children — filthy scabby snottosed syphi-

litics dirtying around each other always and unhappy forever, never having a good time for themselves and hungry and naked.

But he says the Sisters go back and forth in the little park opposite and they have some big green bushes and grass that don't look of course like the things in the desert at all, and the buildings and houses and things in the store window opposite I wish I could see.

Will I see, will I ever see?

"Has the blonde come out?"

Not yet, not yet, neither the blonde nor the brunette, he says, but the children are trying to play under the trees and the sunlight's all over the clean white building and the girls must be buying all sorts of stuff in the shop like cool melons and cashew nuts and fresh red beef and raisins and oranges and crisp lettuce or dark flabby lettuce with salt and pepper and oil and vinegar and tawny mustard.

Will I ever see?

"Has the blonde come out yet?"

Not yet and not yet. And he says he can see a cinema 'way down the corner from the window, and next the shop opposite's a pet shop with he thinks four red setter puppies, and a blue parrot hangs from his beak all day climbing up and down, up and down, and white rabbits with pink eyes of course, and there's the park with the Sisters, and a photographer's with a lot of hand-tinted enlargements of the girls who work in a cabaret he says is near. And he tells me of all this from the window he's next to.

I'm next to him on the other side and his legs smell worse than even ever before, but he's still the same old chipper and telling me all about what's doing out the window.

And it was like that: he telling me every day what goes on out the window, the children and girls and the buildings and trees and all those things I hadn't seen for eight months up in the desert where it's

A Harvard graduate who served for over a year with the American Field Service in North Africa, JOHN HUNTINGTON is now teaching English at the Loomis School.

all sky and sand and lorries and War Department property in brown and soldiers in brown, and he tells me this every day and I still have my dressing on. But the doc says I'm going to be able to see and it's cheered me up hearing him tell of these things.

But the smell grew worse in his legs and he didn't say anything for a long time and they came in and took him away and I haven't smoked since because

Sister won't let me — I'll burn the bed and I still can't hold with my fingers. Poor Johnny.

And so today finally came and the doc took the head dressing off and told me open my eyes, I could see. And I turned looking out the window and there wasn't anything but this ugly gray brick wall of an air shaft and there wasn't anything else and why he told me those things, why he told me all those things, I'll never know.



UPSTAIRS

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

MY SON who lives on thin air and high speed
Speaks poems that have shaped the shapeless air;
He takes up houses men cannot outgrow;
When he climbs clouds, he does it by a stair.
"I was upstairs that day," he says, that day
He went between high heads of summer rain
And under meadows of lightning where the mists
Were turning into rice of icy grain.

My son returns from another universe
Where death is always watching like a hawk,
Yet speaks no hawk's high language, but a man's,
And old Greek gods are smiling in his talk.
The azure halls of winds are full of men;
Though wings may grow on each side of their head,
Their thighs are like the solid curves of hills,
Their lovely feet fit lovely earth they tread.

These new air-men go as children go
Calmly up old stairs to quiet and sleep,
As men go up to beds of love or death
On earth, foot after foot. They do not leap.
They go where all is windows, and a thing
That has no eyes through every window stares,
But they build out below them as they fly
The old strengths of men's childhood and safe stairs.

» Homemaking, says Mrs. Buchanan, can be done in spare time.
She pities those middle-aged women who haven't *real* work.

THE LADY LIKES BUSINESS

by AIMEE BUCHANAN

1

IN THE middle of the journey of our life, I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost." These words of Dante's must have meant many different things to different persons, but to me, a woman, they symbolize the misgiving that a woman feels when she first realizes that youth is over, when she comes to the knowledge that some things are lost to her forever and will not return.

Perhaps the hardest thing about middle age to a woman is the inescapable realization that she is no longer the prime mover in anybody else's life — not even in the lives of those she most loves. Some take this knowledge hard and torture themselves with it. Others divine that it is a universal experience and go on from there. Observation shows me that "home women" weather this personal disillusionment far less gallantly than do "career women." And that is why, in middle age, I am glad that I belong to the latter group, although I find the title itself distasteful.

Like most other career women, I was made one by circumstances. I was a widow at twenty-two. I had to earn my living, and at one period I had to contribute to my mother's support. I have taken care of myself and others through a good many years of vicissitudes and emotional upheavals, first by teaching high school and later in the business world. Now in the early forties, I am full of delight

in living. I cannot find hours enough in the day to see, to know, to learn, and to do all I aspire to. I hold a full-time job, and I write in the evenings and on Sundays; I have had the pleasure of seeing some of my work in print. My daily work demands that I read and learn more every day — for which I truly thank God. I would not, at this point, trade places with any home woman I know, although in the past I may more than once have envied such women their security, or their possession of homes and husbands, or their freedom from care. I can truthfully say that I have not envied them their idleness, except in those hours when I was sick or very tired. I *have* envied them their leisure, which, if I had it, I should employ in writing.

This is what happens to me often at the office. My telephone rings. I stop work to answer. A petulant voice says, "Please come over to dinner tonight. I'm so blue. You know Tom's gone on another business trip, and I'm so lonely." When I put the phone back in its cradle it is with a figurative bang. I am well aware that Tom is away. He is a busy, dynamic creature, a driver and a pain in the neck, a charming fellow and a good man to work with. He is a self-made man, very prosperous, very ambitious. His wife is blonde, petite, has beautiful feet and ankles, works hard at keeping her figure. Now that she's over forty, the bloneness is turning a little tawdry, but she's so beautifully dressed that it doesn't matter. They have no children and they live in an apartment hotel.

Flora's day begins about noon, when she has to get up to take Baby, the dog, out for a walk. Her other responsibilities are keeping her beauty parlor and dress-fitting appointments. Lately, it is true, the Red Cross has mitigated her boredom, and she is currently involved in the making of something called "pink flannel disaster panties." Nevertheless when the time comes for the winter holiday in the south, she will forget about the Red Cross.

From dinnertime on, she expects her husband

Born and educated in Denver, Colorado, AIMEE BUCHANAN was married when she was twenty-two and widowed in the same year. After her graduation from college, she taught school in the mining and cattle towns of Montana, Colorado, and Nevada. She taught in Kentucky and in Eastern Washington on the edge of the Palouse where apple orchards and wheat farms edge the Snake River. After seven years of this she went to New York, where she lived in a stale furnished room and got her first job at Macy's. She withdrew to take a shorthand course, and then was employed by the Encyclopædia Britannica: first she worked on the galley, then on the page proofs. In 1935 she was made Director of the Britannica Research Service, and in 1939 formulated the plan for the Britannica Junior Guild, which she also directs. Her first book, *The Lady Means Business*, was published in 1943 by Simon and Schuster.

to entertain her, and if he is not home, someone else must take on the job. Whenever I see her, she tells me I am lucky to have a job — “something to do,” she wistfully puts it. Once she told me frankly that she felt she had little to live for, because her husband no longer has much time for her. This does not mean he does not love her, but he is busy and his work fully and completely satisfies him. She is miserable because she is just discovering, but cannot bear to face it, that she is important to no one in this world. It may seem hard of me to say it, but this is the truth. She has been brought face to face with the eternal problem of middle age — the question that echoes in the dark wood where the straight way is lost. The question is, I think, “What have I done with my life? Where am I going? What am I worth?”

Here is another home woman. She married while she was a freshman at college and when her husband was in his second year. Her husband, like Tom, is a markedly successful businessman. Their home has lacked neither money, nor affection, nor children. Now both sons have left, one to the Army, one to the Navy. The daughter is still in college, but she wants to marry a boy in the service. The mother, who all her life has been the center of her family, the leader and arbiter of every move, abruptly finds herself with no sons to direct and to mother, and with a daughter in revolt against her home. The husband is contented with his business, his fishing, and his sports. He has not gone overboard because his children are leaving them.

But the mother is frantic because she is no longer the axis of a tight family group. In the last two years she has become an embittered woman, a source of anxiety to her husband and a burden to her friends, and all because she thinks her life has suddenly fallen to pieces. She attributes her troubles to the war, the wrong party in power in Washington, and her husband's lack of interest; but more objective observers would say that she is simply refusing to accept the inevitable going away of the children from the home. It hasn't yet occurred to her that she cannot continue all through life as the prima donna of her domestic stage, that she must find some more impersonal way of self-expression than the directing of her children's lives. Because she is intelligent, she will probably eventually find out that there is a sense in which we live alone, as we die alone. We must learn to live as individuals, somewhere along the line, without the support of our families to our egos.

Take one more home woman, for good measure. This one has lost her husband by death and her children by marriage, but before that happened she

had a long and happy family life. Now she is making a nuisance of herself to her four gifted children. Two of them live on the West Coast, one in Boston, and one in Cleveland. Not one of the four is ever fully free of the threat of a three- to six-month visit from “Mama,” who will expect as a matter of course to be consulted on matters which are plainly none of her business, who will be hurt if not included in everything, down to the dizziest cocktail binge, and who will throw fits of self-pity and tears while she tells her children she knows she is no use to them now, that they don't love her any more, that she isn't needed. She is financially solvent and could, if she would, make a dignified and comfortable existence for herself in a small apartment in New York, where all her old friends are. Instead she goes back and forth across the country, leaving a trail of irritated, humiliated, and anxious young people at every stop. She is still trying to be the young mother of thirty instead of a mature woman of fifty-five.

2

IT MAY be that my experience with home women is exceptional, but the woman who will not adjust herself to her changing environment is common enough to be well known to everyone. That is why I find it hard to accept the home woman's criticisms of career women as valid. Here are two examples of women of a different type. One is a friend of mine who has never married, not because of lack of opportunity (in my opinion every woman not actually an idiot has an average of about four chances to marry per lifetime) but because she fell in love with a man who is not free. This friend might be called a career woman, although she certainly did not plan to be one. Like most other normal women, she wanted to marry. She has not allowed the long frustration in her life to embitter her. When she found that marriage was not for her, she went about making herself essential to her employer, and today she is the highest-paid woman in the company for which she works. She has always supported her mother.

Besides working at the office, she has been an avid reader. She has obtained a master's degree in her university. She enjoys music, the theater, good food and drink. She does a great deal of unofficial good among her acquaintance, and she is an excellent friend. Long ago she earned the blood donor's red ribbon, and she works at the Red Cross every week. (Many of the home women I know have never “had time” for Red Cross work.) For a realistic acceptance of the responsibilities of adulthood, I commend her. As she has never whined

throughout youth, she is not whining in middle age. She is, in fact, a much happier and more attractive woman than any of the three mentioned before.

Here is another woman who works. She is a small, white-haired, warm-hearted creature who mothers everyone. After her husband died, leaving her with a twelve-year-old son, she did housework, waited on tables, and clerked in a department store. As soon as she could, she started to night school to learn accounting. No one will ever hear from her of the sacrifices she made and the work she did to send her boy through medical school. Now that he is an established doctor, she still goes every day to the office, where she is a valued income tax expert. The home she made and maintained for her boy is open to all kinds of young people — those from her office and her church, and the children of her friends. Being a career woman has not meant that she is any less the mother and the woman, but I believe being a worker outside the home has kept her vital, eager, interested, and able to share happiness with the world. She is a bigger woman than she might have been as a sheltered wife, and her son has certainly not suffered from having a career woman for a mother.

One thing I have never been able to understand in the mentality of my home women friends is their attitude toward women who work outside homes. There is a mixture of jealousy, fear, and envy. While, on the one hand, they make fun of our aspirations to positions competing with men, they also insist on envying us our "having something to do." While few of them would be willing to live on the ten- and eleven-hour daily schedule of the average businesswoman, they seem to resent the fact that some of us can work eight hours in an office and two or three more at home and like it. They sometimes talk as if career women were a race apart, quite devoid of the nicer human feelings like sympathy and love. They like to describe us as hard, calculating hybrid types, who prefer to live in hotels and have no human ties. As a matter of fact, most working women that I know are ardent home-lovers who devote all their leisure to homemaking. And many career women do fall in love and marry and have children, just like other people. The fact that they can also carry full-time jobs should certainly not be in their disfavor.

3

I HAVE often wondered why the term "career woman" should have such an offensive sound? I dislike it myself, and know other business and pro-

fessional women who do. I believe that most men think it rather silly, and of course home women sniff at it. Perhaps the career woman is getting the tail end of the prejudices hanging over from the Victorian era — prejudices against those females who dared to leave the fold when homemaking was really a career.

Nobody would deny that economically and socially the world today is different from the world of 1900, for within our own lifetimes we have seen technological wonders that have reshaped every part of living. Yet there are those who will not see that these great social changes could not help completely altering the economic position of women.

Women in our grandmother's day were truly *necessary* in the home; they served instead of the machines and outside industries we have today. A society that did not know of frozen, dehydrated, and canned food, public bakeries and laundries and dry-cleaning establishments, vacuum cleaners and refrigerators, mass-produced textiles, hose, clothing, and shoes, central heating, apartment houses, day nurseries, electrical heating, lighting, and other aids, had to divide the labor; and to women was given the half of the business that involved food and clothing and care of the shelter, while man went out to get the money to maintain it. Women had to stay in the home so that it could function physically. Theirs was a full-time, satisfying job, requiring great skill and management.

I say that American women are not now called upon to work full time in their homes as women used to do, although I fully realize that *at the present moment, under wartime conditions*, the young married women, and particularly those with children, are doing a spectacular job of homemaking, and they are doing it with humor and competence. War has stripped the privileged of their servants, as it has deprived us all, in part at least, of the once accepted commonplaces of special services like laundries and cleaning establishments.

These young matrons are today living a type of existence every bit as demanding as the pioneer life their great-grandmothers knew. They are taking full care of their children; they are doing their own cooking and cleaning. Some of them even do the washing for the family. In many instances these undaunted girls have set up their homes wherever their husbands have been stationed in the service, in order that their husbands might still enjoy the amenities of home and family. In so doing, they have put up with virtually impossible living conditions.

But I contend that there are many thousands of older women, whose children have left the home,

who are not doing a full-time job, because their housekeeping has been taken out of their hands and much of it is performed outside the home. Consider the conditions of the peacetime existence of the average woman living in a city, and remember that there are many women for whom the war has made little change in home duties. How absurd to talk of housekeeping as a lifework, when the actual work is done outside the home by other women, working women, who do the preserving and cooking of your food, who sew your dresses and make your draperies, curtains, and bedspreads, who design and make your carpets, wash and iron your clothes, knit your stockings, weave your cloth, clean your apartment. (All these are things the pioneer American women did for themselves.)

What is not done outside the home is taken care of quickly with laborsaving devices. The trouble is that, in the fifth decade of the twentieth century, many older home women are suffering from a twentieth-century malady — unemployment. Mass production and the new machines have thrown them out of their traditional work. The homemaker is only a part-time worker now; no matter how glibly she talks about homemaking, she is not doing all that the word implies. As for her role as a mother, she might as well admit, too, that she sees little of her children after childhood and early adolescence, for her work is pretty well distributed to others.

This is not to deny the psychical and spiritual part of homemaking and child care. Yet career women have managed to take their part here too, for they see practically as much of their children as the home woman does, what with the demands made by the schools and other agencies on the child's time. The career woman is with her children at breakfast and at night and on Saturdays and Sundays. It is up to the individual how much love, training, and home life her children get. As far as I can see, working mothers succeed fully as well at child care as those who stay at home.

That is why I say that, although the career woman may envy the sheltered woman throughout the earlier periods of life, at middle age she does not. There are too many discontented, drifting home women, their minds and hearts narrowed by half a lifetime of centering on a few persons, who at middle age are without philosophy to sustain them in their inevitable loneliness. Not only are they

without philosophy, but they are without that employment of the mind that everyone needs at every stage of existence. Career women don't have time for loneliness, for their minds and hands are still full of work.

If in the past the concerns of a business or the demands of a profession have seemed sterile and worthless beside the fullness of love and childbearing, now at last in middle life these impersonal things of our daily work are our comforters and friends. We know we are useful, we know what we can do, and so we are reasonably happy. Most of us learned long since what the home woman is finding out painfully now — that "you pay your money and you take your choice." You can't have both.

It is hardly fitting for a career woman to give advice to those home women who find themselves and their lives empty now — emptier still because of what the war is doing to all humanity. But I will dare to do so. I suggest to any home woman who feels lonely and unwanted, and out of things, that she should read the newspapers, particularly the employment ads, that she should wipe away her tears of self-pity, put on her very best hat, and with the same kind of determined cheerfulness that carried her through domestic difficulties in the past, go out and get herself a job. Anything at all, from clerking in a store to waiting on table or doing spot welding.

And don't be proud about it. Be glad that there is work for your hands and to keep your mind busy. If we don't all work now, there may be no American homes to stay in after a while. I'm willing to bet that any woman who goes out and gets a job and really tries to learn something, anything, will find more joy in life than she believed possible. Work is a healer. Ask any woman who has survived twenty years of catching the 7.45.

The economic revolution that has prodded women out of the home is moving even faster now. After the war, the change will go on, and nothing can stop it. There will be more, not fewer, career women in the world of the future, and I am one to dare to think that the world — and the home itself — will be the better for it. Years ago I read in Emerson, "The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment." It took me a long time to understand that happiness very often consists in giving up some old thought or belief or desire. A woman especially needs to learn that.

» The author of the famous Report finds here, as in England, the conditions which he believes will ensure security.

THE NEEDS OF PEACE

by SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

1

LAST spring I enjoyed a two months' visit with my wife to the United States and Canada. We went from end to end of that great continent and addressed meetings of every kind, from the 80,000 workmen in a group of Oregon shipyards to a Baptist Bible class in Tennessee, from a vast dinner of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Toronto to an equally vast concourse in the Sylvan Theatre at Washington. On one memorable occasion in May, having been appointed a Deputy Sergeant at Arms of Congress, I sat on the floor of the House Chamber and heard the British Prime Minister, and saw for myself the hold which he has on the hearts and imaginations of our American allies. I ended the visit with a meeting of representatives of practically all America, North and South, convened by the International Labour Office at Montreal to discuss the drafting of a Social Security Charter.

I found in America an intensity of interest in home-front problems of the war, and of anxiety about them, corresponding closely to our own experience. I found in the United States just what we had had at the same stage of war mobilization in Britain: discontent by those outside the administration with the lack of speed or decision or unity with which the administration was proceeding to organize the nation for war. I found heated discussions flaring up about finance and food and manpower and many other issues, just as they have arisen at times with us. Through all this discussion and political conflict there went on unhampered a terrifying output of munitions, of tanks, of planes and ships; there proceeded the irresistible mobilization of a gigantic nation for war.

Of course, discussion of home-front problems of the war had some effect in delaying practical con-

sideration by Congress, at least, of post-war problems. During my visit a bill was introduced in Congress by Senator Wagner for extension and coördination of social insurance, on a scale not materially less than the proposals of my Report on Social Insurance for Britain, though with important differences of procedure. It does not seem likely that this bill will receive practical consideration in the immediate future — just because all political parties will be occupied with other matters for some months to come. But I found no real hostility to developments of social security in the United States, as I am sure there is none in Britain.

Each nation has its own way of doing things in war and in peace. But the strongest of all my impressions is that the people of the United States of America and we of the British Commonwealth are pursuing the same end: we are making war with all our might, not for the sake of war, but for the sake of a better world after the war.

There are, of course, differences. We in Great Britain are less frightened of government, or less suspicious of it, than the people in the United States. Some Americans believe (I think wrongly) that we are a class society. The United States has a much larger proportion than we of persons working on their own account — as farmers or in small businesses; it is less a nation of industrial employees than we are. It is less homogeneous than we in race and standards of living. These differences and others affect the position of organized labor in the two countries and make the practical problems of social security different. But these differences are minor, while our identity of aim is fundamental.

And in each country the interest in my Report, which I found as widespread and impressive in the States as in my own country, is less for the sake of the Report itself than because the Report is taken as a symbol, as one contribution only to a much wider program of progress, to a better and juster world after this war than we had before it. One of

Economist and social philosopher, whose hope does not impair his vision, SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE reminds us of those three conditions of security for which millions of men are now willing to risk their lives.

the things I want to do here is to put the proposals of that Report into proportion as one part only — an essential part, but a relatively easy part — of all that is required to win security for individuals after the war.

2

THERE are three main conditions of security in the world after the war and after victory for the United Nations. The first is that justice should be established in place of force as the arbiter between nations. The second is that there must be a reasonable opportunity of productive work for every individual. The third is that there must be assurance of an income sufficient to keep a person above want when for any reason he cannot work. Each of these three conditions is essential. How can they be secured?

The first of the three conditions, the establishment of justice in place of force as arbiter between nations, cannot be secured by any one nation for itself. Force between nations means war. No nation can be free, not merely from war but from fear of war, — which in some ways is just as destructive of security, — by its own arms. No nation is strong enough by itself to act as policeman for the world, or would be accepted by other nations in that capacity. Lasting peace, the first condition of security, can be achieved only through the positive, permanent coöperation of a group of strong nations that are prepared, on the one hand, to submit to justice themselves in place of using their strength to establish their claims, and on the other hand, to provide the force without which justice between nations cannot be established. As Mr. Churchill once said: "The scales of justice are vain without her sword."

The second condition of security is that the industry of each country should be so organized as to provide a reasonable opportunity of productive work for all its citizens while they can work. The main question here is how far this responsibility for using resources in peace as fully as they are used in war can be undertaken by private enterprise, and what part the state may have to play. Different nations, no doubt, will answer this question in different ways and will adopt different methods for organizing their industry. Some, like Russia, may rely wholly or mainly on state enterprise or, at least, on complete state planning. Some, like the United States, may rely wholly or mainly on private enterprise. Some may rely on a combination of methods: Mr. Churchill has spoken of harnessing state enterprise and private enterprise in Britain

to the common task of maintaining productive employment and raising standards of living.

There are many varieties of possible action in this field, and there is no need for all nations to act the same way. But even in countries which leave the main business of organizing employment to private enterprise, as the United States certainly will, there are some things for which government action will be needed: to stabilize employment by preventing or counteracting cyclical fluctuation with its alternations of boom and depression; to stabilize agricultural prices and production; to stabilize commercial policy, so as to make possible a steady flow of international trade.

For all these purposes, moreover, the governments of different nations will need to act, not separately, but in collaboration. In so far as the maintenance and improvement of standards of living involves trade between nations, the industrial system of every nation, whether collectivist or individualist, communist, socialist, or capitalist, or a blend of any of these, must work within a framework of international trade, must make possible an orderly development of trade. There need not be any indissoluble arrangements between nations on this matter. Each nation may retain administration of its own economic affairs, but it will be necessary to build up gradually a code of good-neighbor behavior in regard to international trade, and a common policy as to how it shall be conducted and shared among nations. One of the most urgent needs of today is that the nations should get together now to frame a policy and a system for the conduct of world trade after the war. If they do not do so, they may lapse into that self-destructive economic nationalism which caused almost as much ruin after the First World War as the war itself had done.

The third condition of security is that the individual should be sure of an income when for any reason he cannot work, whether that reason is sickness, accident, old age, or unemployment. That for Britain is the subject of my Report. The main method I propose for Britain is social insurance combined with children's allowances, guaranteeing to every citizen at all times, on condition of readiness to serve while he can serve and on condition of contribution while he is earning, an income sufficient for his subsistence and the subsistence of his dependents, whether he is earning or not earning. This subsistence income will be given as of right, whenever the risk insured against — unemployment, accident, sickness, old age, or premature death — arises, without inquiry as to what other means the insured person possesses; he is thus left with full incentive to make whatever additional

provision above the compulsory subsistence he may desire and be able to make by voluntary saving or insurance.¹

The subsistence income will be given not as charity, but as an insurance on condition of contributions. It will be given under controls preventing malingering and idleness. With the guarantee of a minimum income goes provision, also on an insurance basis, of medical treatment of all kinds for all citizens, at home and in hospital, to keep them always as well as science can make them.

Experience has shown that for the abolition of want we cannot trust simply to increasing our wealth, to raising production and raising wages, since this gives no assurance of income when wages are interrupted. That is true not only of Britain but of all other countries. Whether or not the particular methods proposed in my Report for Britain are suitable for other countries — and to what extent — depends on the circumstances and the political views of the citizens of those countries. But all countries have the same risks of sickness, accident, old age, change of employment; and all countries should make organized adequate provision against them.

These, then, are the three conditions of security for all men in all lands — peace, a job when one can work, and income when one cannot work. The question may be asked: Which of the three conditions is most important, or comes first in time? That is an idle question. All three conditions are indispensable. If we fail in any of them we do not achieve security.

After the First World War, for the first time in history the nations attempted to build together a sea wall against further wars. They called it the League of Nations. That wall was not built strongly enough and was not watched carefully enough. Today all the United Nations are engaged, to the utmost of their joint total strength, in dealing with the raging torrent that has poured through the breaches of the broken wall. That experience is no reason for thinking that sea walls are impossible to build; neither nations nor individuals usually suc-

ceed in any great task when they try it for the first time. Still less is that experience a reason for thinking that no wall is needed. Rather, it is a reason for studying carefully why disaster overtook the first wall, and for making certain at all costs — save the surrender of essential human and spiritual liberties — that the new wall is strong enough to last forever.

If we accept this statement of the conditions of security, what can any or each of us do to help towards their realization? That question has to be answered separately for each condition.

3

LET me take them in reverse order, beginning with the third — provision of an income when one cannot work, the main subject of my Report. That is as essential a condition as the two others, but it is in some ways the easiest of all to accomplish, because it is a matter on which each nation can take its own line. Whatever each nation does in this field should be of interest to other nations as an example, but it does not affect them directly. This condition of security is relatively easy also because it does not raise, in Britain at least, any large political issues. All parties accept the principle of social insurance; they differ only as to practical details and the feasibility of meeting at once the financial costs.

Having said so much about this third condition in my Report, I need say little now. To my mind, there is no doubt that we can afford to abolish want due to interruption of earnings in Britain, and to abolish at the same time avoidable disease. There is no valid reason for delay in deciding to do what is so universally desired by the people, what by comparison with other tasks of the war and its aftermath is so easy and free of contention. There is every reason for getting ahead with this easy task, so as to clear the ground for performance of the harder tasks. The words “social security” in the Atlantic Charter are now nearly three years old. Let us miss no early chance of beginning to turn those words into deeds.

The second condition of security — maintenance of employment so as to give each citizen an opportunity while he can work — is a subject for a book in itself. A number of books, pamphlets, and reports are being written about it by people on both sides of the Atlantic. I am one of those people myself. Having described maintenance of employment and avoidance of mass unemployment as Assumption C of my Report, I am engaged in an inquiry as to the most practical way of realizing that assumption. As that inquiry is not yet complete, I

¹ Avoidance of any test of means for receipt of the insurance income is a fundamental principle of the scheme, with a view to preserving the incentive to personal thrift. Two subsidiary principles are: first, that the insurance income should not be more than enough for subsistence; second, that insurance should apply to everybody without income limit. The object of the first of these subsidiary principles is to retain the maximum of freedom consistent with security; every citizen is compelled to contribute enough when earning to be sure of subsistence when not earning, but he is not compelled to contribute or save more than that. The second principle is more open to argument but has great psychological advantage in emphasizing the unity of the nation. Rich and poor alike contribute to a common fund, and rich and poor can draw from it alike; the rich of course pay also as taxpayers, according to their means.

naturally cannot give its results. The second condition of security — maintenance of employment — presents a much harder problem than the third condition — maintenance of income when employment is interrupted. It is a problem bristling with difficulties, technical, political, and international.

But to recognize these difficulties is not to admit that they are too great to be overcome; the world cannot afford a repetition of the mass unemployment of the thirties. Mass unemployment, any unemployment to speak of, has been abolished in practically all belligerent countries, in this war, as it was in the last war. It was abolished before this war — by Germany in preparing for war, by Soviet Russia in making her planned industrial revolution. The common element in all these experiences is recognition by the organized community of needs so urgent that they must be met, and the clothing of those needs with purchasing power, so as to make from them an effective demand for the whole of the labor and other productive resources of the community.

The needs of peace are not really less than those of war. To use our productive resources steadily in meeting those needs is a problem of organization which it would be absurd to dismiss as insoluble, as it would have been absurd forty years ago to say that men could never learn to fly. I don't suggest — I don't believe — that in order to abolish mass unemployment it will be necessary to organize our economic life in peace just as we do in war. But the common element which I have named in our experiences suggests the direction in which a solution of the problem can most hopefully be sought. The unsatisfied needs of humanity in peace — for sufficient food, housing, warmth, education, leisure — are not in fact less than the needs of war. We have to recognize the urgency and priority of those common needs. We have somehow to find a way more efficient than the present way of clothing those needs with purchasing power so as to turn them into effective demand.

4

THE winning of the first condition of security does not involve first solving all the economic problems of the world. Those who search laboriously in economic conditions for the causes of war and think that war can be prevented only by equalizing economic conditions for all nations are wrong. The task of securing peace is easier than that. Gangsters cannot shoot or rob if they have no arms and if the policeman has arms. The first condition of security

involves no more than making a reality of the Kellogg Pact — making effective the renouncement of war as an instrument of national policy. This means that those strong nations which at the end of this war will be in charge of the world will make it clear once and for all that they are prepared to accept impartial justice in their own cause and to provide the strength that will enforce international justice for others. Another way of putting this is that those nations which are in charge of the world when the war ends should make it clear that they propose for the future to make the world safe for small nations, as, in an ordered community, life is safe for the unarmed citizen.

If the world is safe for small nations, it will be safe for all nations. If the world is safe for small nations, it will be a world in which the human spirit can flourish in all its variety of national cultures in place of being beaten flat in one totalitarian mold. But the world can be made safe for small nations only by the great nations — by great nations which put the individual above the state.

I do not want at this stage to draw a blueprint of the future political and military organization of the world. To do so may lead to quarreling about details. The essential thing is that those free nations which are set on peace should realize that no one of them can obtain peace for itself by itself — should realize that peace can be obtained only by collaboration among the great democracies of the world based upon mutual trust. This collaboration does not involve the supersession of national governments by a single international government. It does not involve the making of a world state. But it does mean that those free nations which are set on peace for themselves and for the world as a whole should make it clear that they are in indissoluble union for that purpose.

Whatever their rulers may want, the common people of all lands want peace, not power. They want at the same time their own way of life, their own national culture. The time has come to realize that we can get our own way of life best through national governments, but that we cannot get peace that way. For peace and international justice we must find a new organ of government in the world; for all other purposes nations — great and small — can continue and should continue to trust to national governments. Peace they cannot get from any national government.

Nothing worth having can be had for nothing. In one sense, winning all three conditions of security is a form of insurance, of paying a little in advance in common with one's fellows in order that all may be safe from much greater loss in future. All free

nations value their own free ways of life and would like to govern themselves in complete independence of all others. Every time that they are driven to war they are forced to give up a great deal of this — much of their freedom, their independence of action, their way of life.

The only way of avoiding these heavy sacrifices in war is to avoid war itself, and the way to that is to make a small sacrifice in advance, to give up in advance in common with others a little of their isolationism and independence — to act together with other peace-loving nations for the common purpose of lasting peace, so as to be able to preserve always, uninterrupted by war, their essential liberties, their national ways of life. International collaboration in the political and military sphere is the insurance premium against war.

What is the chance of obtaining that collaboration among the great nations of the world? I cannot speak of all the great nations. China for seven years has borne up against the immense material superiority of her foe with a courage that has inspired the admiration of the world. Soviet Russia for nearly three years has taken the brunt of the German attack on land and has beaten the alleged unbeatable again and again. I cannot say — I do not know if anyone in Britain today can say — just how these two great nations look upon the future of the world. But I find it hard to believe that they will prove less steadfast for peace and prevention of aggression than they have for defeat of aggression.

5

As to the United States, my impressions are: first, that there is a very strong public opinion against taking any risk of a third world war; second, that there is growing readiness for continued international collaboration with other nations to prevent it.

Collaboration among the democracies must depend, not on understanding between governments, for in democracies governments reflect the views of minorities, but on mutual trust among the peoples — on each people's believing that common interests transcend differences. I am sure that this community of interest exists among the peoples of the British Commonwealth and the people of the United States of America. It does so happen that our two nations, while they want security, want security with a further condition: individual freedom. That condition in some ways makes security harder to obtain, but for us it is the one thing which

makes security worth while. We do not want the security of slave employment which Hitler gave to Germany before the war. We want security with freedom; security only for the sake of freedom; material security only to make possible in all lands the free flowering of the human spirit, the adventure of the mind.

We are two peoples differing in many ways in spite of our common language and our partly common origin. We are alike in our views of what is essential for human happiness, in our scale of values. Our collaboration should be easy — can be defeated only by wanton mischief or misunderstanding. Our collaboration implies no unfriendliness to others or lack of collaboration with others. I stress it only because it is both indispensable and relatively easy.

If I am asked how lasting I want this union for peace to be, my answer is the question: "How lasting do you want peace itself to be?" When I insure my life, I want to insure my life for the whole of my life — and not for five or ten or twenty years. Nothing worth having can be had without a price, and the price of lasting peace is lasting, guaranteed, international coöperation among the great nations to make the world safe for all nations, great and small, to enforce justice for all nations accepting it for themselves.

Is that price too high? The answer is: "Do you prefer the price of war? Do you prefer the price of war, realizing that this price is paid overwhelmingly by the young in the loss of life and postponement and sacrifice of careers, public and private?" All the United Nations have one common objective of victory; all have another objective — that of using victory only as a means of making a new world, better than the old world. That is what we older people owe to the young who risk and sacrifice most in war.

We older people do not pay our debt to the young merely by doing all that people can do in war, by buying war bonds or continuing at such war work as we are able to do. That is only helping the young to save us as well as themselves. That is giving them nothing. What we owe to the young is to let none of our prejudices or interests stand in the way of making a different, better world for those who are young now, and for their successors, when they in turn shall be old. When the war is over and the young people will be busy making their careers, many of us older people will be in positions of command and responsibility. Our feeling of responsibility must be to the future, not to the past. If we cannot be young in body, we can and must seek to be young in mind — looking forward, not back.

FENESTRALIA

by MAX BEERBOHM

I

"THE mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

A vivid scene, this, is it not? You *see* it, *hear* it; and you are moved by its dramatic irony, knowing what the mother does not know; knowing what Jael has done.

"And when Jehu came to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face and tired her head, and looked out at a window. And as Jehu entered in at the gate, she said, Had Zimri peace that slew his master? And he lifted up his face to the window, and said, Who is on my side? who? And there looked out to him two or three eunuchs."

Some dramatic irony here, too. Jezebel knows not, as do we, how imminent her doom is. But the irony is less poignant, forasmuch as Jezebel is not a sympathetic personage. We cannot, with the best will in the world, feel very sorry for her. Nevertheless, her words haunt us as do those of the mother of Sisera. Thanks, in some measure, to Coverdale, to Tyndale? No doubt. But also because her words were spoken, like those others, from a window.

Had either of those women been seated in a room, or walking in a garden, or looking across a wall, we should be far less impressed. People seen or things said indoors or out-of-doors have not the same arresting quality as things said or people seen half-indoors, half-out. There is much virtue in a window. It is to a human being as a frame is to a painting, as a proscenium to a play, as "form" to literature. It strongly defines its content. It excludes all but what it encloses. It rivets us. In fact, it's a magic casement.

In his prose as in his caricatures, SIR MAX BEERBOHM is the epitome of "the irrepressible, the light of touch, the inimitable, the insouciant, and the impertinent." In *A Christmas Garland* he proved himself the greatest parodist of our time; in *Zuleika Dobson* he wrote with perfect irreverence of Oxford; and in *Seven Men* and his volumes of collected essays he gives us a prose which is alive and full of wit.

I have set eyes on many great men, in my time, and have had the privilege of being acquainted with some of them (not of knowing them well, understanding them well, for to do that there must be some sort of greatness in oneself). And of all the great men whom I have merely seen the one who impressed me most was Degas. Some forty years ago I was passing, with a friend, through the Place Pigalle; and he, pointing up his stick to a very tall building, pointing up to an open window *au cinquième* — or was it *sixième*? — said, "There's Degas." And there, in the distance, were the head and shoulders of a grey-bearded man in a red *béret*, leaning across the sill. There Degas was, and behind him, in there, was his studio; and behind him, there in his old age, was his life-work; and with unaging eyes he was, I felt sure, taking notes of the "values" and what not of the populous scene down below, regretting perhaps (for he had never cast his net wide) the absence of any ballet-dancers, or jockeys, or laundry-girls, or women sponging themselves in hip-baths; but deeply, but passionately observing. There he was, is, and will always be for me, framed.

Not perhaps a great, but certainly a gifted and remarkable man was Dr. Jowett, at first and last sight of whom, driving along the Broad in a landau, more than half a century ago, I, a freshman, experienced a mild thrill. How much less mild must have been the thrill vouchsafed to that party of visitors whom C. S. Calverley was showing over Balliol many years earlier! "There," said Calverley, "is the Jowler's window. And," he added, having picked up a stone and hurled it at the window, "there's the Jowler." It is thus, and thus only, that a man is seen at his best — or, for that matter, a woman at hers. In Robert Browning's great galaxy of women none is so vivid to me as Riccardi's bride, and never have I passed Palazzo Riccardi without wondering whether "The Statue and the

Bust" would ever have been written had not Duke Ferdinand's first sight of that bride been framed in one of those windows, that window at which he was evermore content to see her, to leave her, day after day, as he rode by.

She, you will remember, when she was growing old, summoned to her presence Luca della Robbia and bade him mould a portrait of her at her habitual window, so that after her death she would still be there. And perhaps it was her example that in later times set the fashion of those *finte* which were until recent years so frequently to be seen on blank walls of Italian houses. These were not up to the standard of "Robbia's craft so apt and strange." They were indeed, if you will, rather vulgar. The average leaner-out was apt to be somewhat overdressed in the complex mode of the eighteen-seventies, over-frilled, over-jewelled; and her blond tresses (for, of course, to suit the wistful taste of the Italians, she was always a *biondina*) were rather over-blond. The curtains of her window were of a very bright red or blue, and there was likely to be a very yellow canary in a cage beside her. And hers was a vapid simper as she leaned forth with one elbow on the cushioned sill, and one index finger posed upon her cheek. There was much to be said against her; yet one misses her, now that she's gone. She had the charm of windowhood.

2

I HAVE often wondered that (barring the artless makers of those *finte*) so few painters have used that charm, woven that spell. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, one of those few, might, with his constant striving after "intensity," have been expected to be a devotee of windows; but even he did but once avail himself of frame within frame. Once; and of all his portraits of women, haunting as these are by reason of what he saw in them, or transfused into them, assuredly the most haunting is that of the head and shoulders of a cottage girl at a small lattice window, a girl in a smock, drawing back a chequered curtain, looking out into the morning, and (one guesses) taking in the scent of the flowers in a small front-garden unseen by us. Behind her, unseen too, is her room, with such little belongings in it as are hers; and, just because it isn't visible, that room is a far better setting than those elaborate environments of wondrous fabrics, of mediaeval bibelots and of exotic flowers in strange bowls or vases with which Rossetti, for the most part, endowed his models.

A great element in the charm of windows is that unless they are on the ground-floor and you flatten

your nose against the panes you cannot see more than a very little, if anything at all, of what lies behind them. Your imagination has free play. Do you know those tiny little old half-length figures in waxwork at Hertford House? — those Spanish noblemen and noblewomen of the seventeenth century, each of them enshrined in a square box that is black outside and black inside and has one side made of glass to allow the inmate to look, sombrely, disdainfully out at us from what our fancy assures us is a great old august apartment in a worthy palace? I have often gazed at them, and never without an illusion of having been wafted back across three centuries into Madrid, or into Seville, and of seeing this and that great personage alive, haughtily in the flesh, at a great window. Henry James, roaming around the Boboli Gardens, some fifty years ago, paused and, gazing fixedly up at one of the windows of the vast stony palace, reflected that from *it* Medici after Medici had stood looking out. "And the Medici were great people," he mused, as he tells us in the essay that he presently wrote; and "the ache of the historic spirit" in him was poignant. He would have experienced no such malaise in that room on the ground-floor of Hertford House in which I so often stood before the windows of those minim waxworks. His historic sense would have blest and feasted.

Playwrights, like painters, have been chary of windows. Shakespeare, like Rossetti, used only one, once only, so far as I remember. He seems not to have realised that words spoken from a window are thereby as much the more effective as the person seen thereat. Stage-struck young ladies, by some queer instinct, are aware of this fact; hence the desire of all of them to commence as Juliet: the window will conceal incompetence. My most vivid memory of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is framed in the window of *Mélisande*. And this memory reminds me that *Mélisande's* was not the only window vouchsafed to us by Maurice Maeterlinck, and that of all his plays *Intérieur* was the most strangely moving and haunting. The foreground of the stage is a garden in the dusk of night. In the background there are the windows of a lighted room, in which, clearly visible, are the father and mother and sisters of a girl whose drowned body, as we know from the hushed and broken talk of the men and women in the garden, is being brought from the river. The mother and father and sister will soon know what is known to us. The action of the piece lasts no more than half-an-hour. But at the end of it one seems to have suffered a very long period of pity and awe.

Let me pass on to another play, in itself less

remarkable than *Intérieur*, but far more famous and more popular. Its author is nameless, its action is crudely barbarous, its dialogue is but shrill incoherent gibberish. Yet it has for all of us, whenever we come across it, a perennial fascination. How can we account for that? Easily enough. The whole drama is enacted in a window-frame, the frame of the one and only window in Punch's strange old portable house.

3

POLITICIANS, please note. The gift of oratory has been conferred on few of you; nor are many of you able to express yourselves fluently, accurately, and without grievous triteness. Think how much less restive your audiences would be if you spoke to them through a window! My temperament was conservative even in my youth. My mind, moreover, was ossified years ago. I abominate all alterations. But for your sakes I do hope you will insist that St. Stephen's new Chamber shall have a small inner structure, simple or ornate, with a window through which all speeches shall be delivered. Let me also commend to you a similar device on the platforms of Town Halls. Even that baker's dozen of you who *can* speak with the tongue of men and angels, and can hold their constituents or their fellow-Members spellbound, would find their triumphs enhanced by my scheme. I suppose that the greatest English orator in the nineteenth century was Mr. Gladstone; and I take it to have been the peak of his achievements in the spoken word that on a bitterly cold afternoon, and on Blackheath Common, at the time of the Bulgarian Atrocities, he dominated and swayed for one hour and a half a gathering of not less than six thousand persons, most of whom had violently booed him at the outset of his speech. There, indeed, was a man who could dispense with windows. Yet, in later years, in the Midlothian phase of his career, he made frequent use of them. And I feel sure his greatest effects were made in those successive railway stations where, to serried throngs, he spoke burning words from the window of a railway-carriage, on his way northward or southward. I can see that ivory face and that silvery hair; and those dark flashing eyes looking forth. Would that I had been there to hear the organ-music of the voice!

Gladstone's great rival and antithesis was no man for mobs, and excelled only in the Chamber. But he did have one great success in presence of a multitude. I refer to the one and only occasion on which he spoke from a window. I wish I had been old enough to be in the crowd down to which, from

a frame on the first floor of 10 Downing Street, he made his pronouncement about Peace with Honour. I should like also, of course, to have heard him in parliamentary debate. I was once told by an old gentleman who had sat on the back benches, as a Conservative member, when Mr. Disraeli was Leader of the House, that sphinx-like though the face was to all beholders the great debater's back was very expressive — the movements of the shoulders, of the elbows and the hips vividly illustrating his words. But even in repose a back, if it be of the right kind, can be eloquent — such a back as Goethe's, for example. Do you know that sketch which Johann Tischbein made in one of the bedrooms of a Roman inn, while Goethe was leaning out of the window and looking down to the street below? It is a graceful, a forceful, and a noble back that we see there in that bedroom. Had Napoleon been there to see it, he would have murmured, as you know he did when he saw Goethe face to face at Weimar in later years, "*Voilà un homme!*" It is moreover the back of a man rapt in contemplation, rapt in the joy of being, at last, in the city of his dreams; a man avidly observing, learning, storing up. He is wearing slippers, he has not yet put on his waistcoat nor buttoned his breeches at the knees. His toilet can wait. His passionate curiosity cannot. It is as intimate, as significant a portrait as ever was made of one man by another.

4

I LIKE to think that it may have been made on Goethe's very first morning in Rome, and that he had arrived overnight. In visiting a city that you have never yet seen it is well to arrive at night, for sake of the peculiar excitement of next morning's awakening to it — the queer deep thrill of your prospection into whatever street or square underlies your window, presaging all else that will be seen later. A square is preferable to a street; a populous old spacious square, set with statues and animated by fountains; somewhere in Italy, for choice. Such a square is a good starting-point for your future roving; and to it from them you will always return with a feeling of affection, and will spend much time at that window of yours, fondly. But I beg your pardon for dogmatising about you. When I said *you*, I meant *I*. You perhaps are an ardent sight-seer, a scrupulous examiner of aisles and sacristies and side-chapels, an indefatigable turner-in at turnstiles of museums and picture-galleries and the like. I'm an alfrescoist. The life of the city, and the architectural background against which that life is

lived, suffice my soul while I rove around, or merely lean forth from the window that is, for the time being, mine. Merely? I take back that word. One is more observant from one's coign of vantage up there, and all that is to be seen stands out more clearly, and one's mind is more sensitive, than when one pads the hoof down there.

"The last time I saw Paris" — otherwise than from the ceinture railway — abides with me more vividly and delightfully than any of the previous times. Yet I saw but one aspect of the city's life. You know the huge grey façade of the Gare du Nord, and may have noted that it is adorned (or at any rate weighted) with rows of proportionately huge statues, one on each side of every window, symbolising the Continents, and the principal French provinces and cities, and Liberty, I think, and Justice, and many other things of national or universal import. But you may not be aware that all the windows on the first floor are those of an hotel, an hotel that occupies this one floor only, and consists of twelve vast bedrooms (each with a small anteroom and a bath-room), and nothing else. Behind the bedrooms runs a corridor whose opposite side has windows through which you see, far down, the many platforms of the station and the steam of arriving and departing trains. These windows are of thick double glass. The corridor is a quiet one. Little locomotives are seen and not heard. But the bedrooms are the great point. They seem to have been built for giants and giantesses, so vast are their ancient wardrobes, dressing-tables, and beds; and each of their two windows is in proportion to the stone figure that stands on either side of it, planting a colossal foot upon the sill. If I remember rightly, it was from between the ankle of a masculine Africa and of a feminine Marseilles that I looked forth early on my first morning, and saw a torrent of innumerable young human backs, flooding across the square beneath and along the straight wide Rue Lafayette beyond. The fulness and swiftness of it made me gasp — and kept me gasping, while in the station behind me, incessantly, for more than an hour and a half, trainload after trainload of young men and women from the banlieue was disgorged into the capital. The maidens outnumbered the youths by about three or four to one, it seemed to me; and yet they were one maiden, so identically alike were they in their cloche hats and knee-deep skirts and flesh-coloured stockings, and in virtue of that erectly tripping gait which Paris teaches while London inculcates an unsteady slouch. One maiden, yet hundreds and thousands of maidens, each with a soul of her own, and a home of her own, and earn-

ing her own wages. Bewildering! Having seen that sight, I needed no other. During the three or four days of my sojourn I didn't bother to go anywhere, except for meals in a little restaurant hard by, famous for its oysters and its bouillabaisse. I spent my time in reading newspapers and books, and in looking forward to the early morrow's renewal of the incalculable torrent.

5

FROM some windows one can gaze and be rapt at any hour of the day, even though no human being is to be seen from them. From any window, for instance, that looks out on to the sea. For many years I lived in a little house that looks down to what a great poet, reared beside Northumbrian breakers, rudely called "the tideless dolorous midland sea." It has a tide really (though not perhaps a very great one), and its aspect is constantly changing, and I was never tired of watching it and its moods. I remember, too, with affection, the little bedroom in an old farm-house at Pagham, where I abode for some weeks of the autumn after the last war. There were a few stairs up to the bedroom, but the window was so placed that its sill was no more than five feet or so above the level of the ground. Outside there was nothing to be seen but a large field of ripening barley. The sea was quite near, but invisible. One was all alone with the barley, which grew in a friendly eager manner right up against the wall of the farm-house, inviting one to lean down and touch its ears.

Let not such memories imply any disparagement of quite ordinary windows — street windows, with recurrent glimpses of neighbours opposite. I am glad that from the windows of my nursery in a Victorian cul-de-sac I knew by sight various other children, and their nurses, and their parents. I had no great desire to know them outside their frames. I think I had a shrewd suspicion that they were not really so interesting and so exciting as my fancy made them. In my adolescence no neighbours were to be seen. Nevertheless, I was fond of my bedroom window, from which I could gaze in a moralising manner over the multitude of tombstones in what had been throughout the eighteenth century the burial-ground of St. George's, Hanover Square; and I was still fonder of my sitting-room window, from which I could watch, year after year, the budding of the leaves in Hyde Park, and their prime, and their decline and fall. Trees are of course the best thing Nature has to show us; and in London one values them far more than one does elsewhere.

I missed them sorely when, in later years, I lived in a street again. The faces at the windows over the way were unchanging, were unaffected by the sequence of the seasons. Also, alas, my talent for weaving fancies was not what it once had been. Still, I was a frequent looker-forth — especially on Thursdays. I had become a professional writer. I wrote a weekly article for the *Saturday Review*; and Thursday was the day on which I did it; and the doing was never so easy as I sometimes hoped it might be: I had never, poor wretch, acquired one scrap of professional facility. I often doubted whether I had in my mind enough to fill the two columns that were expected of me. I sometimes

found that I had got ahead of my argument, or even that I was flatly contradicting something that I had said at the outset, or that my meaning was obscure even to myself. At such crises I would rise from my desk and take, as it were, refuge at the window, with brows knitted, and chin tightly clasped between finger and thumb. I would envy the hansom cabmen as they flashed by below me. I would envy some old lady leading a dog on a leash. I would envy her dog.

“And if it was thus, thus in the prime of me,” need I say that the composition of what you have just been reading or skipping was not done without much recourse to a window?



AESOP

by MARY GRANT

I

“THE young from the old!” mocked Aesop brightly,
whisking

Deftly a barley cake from Praxilla’s coals,
Munching with show of innocence, yet half-poised
For flight from wrath expected. “Be off!” shrieked
she.

“You Phrygian thief! Market’s to do, and guests
this evening —

His Mightiness long since gone!” So Aesop,
laughing,

Slipped from her scolding down narrow streets,
rough-paved,

Keeping the shadow of blank white walls, lean feet
Sure on the rounded stones, with a fleeting glance,
To mark its place in his path, at the long straight
street

That led to the pride of Samos, Hera’s temple,
Its peacock terraces, scroll-capped shafts — his
gaze

Set for the market. Halfway he found the pom-
pous

Master of stores, and slowed his pace to a slave’s
Deference, though his quick-darting eyes, warm,
merry,

With a touch of Phrygia still in them, not yet
quite used

To strange Greek ways, were masters of all they
saw.

Market he loved; the noise and the color — booths
Plaited with osier, with rugs bright-woven stretched
For shade round the dusty square; the stalls
Of fresh-piled vegetables; baskets of fish, clean-
shining,

Gaping-mouthed; the chatter and friendly jostling
Of country folk, men from the mountains, with
neat-legged donkeys

Heavily panniered, and shepherds, bestaffed and
shaggy,

Skin-clad, from glens of Ampelos, with strange
twists

To their soft Ionic; swarthy fishermen, reeking
Of brine and sweat and sun, barelegged, swollen-
veined,

Loud-voiced for a quarrel; and then, near the
market’s end,

The artist maker of pots, his hand and eye
Trained to the curve and the hollow, the clay’s
cool yielding,

The brown of rosette and lotus; and last, the
girls,

Garland makers, gay-clad, with dripping fingers
Busy with smilax and myrtle.

At Dromo's heels tripped Aesop, chafing a little
 At the steward's slow precision; better a laugh,
 A story — generous here, thought he, shrewd
 there,
 Than hair-close, cold-cut bargaining; yet his
 spirits,
 Bubbling beyond the slave's due reticence,
 Spread little ripples of laughter where he went,
 Bearing the gaping basket. Dromo felt it —
 That wake of humor — half-puzzled; the bargains
 made
 Seemed shrewder when the Phrygian followed;
 strange
 The fellow's impudence! Fresh in his mind there
 flashed
 Last month's slave market at Delos, when Iadmon
 Took him to help his choosing, and the square
 Beyond the Sacred Lake and the stiff stone lions
 Swayed with Thracians, Phrygians, and the broad-
 nosed
 Swarthy men from the south, when the tedious
 wheedling
 And shouts of the rival dealers, the dusty show
 Of weary, dull-eyed slaves round the track, was
 broken
 By this gay Phrygian, who, from tense, watchful
 crouching,
 When his turn came, leaped to the dealer's stand,
 And shouted, "Five staters for this Phrygian here!
 Quick, take me, master!" pointing at rich Iad-
 mon.
 "I can talk, and market, and serve you at meals,
 and talk
 Again! A bargain, master! Five staters!" This,
 as rough arms
 Seized him, and laughter rose, and eyes were
 turned
 Toward Iadmon's vanity, while Glous, shrewd
 At the turn for a profit, spurred on the bidding,
 rousing
 Mainland Phradmon against the islander; so the
 two
 Strove in anger, till Aesop's voice, high, gay,
 With foolish tale of humble bramble deciding
 Strife between apple and pomegranate, raised
 again
 Laughter, and Iadmon led off his self-sold prize.

2

IMPUDENCE! Yet it was Dromo's self, that eve-
 ning
 (Banquet to serve), who saw that the oil was
 smooth

On sleek brown body, on wayward locks the
 wreath
 Straight — who fussily mingled advice with chid-
 ing:
 "Hark you, no mischief! Ply old Aeaces with
 dainties!
 Fill well Xantheus' cup! As for the stranger-guest,
 Solon of Athens, look that you stumble not,
 Nor clumsily offer the napkin; the ways of Athens
 Are sober and fine; see that this service,
 First for master Iadmon, goes not awry!"
 Through eyes discreetly veiled, amid half-heard
 words, in the perfumed
 Bathing of feet, placing of light-carved tables, the
 serving
 Of eel and tunny and rare spiced pheasant, Aesop
 saw
 Iadmon preening — a peacock host in extravagant
 purple,
 Proud of his island luxury; cushioned near
 (Half-revealed tyrant of Samos), Aeaces, bland,
 Portly, with small shrewd eyes that steadily
 noted
 Always men's weaknesses, seeking in cool ap-
 praisal
 To store them in ordered memory; next him,
 Xantheus
 The restless merchant, fingering his food, his talk
 Ever of bale and load and balance, his eyes
 Furtive, longing for flute girls. These but the
 common
 Coin of Ionia, Aesop knew; his thoughts were
 eager
 Rather for him of Attica, who had won
 For his city an island by madcap song, and set
 Athens' feet toward splendor. Quickly he noted,
 While shifting the ivory-shod table, and deftly
 placing
 Still more brodered cushions for resting arm,
 Solon's dark form, his mantle crisply folded,
 Face austere, hawk-nosed, with the clear fine
 profile
 Lineaged from Codrus, the full curved lips be-
 tokening
 Youth, sense-swayed, till the keen mind rose
 master,
 Reining pleasures with show of mockery, choosing
 Discipline's road instead. His dark, cool eyes,
 Veiled by ironic boredom, hinted of fires
 Deep-burning — fervor for Athens; easy to turn
 Backward the scroll of his years, and see that
 day
 When, garlanded, madman-wise, he had dared
 dread laws,

Mounting the sacred stone of the herald, calling
Men to die for lovely Salamis . . . Wise, they
named him.

3

FOR such a man, weak were Iadmon's gestures;
Samian gossip bored him, and talk of trade,
Youth-learned, gladly forgotten; so, when the
vine-wreathed
Wine bowl ruled, with libations poured, and flow-
ers strewn
Fresh on the patterned floor, when Iadmon, press-
ing
Perfumes, hinted at labored revelries
(Ionia's best) to come, — flute girls, kohl-eyed,
Jugglers, the ringing cottabus, — Aesop, seeing
The glaze of boredom in Athenian eyes,
As he passed the shallow painted cup, bowed
low,
And murmured, "May the humble Phrygian
mouse
Gnaw free the netted lion?" Solon, frowning,
Raising the thin rim to fastidious lips,
Stared, as if seeing then first the sleek brown
body,
The tilted Phrygian nose, just missing lines
Of straight Greek sureness, the warm and merry
eyes.
'Lion and mouse? Your meaning?" and Aesop,
quickly,
'A terrace — coolness — Zeus and the Gods —
your thoughts!"

A moment only Solon, hesitant,
Scanned the warm wine-hazed andron, where flute
music
Began to quaver; then, with excuses bland,
Rose from the scented cushions, following

Bare feet to narrow steps that led above
The dizzying music to the silent stars.
"The Gods, master!" bowed Aesop, and turned to
leave
The wise man with the silence, yet lingered a
little,
As if in hope there would fall from Wisdom's
lips
Some word to treasure — and Solon, half-amused,
Echoed, "The Gods? What think you, slave, that
Zeus
Perchance does now?" With quick half-breath, to
gauge
Measure for impudence, smiled Aesop, "Surely,
Surely his wonted tasks: humbling the proud,
Honoring the lowly!" Swift arose wrathful hand,
And wrath flushed haughty cheek: "We have no
custom,
Fellow, in Athens of jesting slaves!" But of a
sudden
The great man laughed, "Ungrateful lion!" as
fresh
Bursts of the dizzying music rose. He wheeled,
Shifting his mantle to bare shoulder to favor
The cooler air, and murmured, "When men turn
beasts,
Slaves may be men . . . Thou'rt Phrygian, slave?"
"Aye, master!"
"Thy wit is keen, Greek-keen! Sit, man! Sit,
friend!
Tell me the lore of Phrygia!" So they say
Wise man and slave on Samian parapet, shar-
ing
Common humanity, the while the stars,
The wise large stars of Eastern nights, fore-
shadowed
Fables and codes, friendships with princes . . .
wheeling
Slowly toward dawn-dark Greece.



THE LEAVEN OF CONSCIENCE

by JACQUES MARITAIN

1

THE spiritual essence and the genuine principle of democracy as it exists in the world today can be compared to a healthy tree which has been overgrown by parasites. When at the end of the eighteenth century the Rights of Man were proclaimed in America and in France, and the peoples bidden to partake of the ideals of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, a great challenge of the people, of the plain man, of the spirit of childhood and faith, and at the same time of an ideal of universal generosity, was hurled, in the political domain itself, at the mighty of this world and their experienced skepticism.

The evangelical impulse which thus erupted bore the imprint of a secularized Christianity. Rationalist philosophy added to it illusions (which quickly became bloody) that assured mankind that the goodness of nature and reason alone would suffice for the coming of the great promise of justice and peace. But through these illusions the heart of man perceived a sacred truth: that the energies of the Gospel must pass into temporal life; that the good tidings heralded as throwing open heaven and eternal life ask also to transform the life of earthly societies in the very midst of its woes and its contradictions; that there are in the message of the Gospel political and social implications which must at all cost be unfurled in history.

And do you think that old Christian peoples would have gone to the trouble of starting revolutions and massacres, would have set out with all their household and the heritage of their labor, if it had not been for the promised and so long awaited beatitudes? If it is a mirage to believe them within reach of the hand, it is not a mirage

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to set out after them. The Middle Ages sought with the Holy Empire to erect a fortress for God on earth. Today the poor and the oppressed are setting out for the land of justice and fraternity.

To have awakened and then betrayed such a hope is a measure of the failure of the modern world. It would be a worse failure to renounce this hope, and to seek to uproot it from men's hearts. Hard experience has taught us that the kingdom of God is not meant for earth, but at the same time we have become aware of this crucial truth: that it must be enigmatically prepared in the midst of the pains of earthly history.

Christianity announced to the peoples the kingdom of God and the life to come. It has taught them the unity of the human race; the natural equality of all men — children of the same God and redeemed by the same Christ; the inalienable dignity of every soul fashioned in the image of God; the dignity of labor and the dignity of the poor; the primacy of inner values and of good will over external values; the inviolability of consciences; the exact vigilance of God's justice and providence over the great and the small. It has taught them the obligation imposed on those who govern, and on those who have possessions, to govern in justice, as ministers of God, and to manage the goods entrusted to them to the common advantage, as God's stewards. It has taught them the submission of all to the law of work and the call to all to share in the freedom of the sons of God. It has taught them the sanctity of truth and the power of the Spirit, the communion of the saints, the divine supremacy of redeeming love and mercy, and the law of brotherly love which reaches out to all, even to those who are our enemies, because all men, to whatever social group, race, nation, or class they may belong, are members of God's family and adopted brothers of the son of God.

Christianity proclaimed that where love and char-

ity are, there God is; and that it is up to us to make every man our neighbor, by loving him as ourselves and by having compassion for him — that is, in a sense, by dying unto ourselves for his sake. Christ cursed the rich and the Pharisees. He promised the poor, and those who suffer persecution for the sake of justice, that they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven, the meek that they shall inherit the earth, those who mourn that they shall be comforted, those that hunger and thirst after justice that they shall be satisfied, the merciful that they shall obtain mercy, the pure in heart that they shall see God, the peacemakers that they shall be called sons of God. He declared that everything that is done to the meanest of His brothers is done to Him; He gave to His disciples the new commandment: to love one another as He Himself has loved them.

2

WHAT then are the thoughts and aspirations which the Christian message has by degrees awakened in the depths of the conscience of peoples, and which moved underground for centuries before becoming manifest? However misunderstood and distorted they may have become in the course of this hidden journey in the secular conscience, what are those truths of evangelical origin which this conscience henceforth linked and identified with the very idea of civilization?

If we consider these truths in themselves, separating them from any erroneous contexts, we can say that, by virtue of the hidden work of evangelical inspiration, the secular conscience has understood that human history does not go around in circles, but is set toward a goal and moves in a certain direction. Progress is not automatic and necessary, but threatened and thwarted; progress is not due to an advent of pure reason which would invalidate the entire heritage of the past; it is rather this very heritage which increases while it groans under the labor of all the human and divine energies in man.

Progress does not lead to the recovery of Paradise by revolution tomorrow; it tends to the carrying over of the structures of conscience and the structures of human life to better states — and this all through history up to the advent of the kingdom of God and the land of the resurrected, which is beyond history. Whether or not you believe in this advent, it is toward it that you are moving if you believe in the forward march of humanity. And what has at any rate been gained for the secular conscience, if it does not veer to barbarism, is faith in the forward march of humanity.

Under the often misunderstood but active inspiration of the Gospel, the secular conscience has understood the dignity of the human person and has understood that the person, while being a part of the State, yet transcends the State, because of the inviolable mystery of his spiritual freedom and because of his call to the attainment of supra-worldly possessions. The State's reason for existing is to help man in the acquisition of these possessions and of a truly human life.

What has been gained for the secular conscience, if it does not veer to barbarism, is faith in the rights of the human person, as a human person, as a civic person, as a person engaged in social and economic life, and as a working person; and it is faith in justice as a necessary foundation for common life, and as an essential property of the law, which is not a law if it is unjust. Proudhon believed that thirst for justice is the privilege of Revolution, and the object of attentive dread for the Church. The thirst for justice was imprinted in the soul of the Christian ages by the Gospel and the Church; it is from the Gospel and the Church that we learned to obey only if it is just to do so.

Under the inspiration of the Gospel at work in history, the secular conscience has understood the dignity of the people and of the common man. Faithful people, God's little people, kingly people called to share in the work of Christ; people in the sense of the community of the citizens of a country, united under just laws; people in the sense of the community of manual labor and of the stock and resource of humanity in those who toil close to nature — the notion of the people which the secular conscience has gradually formed stems from the meeting and mingling of all these elements, and it is from the heritage of Christendom that this notion proceeds.

The people are not God; the people do not have infallible reason and virtues without flaw; the will of the people or the spirit of the people is not the rule which decides what is just or unjust. But the people make up the slowly prepared and fashioned body of common humanity, the living patrimony of the common gifts and the common promises made to God's creature — which are more profound and more essential than all the additional privileges and the social distinctions — and of the equal dignity and equal weakness of all as members of the human race. It is on the condition of existing in communion with the people that all efforts bear fruit in temporal history, and that the inspirational leadership which the people need keeps both its strength and its legitimacy.

Awakened to a consciousness of himself by the movement of civilization, the man of common humanity knows today that his day has dawned, if only he triumphs over totalitarian corruption and is not devoured by it; and he knows that the idea of a caste, of a class or a race hereditarily constituted as ruling and dominant, must give way to the notion of a community of free men, equal in rights and in labor, and to the notion of an elite of the mind and of labor which stems from the people without cutting itself off from them, and which would truly be the flower and luxury of their vital energies.

What has been gained for the secular conscience, if it does not veer to barbarism, is the sense of men's equality in nature and the relative equality which justice must establish among them, and the conviction that by means of the functional inequalities demanded by social life, equality must be re-established on a higher level, and must fructify in giving to everyone the possibility of acceding to a life worthy of man, in assuring to everyone enjoyment of the elementary possessions, both material and spiritual, of such a life, and in the true participation of each one, according to his capabilities and his worth, in the common task and the common heritage of civilization.

3

BY VIRTUE of the hidden work of evangelical inspiration, the secular conscience has understood that the authority of the rulers, by the very fact that it emanates from the author of human nature, is addressed to free men who do not belong to a master, and is exercised by virtue of the consent of the governed. The dictates of authority are binding in conscience because authority has its source in God; but from the very fact that authority has its source in God and not in man, no man and no particular group of men has an inherent right to rule others. The leaders of the people receive this right from the creative and conservative principle of nature through the channels of nature itself; that is, through the consent or will of the people or of the body of the community, through which authority always passes before being invested in the leaders.

And it is as vicars of representatives of the multitude that the holders of authority lead the multitude, and it is toward the common good of the multitude that they must lead it. It is contrary to nature for men, members of the same species, all equal before God and death, to be simple tools of political power — tools of a dictator, the only human person among a flock of organized slaves, or tools of a paternalist power, the only adult among a

regiment of children. Once the man of common humanity has understood that he is born with the right to conduct his own life by himself, as a being responsible for his acts before God and the law of the community, how can the people be expected to obey those who govern unless it is because the latter have received from the people themselves the custody of the people's common good?

What has been gained for the secular conscience, if it does not veer to barbarism, is the conviction that authority, or the right to exercise power, is held by the rulers of the earthly community only because the common consent has been manifested in them, and because they have received their trust from the people; and it is the conviction that the normal state to which human societies ought to aspire is a state in which the people will act as grown-ups or those come of age in political life.

By virtue of the hidden work of evangelical inspiration the secular conscience has understood that the political realm and the flesh and blood paraphernalia of the things that are Caesar's must nevertheless be subject to God and to justice. It has understood that the entire art of domination and all the crimes which the princes and the heads of nations carry out to conquer and consolidate their power can certainly give them power but inevitably turn out for the misfortune of the peoples. Christianity cast the net of the Gospel upon the Pagan Empire and the Pagan Empire died of it, for there is no quarter given between the evangelical law of the Son of God and the law of the Empire which sets itself up as God.

Once man has understood that, in the truth of things, politics depends upon morality because its aim is the human good of the community, once he has understood that political life must conform to natural law and, according to the special conditions of its temporal object, even to the law of the Gospel, he sees at the same moment that to call for justice and law in politics is to call for a great revolution which will substitute for the power politics of the masters, men, states, or nations the politics of the common good over which the people themselves must watch as the chief interested parties. A community of free men cannot live if its spiritual base is not solely law. Machiavellianism and the politics of domination, in the sight of which justice and law are a sure means of ruining everything, are the born enemies of a community of free men.

What has been gained for the secular conscience, if it does not veer to barbarism, is the condemnation of the politics of domination and of iniquitous and perverse means in the guidance of nations, the profound feeling that justice fosters order, and

injustice the worst disorder, and the conviction that the cause of the welfare and freedom of the people and the cause of political justice are substantially linked.

4

UNDER the often misunderstood or disfigured but active inspiration of the Gospel, the secular conscience has awakened not only to the dignity of the human person, but also to the aspirations and the *élan* which are at work in his depths. The person, in itself a root of independence, but immersed in the constraints emanating from material nature within and outside man, tends to transcend these constraints and gain freedom of autonomy and expansion.

In the very realm of spiritual life the message of the Gospel has revealed that the person is called to the perfect freedom of those who have become a single spirit and love with God; but in the realm of temporal life the repercussions of the Gospel's message were to stimulate the natural aspiration of the person to liberation from misery, servitude, and the exploitation of man by man. When you know that we are all made for blessedness, death no longer holds any terror; but you cannot become resigned to the oppression and enslavement of your brothers, and you aspire, for the earthly life of humanity, to a state of emancipation consonant with the dignity of this life.

What has been gained for the secular conscience, if it does not veer to barbarism, is the sense of freedom, and the conviction that the forward march of human societies is a march toward the conquest of a freedom consonant with the vocation of our nature.

Finally, under the inspiration of the Gospel at work in history, the secular conscience has understood that in the misfortunes and suffering of our existence, crushed by the iron laws of biological necessity and by the weight of the pride, injustice, and wickedness of men, a single principle of liberation, a single principle of hope, a single principle of peace, can stir up the mass of servitude and iniquity and

triumph over it, because this principle comes down to us from the creative source of the world, stronger than the world; that brotherly love whose law was promulgated by the Gospel to the scandal of the mighty, and which is, as the Christian well knows, God's own charity diffused into the hearts of men.

And the secular conscience has understood that in the temporal social and political order itself, not only is civic friendship, as the ancient philosophers knew it, the soul and the constitutive link of the social community — if justice is first of all an essential requirement, it is as a necessary condition which makes friendship possible — but this very friendship between citizens cannot prevail in actual fact within the social group if a stronger and more universal love, brotherly love, is not instilled in it, and if civic friendship, itself becoming brotherhood, does not overflow the bounds of the social group to extend to the entire human race.

Once the heart of man has felt the freshness of that terrible hope, it is troubled for all time. If it fails to recognize its supra-human origins and exigencies, this hope runs the risk of becoming perverted and of changing into violence to impose upon all "brotherhood or death." But woe to us if we scorn this hope itself, and succeed in delivering the human race from the promise of brotherhood. The human race has been exalted by it; it will give up the hope only at the cost of becoming more fierce than before. This hope is holy in itself; it corresponds to the deepest and most ineradicable desires of human nature; it places souls in a communion of pain and longing with all the oppressed and the persecuted; it calls for heroism; it has a divine power for transforming human history.

What has been gained for the secular conscience, if it does not veer to barbarism, is faith in the brotherhood of man, a sense of the social duty of compassion for mankind in the person of the weak and the suffering, the conviction that the political work par excellence is that of rendering common life better and more brotherly, and of working to make of the structure of laws, institutions, and customs of this common life a house for brothers to live in.

I AM A BUREAUCRAT

by JONATHAN DANIELS

1

IN THESE last two years all the trains coming into Washington have seemed to pour out contractors, industrialists, consultants, and above all — vastly above all — bureaucrats. I know. I'm one.

But one day there is going to be another train. Indeed, it already exists in the often wistful private post-war planning of for-war-only bureaucrats. N. R. Howard, Republican editor of the *Cleveland News* who came to help run the Office of Censorship, first described it. Perhaps he first dreamed it. It is going to be the first home-going train after the war, on which he said he expected to be. I want a seat, or a strap to hang on, or even standing space on the platform.

It will be bulging with such bureaucrats as bankers and editors and industrialists, with scientists and experts, strong people and strange ones, patriots, professors, and those who came merely as passengers to the war in Washington and go merely as passengers from it. Even by the stand-up standards of war transportation, that train is going to be crowded if anything like the number who talk about it get on it. Toot! Toot! We're already blowing for the crossing back home, and that doesn't mean we expect to get back home soon.

Not many of us were brought to Washington by force. I can testify for myself. The executive telephoned and I was in town on the next train. He was — and is — a little man with a mouth like a hardware store mousetrap. He sat across the desk in the half-furnished office of the apartment house which had been taken over for the duration, and talked about the war like a man biting it. He had a tough job to do. The war agency was in trouble.

A newspaperman who hails from North Carolina, JONATHAN DANIELS is the author of several well-known books, among them *A Southerner Discovers the South* and *A Southerner Discovers New England*. Since our entry into the war, Mr. Daniels has been working in Washington, where he discovers that he is a bureaucrat.

He was reorganizing it. Would I come to Washington and go to work?

I looked out across Dupont Circle with its trees dark bare in the sunshine of February, 1942. Back home in North Carolina, spring in a few weeks would be pushing up the jonquils in my garden. I had a lovely house. From my point of view I had the best job in the world. At forty a man doesn't move easily from content.

"When did you want me to come?"

"Now."

I tried to look doubtful. I had never had a government job before. I had never wanted one. But secretly I knew that ever since December 7 I had been hell-bent for bureaucracy.

The first four nights in Washington, I slept in four different beds. I discovered in a personal hurry all the crowding that has been so much written about since. I discovered also that the agency of my new allegiance was not only having difficulties but that some of the newspapers had apparently mistaken it for an enemy force. I took off my hat and began ducking editorial missiles at the same time. It was good practice for an editor and writer who had always been on the throwing end.

I looked for a house after work and after dark, often long after dark, and when my wife saw it she said she could well believe that was what I had done. Later, when the Rent Commission cut the rent, the landlord acted as if I had stolen it in the dark.

The important fact from the standpoint of both law and shelter was that we were in. Whatever my wife's architectural and other prejudices against it might be, it was a house. We stayed gratefully in it while the number of fellow government employees and house-hunters in Washington rose to its peak of 287,244 in February, 1943. There were 161,392 of us then who had added our names to the public payroll in the Washington area since Hitler with the help of his bureaucracy marched into Poland.

Of course bureaucracy bulged. Yet strangely (and I don't expect my wife to believe it), in the period of Washington's greatest and fastest growth in bureaucracy, during the two years before the summer of 1943, the Washington percentage of the national bureaucracy declined. New York and Chicago had almost as many civilian government employees as Washington. Employment in Washington had more than doubled, but the total national bureaucracy had been multiplied by three since 1939, to a war top in 1943 of 3,252,598.

Bureaucracy, I regret to report, is not simple, even in terms of the simplest impressions about it. Take, for instance, the picture of the bureaucrat as a man or a woman at a desk in Washington. More than 90 per cent of the bureaucrats aren't in Washington, and over 60 per cent of them work in establishments that build, repair, and service battle-ships, torpedoes, guns, and other munitions of war.

Washington is big enough, nevertheless. Who took our tires and weaned our cars, limited our coffee? The answer goes from the questions like an arrow. The bureaucrats. I raise no shield against these darts. I can report, however, that while the country (with some political assistance in the aiming) has concentrated on bureaucracy in Washington as the target of all its complaints in a continent being converted with speed to war, my wife has acquired a strong personal feeling about bureaucracy, too. She packed and came. As a bureaucrat's wife in Washington, which not only upsets her sinus but her soul also, she has stood in all the lines bureaucrats require of all Americans.

"A bureaucrat," she says, with familiar bitterness and personal knowledge, "is a man with a wife and four children being cursed out for living where he doesn't want to live, at an increasing rate of expense and a declining measure of comfort."

That definition may not always fit with exactness, but it fits her darkest hours as a bureaucrat's wife. I think she gets as much release from saying it in those dark hours as any bureaucrat's wife in Minneapolis or Fort Worth.

2

THERE have been dark times. I have had my share of both frustration and satisfaction — although sometimes it has been hard to tell them apart. I think I know the joys and tribulations of the bureaucrat. Sometimes it scares me — and scares my wife worse — that I have grown more accustomed to the ways of bureaucracy now. There is less pain, but also less elation, in it. For me the best

times of my personal adventure in bureaucracy will always seem the first difficult, dark times.

That early darkness was lit by a sense of urgency. The directness of personal participation had not been dulled by a recognition of elaborate processes in government. There was more confusion. The crowding of people and times was new. Washington worked harder then — and drank harder. It talked more and — if possible — louder. It slows down now, not in relaxation of effort, I believe, but in greater order in effort. Liquor is scarcer and hours are more regular.

I remember that when Byron Price, in the roaring spring of 1942, issued an order that nobody in the Office of Censorship was to be permitted to work more than six days running, somehow it seemed a little unpatriotic, even if it was also one of the signs of a beginning of wisdom. It takes order, including the order of records and papers and "official channels," to win a war, even if the first wild patriotic frenzy was more dramatic. I betray my own past contempt for clerks and charts and red tape to say it, but it was only as we began out of our war-gathered diversity to become bureaucrats that the essential bureaucracy of war began to work. And all that I am trying to say — and I can say it with confidence — is that, with plenty of all too human faults and failures to their discredit, bureaucrats are working men.

I hasten to add that the conventional bureaucrat of the most irate cartoons is not necessarily angry fiction. The madman who is reputed to design the OPA documents in a perverted determination to outrage the American people — particularly those Americans who are eager for their share of sacrifice but prefer to wait until a perfect system of sacrifice is devised — is notoriously a well-known Washingtonian. Everybody knows him, even if nobody can find and identify him.

A good deal less well known, but a bureaucrat clearly discernible and definitely fixed in his civil service status after twenty-five years of government employment, is John C. Garand, a Professional class 7, taking \$6500 a year out of the public payroll but not taking a penny of royalties on his rifle. Mr. Garand and his fellow government employees have made nearly 90 per cent of the rifles used by our troops — and made them for \$14 per rifle less than the same Garand rifle costs when made in private plants.

Actually there are many more bureaucrats than the three million on the public payroll. At a time when war has become the one customer, government in effect signs all the pay checks. Henry Kaiser, for example, is "reimbursed" from the Treasury for the

wages he pays. He doesn't make a "profit." He gets a fee for the ships — and one big enough to be quite satisfactory to Mr. Kaiser. He does not take a risk; he provides managerial skill. His fees and his workmen's wages both come straight out of the United States Treasury in a war in which we are nearly all bureaucrats.

Bureaucrats, including me and perhaps you, are funny people nevertheless. It might be a sad day for democracy if the bureaucrat in wartime or peacetime ceased to seem a sort of fellow with his head through the hole in a carnival game in which every citizen has a right to throw a baseball. There's more sport in the hitting than the ducking.

There's a special variety in the people at the ducking end now. Certainly that's so in Washington, where we are all classified and sorted. A P-47 is a fighter plane, but a P-7 is a bureaucrat. In Washington a P-7 likes to think of himself as a fighter, too, if not quite the equal in pay or power of a CAF-15. The P, as a wartime bureaucrat learns quickly, means Professional classification and the CAF is Clerical, Administrative, and Fiscal. The numbers following the letters are the ranks similar to the more familiar ranks of those beside us in uniform.

Some colonels and majors and commanders are bureaucrats, too, as much men of the desk and the conference as we are. Some of them, of course, are fighting men trapped in both uniform and bureaucracy like those young officers in the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics who hung out a service flag when one of their number was lucky enough to be ordered to sea. "Praise the Lord and pass the correspondence" is a sad Washington war song of the young and the brave — as well as of the fat and the bald, the starry-eyed and the merely dull, to whom, in Washington as elsewhere, the war is sometimes giving a second chance.

3

I must honestly and sadly record that sometimes the war — or perhaps it is just bureaucracy — can do strange things to the sensible citizen in a government office building. No incurable civilian in a soldier suit can ever look and act funnier in the army than some bureaucrats after exposure to some contagious comic aspects of the capital. Along Constitution Avenue there are offices — strangely or not, built by the Republicans — which almost seem designed to scare taxpayers. These marble temples prompt the grand manner.

Rank in bureaucracy wears its badges — and sometimes wears them a little ludicrously. It may

seem to make a lot of difference in the rank of a man — or the stubbornness of his secretary — who gets on the telephone first and waits for the other man. There may be a world of difference as to whether the bureaucrat has one or two pens in his desk fountain pen holder.

Has he a private water carafe? How many glasses? If he breaks the ones he has, can he get any more? Is there a car assigned to him? (I know several generals who have private planes, but only one civilian agency that has one.) How many lines has he to his telephone box?

The hideous dark leather couch, which all Congressmen get as a matter of course, may among bureaucrats be an emblem of eminence. And a rug on the floor, green or brown or crimson, has a meaning both in the grand Constitution Avenue buildings Mr. Hoover built, but did not long occupy, and the hot "temporaries" which have been run up since the war. The rug business is the more acute, I understand, because some moths got into a warehouse full of government office furnishings about the time the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor.

One of my best friends in bureaucracy, Wilbur Schramm of Iowa, had a rug experience as a man in government trying to bring the pen to the aid of the sword. He came into his office one day and found a corps of men taking up his red rug. The rug was a little worn, even a little raveled at the edges, but in a sense it had been his badge, all that he had as uniform in an increasingly uniformed city in which the best men will eagerly work for \$2400 as a captain who would scorn \$8000 as a CAF-15.

"Wait a minute," Schramm said. "What goes on?"

The bureaucrat in charge of the other rug-moving bureaucrats eyed my friend sadly and sternly, as only a man in the administrative services can be sad and stern together.

"Now, now," he said, "don't you know there is a war going on? These are serious times. What do you care about a rug?"

Bureaucrat Schramm dropped his eyes in shame to the half-rolled rug of which he was already half robbed, but he lifted them again in indignation.

"Who," he demanded, "is this strutting so-and-so that's got to have my rug in the middle of a war?"

I have not been able to determine to my own satisfaction when these new bureaucrats began to be wartime bureaucrats and not just bureaucrats. There is a civil service order of March 15, 1942, which makes it clear that those who came after that date acquire no permanent civil service status — the government can be quickly rid of them when it wishes to be. But men and women, good ones and

bad ones, began coming to Washington for "defense" long before they came for "war." I remember I was asked to come to Washington in the "defense" days and was rather shocked at the idea.

Perhaps the beginning of the wartime bureaucracy can best be fixed around June 1, 1940. Among others, Donald Nelson and Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., were called to Washington the day after the King of the Belgians surrendered on May 28, 1940. Henry Lewis Stimson, who had been Taft's Secretary of War and Hoover's Secretary of State, and Frank Knox, who had run for Vice President on the Republican ticket in 1936, were named Secretaries of War and Navy on June 21, 1940, almost coincident with the fall of France. Republican politicians noted also an alarming coincidence with the national political conventions of that year. A matter of days later, Colonel William J. Donovan, former Republican candidate for governor of New York and Federal official under both Coolidge and Hoover, was beginning his bureaucracy as an observer in Europe.

William S. Knudsen, who came from General Motors, and is now a general, is the hero of the often-told story about the list after list of appointees in war production presented by him to the President for approval. The President noted that all were consistently Republican. Knudsen explained that big businessmen just did not come as Democrats. The President approved the lists. But one day, when a new list was presented, the President called Knudsen in.

"Bill," he said gravely, "it's hard to believe, but you must have made a mistake."

"Vat's dat, Mr. President?"

"I've looked over this list and there's a Democrat on it."

"Oh, no, Mr. President. No mistake," said the Danish-born industrialist, "no mistake. He was a Democrat but he voted for Villkie."

That story has not seemed so funny to some of the President's party associates as it has seemed to him. Some of them have given currency to the wartime saying: "It is not necessary to be a Republican to get a job in Washington — but it helps."

4

STORIES like this do not go unchallenged. The war bureaucrat has been presented as a wild-eyed New Dealer engaged in reforming the world under only the most transparent and casual pretense of trying to win the war. Or the government employee for war only is a shrewd and unemotional businessman

shaping war to serve business interests. He's a Democrat interested in advancing a fourth term, or a Republican working from within to do as much damage as he can. He's seeking the domination of America by Communism, or he's another fellow who wants to turn the Republic over to cartels. After nearly two years in Washington I would be the last man to deny categorically the existence of any one of them or their friends and companions in Washington.

There have been cases, of course, when the chance for the man, regardless of political or economic philosophy, was greater than the government's chance with him. Not only have many men come to work for less; some men in Washington, as elsewhere, have worked for more than they ever saw before. Some big men have given devotion to little jobs, while there have been cases of little men being newly noisy in bigger ones.

Some funny fellows follow the flag. I remember one man who was ardently seeking a chance to serve. Soon after Leo Crowley assumed the terrific task of administering our foreign economic operations abroad this gentleman asked me to assist him in making an engagement to see Mr. Crowley.

"Mr. Crowley's pretty busy," I suggested. "What did you want to see him about?"

He hesitated. "Well," he said, "confidentially, I'm in some trouble with a woman and I'd like to serve my country overseas."

Sometimes the good idea and the bad one get mixed up in a government so big that man and memory cannot hold all the details. A man I know was called to the Navy Department for a special task. He reported that in the bureau to which he was attached he made his study and then, to test his findings against the minds of his more seasoned associates in bureaucracy, wrote and dispatched an interoffice memo to his associates with regard to it. He waited but he got no response. Then at last timidly he asked one of those to whom he had sent his memo if he had received it.

The more seasoned bureaucrat looked at him with some pity.

"You haven't been here long," he said.

"No," my friend admitted.

Out of some humanity lingering in him in the dull echelons of the government service, the veteran explained the situation. In that bureau, all inter-office memoranda had to be written on blue paper. It was the rule. It could not be broken. Any other memo was no memo at all.

This struck my friend as a curious item in the folk habits of the bureau. With a zeal which would have done credit to an archaeologist, he hunted out the

origin of the custom. Research revealed that shortly after World War I some responsible supply officials discovered that a large excess of blue paper had been accumulated. Therefore, in a memo which should have pleased taxpayers if the taxpayers had known about it, the circumstances were stated and all employees were instructed, as a means of consuming the surplus, to write their memos on the blue paper. All agreed it was a fine idea.

Time and people passed away. Then one day a supply clerk discovered that the blue paper for interoffice memos was exhausted. His duty was plain; he put in a big new order for the special blue paper on which office memos had to be written.

The one thing I have grown more certain of every day I have been in Washington is that it takes all kinds of people to make a war. At one time, I know, the United Mine Workers and the United Aircraft Corporation had rooms in the Carlton Hotel side by side on the fourth floor. The rooms of Philip Murray of the CIO were just a few doors away from the rooms kept by Standard Oil, Republic Steel, and the Bankers Trust Company on the sixth floor — where Bernard M. Baruch had rooms, too.

Not all bureaucrats, or those who buy lunches for bureaucrats, can live beside the companies and unions and lawyers in the Carlton — or the Mayflower or the Shoreham. Their dwellings are as diverse as Washington. Lesser bureaucrats in declining scale run down from Georgetown mansions (often snatched from Negro occupants by the real-estate dealers and interior decorators) to the furnished room and a part of the furnished room. I know of a lady in a war agency who tried to buy an old boat in the Potomac.

All of them, wherever or however they live, except the inflexible and the impenetrable, have learned about bureaucracy. In the business detail of running a multi-billion-dollar-a-year war the details can pile with deadening weight on top of drama, imagination, and humanity. There is always the danger in immensity that both the bureaucrats and the taxpayers together may be dehumanized by the processes and procedures which separate them. Men and agencies sometimes get tangled in their own lines.

5

CONTEMPLATE the impression sometimes given that the bureaucrat is a dangerous radical. Actually, the bureaucrats are almost the only people in our population who have been carefully examined for subversiveness and given a passing grade. When I arrived — two months after Pearl Harbor — I was

rather sharply questioned by a young investigator (and there was a girl behind me taking notes). It appeared that a couple of years before the war I had been on the executive committee of the American Committee Against Japanese Aggression.

Somebody had said it was a Communist organization. All the same, I haven't been able to be sorry I was on it. Also, I am glad that I passed the examination into my loyalty — that, not being a menace, I have been allowed to remain to contribute my mite. Whatever my wife may say with bitterness about the state of a bureaucrat or the condition of his family, my experience in bureaucracy has been worth all the price and the pains.

The real danger to Washington as the home of the bureaucrat, it seems to me, is not that the country likes bureaucrats too little, but that it will like them too well. Beside the reports about the movements of fleets and of armies there has been little room in the papers for news about the transfer of agencies from the District of Columbia to other parts of the country: the Securities and Exchange Commission to Philadelphia, the Patent Office to Richmond, the Rural Electrification Administration to St. Louis, the Office of Indian Affairs and the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission to Chicago, the Grazing Service to Salt Lake City, the Farm Credit Administration to Kansas City, and others to other places.

In each case government agencies have ceased to be bureaucracy at a distance and have become jobs at home — jobs dear to the Congressman in the district, the local chambers of commerce, the Senators of the states, local merchants, doctors, and landlords. Bad as bureaucracy may be, I have a feeling that not willingly will those places and people who have possessed the dispersed pieces of it relinquish them to Washington again.

All this is for the future. But the future in bureaucracy, as in other things, is being made now. It is not all necessarily bad. If big government is inevitable even beside free enterprise, war may have taught more than a hundred thousand of us — including the president of General Electric, the editor of the *Cleveland News*, and a man down the hall from me in the Bureau of the Budget, who is by habitat and industry a china manufacturer in Pittsburgh — more about government than we ever knew before. Also — and equally important — it is possible that the war bureaucrats, who include Ralph Davies of Standard Oil, Sears Roebuck's man Nelson, a stock-market man like James Forrestal, may have succeeded in teaching some business methods to bureaucracy.

This educational process may furnish copy for the

columnists, horrendous detail for politicians, irritations to the people, a dark interruption for my wife. In the process the bureaucrats of every nature and kind have made mistakes, silly ones, big ones, little ones. They are making them still. But what they will have done at last is to help create the little pieces (some bigger than others) of the greatest military and industrial power any nation ever assembled and to win a victory over the greatest adversary any people ever faced.

Some funny people in Washington and everywhere else in America have contributed to that strength. Some people have not contributed as

much as they should — and not only in Washington. Some bureaucrats are rump-sprung at the desks of futility. Some even look and act like the bureaucrats in the cartoons and the editorials. But a job has been done by hard-working, tough-thinking United States people on the United States payroll.

Most of them have been thinking about victory. And victory includes the right, the chance, the joyous privilege of going home on that first home-bound, peace-bound train or the first possible one after it.

The woman running in front of the train will be my wife.



THE MASS-MAN: HITLER

by HANS KOHN

1

LENIN's world revolution, for which Russia was only an accidental starting point, has resolved itself under Stalin into a Russian revolution, reforming Russia from the depth of her historical roots and calling the masses of the vast empire to active participation. The outward appearance of a Westernized industrial civilization disguised for some time the vitalization of the Russian substance, which gained a cohesion far beyond that which the Russian Church in its Byzantine garb and the Russian monarchy with its Germanized apparatus could provide — both too remote from the people and their lives. Under Stalin, Russian nationalism entered into its own, more strictly secluded from the spiritual tradition of Western liberty than ever in the last two centuries, more alien to, and distrustful of, the West than the Slavophiles had been.

Marxism was an attempt to combine Western liberal ideals — the withering of the authority of the state and the emergence of the free individual — with an anti-Western method of revolutionary sociology. It never gained any hold over the Anglo-

Saxon mind. It became decisive in Germany and Russia. The German Social Democrats accepted more and more the ideals and abandoned the method; the Russian Communists and the German nationalists rejected the ideal and perfected the method. Against Marx's ideal, Stalin's state has grown to an omnipotence which would have aroused the envy of Ivan IV and Peter I. Its strength rests primarily not on the ruthlessness and craftiness which Stalin shares with the great tsars, but on the devotion of the masses.

The elation shown by the Russians and the Germans under their dictators cannot be explained by terror alone. An unmistakable bond of striking depth and strength unites the leaders and their peoples. It is based on their fundamental affinity, not on any outstanding attractiveness in the leader. In his writings and speeches Stalin strikes us as dull. Lenin and Trotsky were brilliant personalities of marked individuality; Stalin in his curious anonymity is the Russian mass-man.

Hitler is the German mass-man. Many have been bewildered by his hold over the German masses. In physical appearance, in creative intelligence, in heroic achievements, he seems to lack everything that could explain his magic power over his fellow Germans. His most authoritative biographer, Konrad Heiden, calls him in his new book,

Sydenham Clark Parsons Professor of History at Smith College, HANS KOHN has taught there since 1934. He taught also at Harvard, Radcliffe, Mount Holyoke, Colorado, and California. Macmillan will publish his new book, *The Idea of Nationalism*, in April.

Der Fuehrer, "one of those men without qualities, normal and colorless to the point of invisibility," a perfect nobody. And yet "this miserable human nothing could feel the feeling of the mass, and when the nothing spoke with the people, it was as though the voice of the people were speaking." Hitler—we are entitled to conclude—had no need to conquer the German masses or to make them his first victims.

True, Hitlerites and Stalinists were at first a minority in their lands; but this minority assumed leadership because it gave form to the shapeless dreams of the peoples and voiced with almost frightening daring and simplifying clarity their confused and hardly conscious wishes. "One scarcely need ask," Heiden says, but without qualifying that the masses in question were German masses, "with what arts Hitler conquered the masses; he did not conquer them, he portrayed and represented them. He does not dominate the minds of millions, his mind belongs to them. Like a piece of wood floating on the waves, he follows the shifting currents of public opinion. This is his true strength."

Mr. Heiden's extremely well written book is based on an expert knowledge of the biographical material and the political background of Hitler's rise to power. The dramatic terseness and vividness of its narrative have lost nothing in the excellent translation. Its brilliant analysis of German and, curiously enough, also of Russian politics makes the book not only a journalistic masterpiece but an authentic work of historical scholarship.

Yet the crucial question of the essentially German nature of Hitlerism is not answered: Mr. Heiden seems to regard Hitler as representing the mind not only of the German masses but of the modern masses everywhere. Though he clearly perceives the deep tie binding Hitler to the German masses and them to him, he often writes as if Hitler had to conquer the German masses against their innermost will. Hitlerism then appears as an international movement which could have happened anywhere and which found in Germany only its accidental starting point. Such an opinion underrates the deep roots of Hitlerism and Stalinism in the intellectual soil and the social structure of Germany and Russia, and at the same time the intrinsic strength and the survival value of Western civilization.

2

WESTERN civilization has been put to an unprecedented strain by three centuries of rapid progress in the liberty of man, the pursuit of happiness,

and the unbinding of the masses. In the end this strain has weakened moral faith and social cohesion and raised doubts and fears everywhere, but in very different ways and degrees, according to the social structure and the intellectual climate of each country. National Socialism and Communism, which promised a new certitude to frightened men, a sense of fulfillment to distracted lives and perplexed minds, have by their very reaction to the crisis aggravated it. But Russians and Germans both take it for granted that Western civilization was as much undermined in the *West* as with them; thus they became convinced of their imminent triumph over the West, which both hated.

This ignorance and rejection of the West is nothing new in German and Russian history. For more than a century many German and Russian thinkers and dreamers, deeply conscious of, and endlessly meditating about, their difference from the West, have proclaimed its inferiority and predicted its decline. Stalinism and Hitlerism are only Russia's and Germany's latest answers to the challenge of Western ideals and the impact of Western forces.

These answers have gained a terrifying strength and unrestrained ferociousness from the fact that this time they do not come from the ruling classes, but from the national masses, who for the first time represent their nations and national traditions. Certainly there are National Socialists outside Germany and Stalinists outside Russia. Yet only in Germany and Russia did Hitlerism and Stalinism become true vital forces; elsewhere they fanatically possessed individuals and small groups, but never pulsed with the lifeblood of the masses. Hitler and Stalin are German and Russian massmen, nationalists in the deepest sense of the word, not the aristocratic and cosmopolitan supermen whom Nietzsche and Spengler expected.

Their superman was a solitary individual, high above the masses, unrelated to them, despising them and marshaling their emotions to the icy clarity of his rational will. Hitler is no Nietzschean superman, not a solitary individual opposed to the masses, but a demoniac intensification of their emotions, lusts, and vices—the mass-man without individuality, who has no real biography, no ancestry, no family, no progeny—one with the masses, fused with his nation. Spengler, who lived to see Hitler rise to power, rejected him, and Nietzsche would have loathed what seemed an absurd caricature of the superman. Nietzsche's superman was Napoleon, not Hitler.

Hitler has often been compared to Napoleon, and Heiden calls him "the belated anachronistic German answer to Napoleon." Yet between them

stands not only the utter difference of the French and German ideas which they represent. Napoleon was the son of the enlightened eighteenth century, the sword of the generous, rational, and humanitarian message of the French Revolution. Hitler stands for ideas and forces diametrically opposed to the liberating message of the French Revolution.

But their dissimilarity goes deeper. Napoleon was not a Frenchman; he was an Italian, a Renaissance *condottiere* who espoused the cosmopolitan cause of the French Revolution. He remained alien to the French mind and tradition with their discipline of value and measure; his violent and inordinate ego violated them. He was a solitary individual, living far from the masses and never feeling their warmth; he was a human personality with unique traits, colorful and rich in his life's connections, not an empty symptom and symbol like Hitler. Mussolini had something of a barnstorming Napoleon; Hitler is the very opposite of the Napoleonic superman — not the European individual, but the German mass-man.

3

At the start Mr. Heiden links Russia and Germany and shows that in National Socialism — though not in fascism — anti-Semitism is of fundamental importance. This ubiquitous minority problem became in Germany something unique and incomparable. Jewish emancipation was the work of Western liberal rationalism, of the Anglo-Saxon and French revolutions; in Germany anti-Semitism has long been a basic element in the struggle against Western universal civilization. Luther's anti-Semitism has been hardly surpassed in violence. After Napoleon brought Jewish emancipation to Germany, anti-Semitism became the hallmark of German nationalism. The reader of Heine will be struck by the atmospheric affinity of Germany in 1835 and 1935.

Anti-Semitism became the official program of political parties first among Germans — in Protestant Berlin under Adolf Stöcker, whom William II befriended, and in Catholic Vienna under Karl Lueger, from whom Hitler learned. Not an obscure scribbler, but the foremost historian of the Bismarckian Reich, implanted anti-Semitism firmly in the academic world. German use of anti-Semitism in the struggle against the West was perfected by the Russian forgery of the famous *Protocols*, the textbook of conspiracy for world domination. Hitler not only faithfully copied the methods therein ascribed to the Jews, but anti-Semitism was to

make German world domination palatable to non-Germans: Hitler as savior from the Jewish menace.

Germany, strategically Europe's center, is spiritually a borderland between East and West; east of the Elbe, in Slavic lands colonized only in the thirteenth century by the Germans, it merges into the shapeless Sarmatian plains. There Prussia rose with its Spartan spirit, its army the ideal way of existence and its authoritarian state the regulating principle of all life. The Prussianization of Germany by Bismarck, Hindenburg, and Hitler is an oft-told, woeful tale, but this is only part of the story. Even Western Germany never developed a powerful middle class like the West. In the West the Renaissance transformed society and political ideas by the rise to power of the urban middle class. The German Renaissance remained an intellectual movement, spending itself in the fantastic vagaries of its humanists who discovered the nobility of the barbaric destroyers of the Roman Empire, while the German cities sank into sleepy insignificance.

Western Calvinism was primarily an urban middle-class movement inspiring the struggle for a free society; German Lutheranism supported the absolute authority of the princes and encouraged abject submissiveness. The Lutheran opposition of an inwardly free and ethical Christian life and an outward obedience to established authority in an ethically indifferent world produced the *Innerlichkeit* of German intellectual life — its non-political and socially irresponsible aloofness. To the liberals of Germany's classical period, daring giants in the realm of the mind, it seemed unthinkable to try to change society and government, which were the undisputed realm of the competent authority — *Obrigkeit*. The ideal of the great German classicists, the free individuality, was never realized in political and social life. In vain they warned

*Zur Nation euch zu bilden, ihr hoffet es, Deutsche,
vergebens;*

Bildet, ihr könnt es, dafür freier zu Menschen euch aus.

(In vain you Germans hope to form yourselves into a nation;

Form yourselves instead, and you can do it, into freer individuals.)

The Germans did not heed the warning. They abandoned the ideal of the free individual and turned to that of national unity and power. Nineteenth-century intellectual Germany protested against Western rational and optimistic liberalism. Romanticism, which as artistic expression enriched the West, became in Germany a fateful philosophy of society. German thought, saturated with the relativism of all values, despised common sense, and brooding over the tragic character of life glorified

the inevitable "destiny" of crisis and catastrophe. In this German soil National Socialism struck deep roots.

4

GERMANY also had democratic trends. The Reichstag of 1912 had a democratic majority; the Social Democrats alone supplied one third of its membership. Yet the "revolution" of 1918 was not the work of democrats or socialists, whom Hitler later tried to burden with the guilt of having overthrown the monarchy; it was staged, as Mr. Heiden points out, by the army in order to preserve itself and to prepare for the next war. "Thus the generals first brought democracy to Germany and overthrew their emperor." The word "democracy" is not used ironically; to many German democrats democracy meant, above all, national unity and self-determination and the will of the majority expressed in parliamentary form. It did not mean individual self-determination, established and protected against the national authority, or the safeguard of human rights and the universality of law and reason, which were the great ideals of the German classicists, from Lessing to Schiller, who were not concerned with national unity.

"The Weimar Republic," as Helmut Kuhn says in his brilliant *Freedom, Forgotten and Remembered*, "was a democracy without democrats. We may credit its leading statesmen with the sincere desire to make the German parliamentary system a going concern, but none of them was the legitimate heir to the democratic legacy. None of them partook of a philosophy which might have taught him to view his toil as part and parcel of a creative effort in the service of humanity." For the German democrats, says Konrad Heiden, "freedom meant the right to be governed by men of their own language, and democracy meant the right of national self-determination." From this point of view even Hitler could claim to represent democracy; in any case, Bismarck's unification of Germany could be de-

fended and Hindenburg's election in 1932 called a victory for democracy.

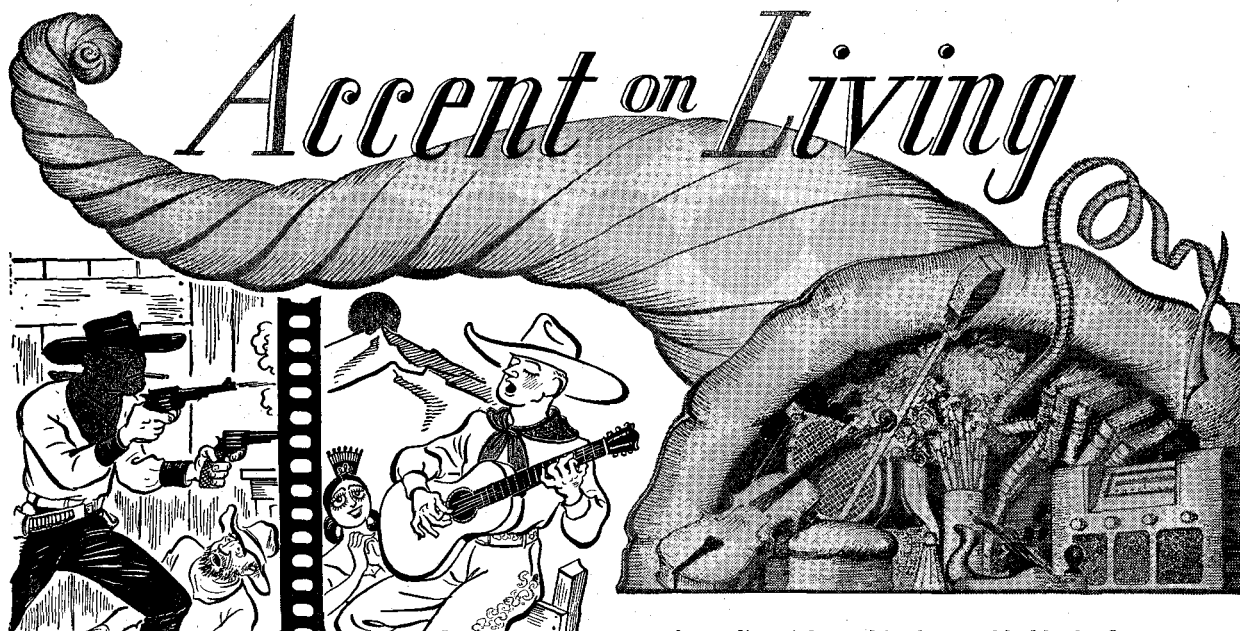
Bismarck, who broke incipient German political liberalism, was at first hated by many Germans. As soon as he united Germany by subjecting it to Prussia, he became the idol of the German people. The same spectacle occurred seventy years later. In the last elections in Germany 43 per cent of the people, an immense group who knew what they wanted, while the rest were without leaders and aims, voted for Hitler. Many did not vote for him because they did not believe that he could succeed. Mr. Heiden shows in some brilliant pages the "fanaticism and servility" with which the German masses accepted enthusiastically the new regime as soon as it was firmly established and as soon as it "strengthened national unity" and power. The German masses were not coerced into submission; "in the long run, only those can be coerced who really want to be." In the years from 1938 to 1940, when Hitler seemed to achieve German dreams at astonishingly little cost to the Germans, the German masses proudly idolized him.

Hitlerism is neither an "accident" nor a universal phenomenon, as Mr. Heiden seems to suggest. "Accidents" like the German defeat of 1918, the world economic crisis of 1930, and the British and American policy of undermining the settlement of Versailles certainly contributed to its rise. Movements akin to Hitlerism can be found everywhere in the rich variety of political and intellectual underbrush, but nowhere — outside Japan, which shows many affinities with Germany — as a dominant system. In its essence and strength Hitlerism is rooted in the historical conditions of German society and thought. It will not disappear with Hitler — who is less an individual than the German mass-man in demoniac dimensions — but only with a profound change in the social structure and in the dominant ideas and ideals of Germany. That will demand time and an exacting vigilance on the part of the West and of a revived German liberalism which will have to undo Bismarck's fateful triumph.

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THE ATLANTIC, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, New Hampshire, or
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Lay That Pistol Down

By GORDON KAHN

At the bar of the Silver Dollar Saloon, the boys from the Tumbling-T Ranch are watching Black Dalton and the Pecos Kid. They know that only death can sunder the chain of hate between those two.

"Black Dalton," says the Kid evenly, scarcely parting his thin lips, "draw!"

Dalton, his hand cautiously distant from his hip, shakes his head. "I ain't swappin' lead agin' the Pecos Kid — not Black Dalton."

"Like I thought," rasps the Kid. "More like you to dry-gulch a waddy, yah yaller-gilled dehorn!"

Dalton, goaded to the quick, gnaws his mustache and fingers the diamond horseshoe in his cravat. The Kid, his cold gaze never veering from the shifting eyes of his adversary, rolls himself a smoke, completing the operation with one hand.

"Yer wastin' yer time, Pecos," Black Dalton snarls. "I know that one. Yer temptin' me to draw, but I ain't doin' it."

Baffled, the Kid half turns to the bar and pours himself a moderate hooker (four fingers). He picks the glass up with his right hand, but like lightning he wheels in mid-gesture. The Colt in his left hand blazes once and Black Dalton staggers back, a bullet between his eyes. A derringer clatters out of his treacherous hand, limp in death. He is cold as a smelt.

The Pecos Kid, his cigarette dangling from his

A former New York newspaperman now writing scenarios in Hollywood, GORDON KAHN tells us: "I was brought up on the Deep East Side of New York — so far East that I could use the East 10th Street pier as my personal bathhouse. My first newspaper job was to move the ribbons on the *New York Herald's* war map, in 1918, every morning, on my way to high school. I took Metz two weeks before the Allies did. My first writing job was on the Bridgeport, Connecticut; *Evening Star* (now defunct), where I wrote under five different by-lines to make it appear that the paper had a large staff."

lower lip, picks up his glass and holds the fiery rye up to the light.

"This'n," he says, "this'n is on the late Mr. Dalton."

He swallows the drink in one gulp and smashes the glass against the back bar. Then with easy grace he turns to the door, his lithe back a target for any cowardly ball. But none dare shoot. The fear of his swift, deadly guns is still upon them.

Those who have witnessed that scene or its equivalent in the movies are well advised to treasure its memory. Its like will not be seen again, for it is now the *Götterdämmerung* of the centaur who spoke with a six-gun in each hand and never gave an order twice. It is the hour of twilight for the Western Hero. And the bicycle racks in front of the Little Gem and Bijou theaters throughout the land are empty in token of adolescent lament for his passing.

The Pecos Kid has been succeeded by a milk-fed man of parts — one part Sir Galahad, one part Chevalier Bayard, and two parts Model Youth. This one has yet to pistol his first man, drink his first tumbler of anything headier than lime coke, utter his first cuss, or, for that matter, embrace one female who is not his mother.

He is not a refined version of that nonpareil of sagebrush derring-do, but an entirely new specimen from the soles of his eighty-five-dollar custom boots to the crown of his fifty-dollar dove-colored Stetson. He is the Singing Cowboy, a laboratory product, designed jointly by the Producers Association (otherwise called the Hays Office), the Congress of Parents and Teachers, the American Legion Auxiliary, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Legion of Decency, and forty-four State Censorship Boards.

When the Pecos Kid strode the screen, evil was



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not mere mischief and its perpetrators were double-dyed scoundrels. There was no shriving for their sins except bloodletting, and the Kid was there to administer. When they committed robbery, they did it with pistols and invariably left gory and incontrovertible evidence upon the floor of the First Drovers' and Cattlemen's Bank. When Black Dalton (or Ace Simmons, or Hole-card Beaucaire) lusted after Florabel, the Prairie Nightingale, he panted, pawed, and knocked the furniture over. He was pressing kisses that carried a 125-pound head of steam on her throat when the Kid let him have it, from both guns — not without, of course, the punctilio of calling upon him to draw.

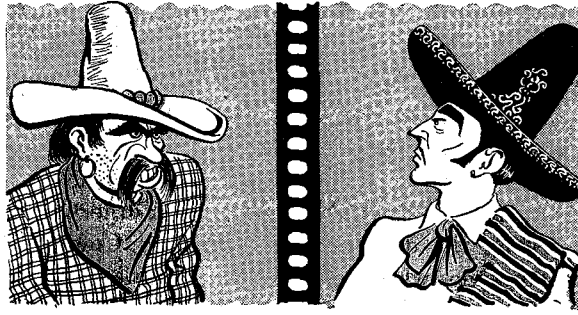
The Pecos Kid was often launched upon the screen at the working end of the Vigilantes' rope. The devotee of the Western knew that there were two methods by which he could denoose himself: a confederate could shoot the rope apart with a bullet at the instant of the Kid's strangulation; or the Kid would ask the final solace of a condemned Western hero — a dram.

"Pass him up a flask of mouth-whiskey," the Vigilante leader would direct. The Kid swigged to the count of nine. His cheeks puffed out like an ape's. Suddenly he'd expel the whiskey in a stinging spray. There were flurries, howls, and curses, reaching for guns, and a random fusillade. But the Kid was well away, pouring leather into his cayuse.

Try *that* with a lemon phosphate.

The Pecos Kid, weary, dusty, and unshorn, having traversed a trail strewn with the skulls of buffler, would enter a settlement. He was never indiscreet enough to inquire, "What's the name of this town, pardner?" because the invariable reply would be, "We don't ask names hereabouts, stranger. We stay — or we ramble." Nor did he ever give his name. Instead, he was recognized, usually by the fleetness of his draw in his first encounter with a henchman of the villain, who in turn was advised of the advent of the Kid into these precincts. The plot began to simmer with the villain's invocation, "Hmmm. So it's the Pecos Kid. Ridin' a apron-faced bronc, huh? Well, I'll fix *his* wagon!"

The Kid would be found eating ham and eggs in



The Chinaman's. Why always ham and eggs and always in a restaurant operated by a Chinese, the deponent is not prepared to say. But that's the way it was.

Not always was Black Dalton the proprietor of the Silver Dollar Saloon.

Sometimes he was Lafe Dalton, Indian agent; Si Dalton, the crooked banker; Hank Dalton, sheriff of Lop Ear County; or Lame Elk De-Aw-La-Ton, leader of a band of marauding Navajo that had busted off the reservation and were taking a census of the white settlers by scalp. In some pictures he was Ponsonby Smythe-Dalton who swore by his hypothecated coronet that, damme, he was going to run sheep on land hitherto sacred to horned cattle, egad.

Organized lawlessness was an essential ingredient of the Western movie for a generation. When the industry and civic agencies realized that the audiences for these films included millions of Mexicans, British, South and Central Americans, they abolished criminal conspiracy by manifesto and directive. A sheriff could no longer, under any circumstances, work in concert with a thieving band. At worst, he could only be honestly mistaken. Indians took the warpath only up to 1879; hence any picture in which the aborigine takes up arms must make it clear that nothing like that happens now; that the Navajo peacefully weaves rugs for the Fred Harvey tourist trade and the Apache handles a wholesale line of prime mutton.

A speech such as this serves to make the point more than amply lucid: "Me friend to Crazy Dog people. Me travel many moons to say to Chief, put um pistol down chief, put um pistol down! Smoke calumet with Paleface brother. If not do, Great White Father Rutherford B. Hays send um long rifles. I have spoken."

Crime can no longer be done in concert; but it is still permissible in a duet — one villain, one henchman. Neither of these may be a Mexican any longer, for obvious good-neighborly reasons. Pablo, Jiminez, or Ildefonso is frequently cast, in the modern Western, as the ally and devoted friend of the hero, a model of dignified conduct and elegant deportment.

After the picturization



of high crime had been thoroughly bowdlerized, the movies found to their confusion that the hero himself was no meekling. He still shot to kill and never missed. Something had to be done about that. The lag between the reformation of the villain and the continued bloodthirstiness of the hero had to be taken up. Then for a period the hero had to content himself with merely getting the drop on his adversaries, disarming and sometimes whipping them. However, the frequent show of pistols and the infrequency of firing them was a recognizably false note in a proper Western.

It were better, the producers reasoned, if the hero carried no guns at all. They gave him, instead, a guitar (pronounced "gitter"). They tailored him to the nines and barbered him until he glowed a cherry red.

The Pecos Kid would have shot him on sight.

The Kid in his day rode anything that had four legs and hair. Occasionally, when it was fractious, he'd growl, "Whoa, yah jughead! Stan' quiet or I'll let yuh have one on the honker." But it was obvious that the new hero couldn't ride a common hoss, a bronc, or even a critter. It had to be a Sunday hoss, caparisoned in a thousand dollars' worth of saddle and tack, resplendent with silver filigree. This photogenic animal, like his master, now has a double who does the more perilous riding for him. He arrives on location in a padded van and eats nothing but irradiated barley soaked in sherry.

Upon this palfrey, the latter-day Western hero, accompanied by a comic aide, rides into the picture. He no longer enters that Xanadu of the horse-opera, the Western Town, but a flourishing prairie village complete with a handsome placard: "Welcome to the Incorporated Town of Happy Valley. Lions Club Meets Tuesdays 12.15 at Himmelfarb's Café." Nobody calls him "Stranger" or snarls at him, "Better keep movin', cow-prod. Nobody in Singing Skull *asts* to see Cameo Dalton. If it wasn't *he* sent for *you*, bust brush and save yer pelt whole."

There is a saloon, of course, in Happy Valley, but the drinking is done with genteel sleight-of-hand, so that the audience never sees the passage of glass to lip. The Singing Cowboy knows that this is the cocktail hour and it is here that he finds J. Pedley Dalton, banker, realtor, and secretary of the Junior Trade Council. Dalton has been identified by a kindly

citizen as receiver-in-bankruptcy of the Rancho de los Quatros Ladrones.

The Pecos Kid would have asked for a job by simply stating that he'd hung his poncho on a vacant nail in the bunkhouse and is willing to let it hang there for the customary forty dollars a month and chuck; otherwise he'll drift, and no harm done. The Singing Cowboy, however, after properly declining a drink, a smoke, and the blandishments of a near-by siren, introduces himself as "a graduate of the Kaupocks Institute of Animal Husbandry, Class of '39, more concerned with future prospects than size of starting salary."

Naturally, J. Pedley Dalton sees in this newcomer a tool in the scheme he is even now brewing to gain possession of the ranch and its secret vein of high-test gibbonium, an essential ingredient in the manufacture of tooth paste. The Singing Cowboy arrives at the Rancho just as the fiesta is beginning. It is apparent that this is what's wrong with the Rancho de los Quatros Ladrones — too much fiesta and too little work.

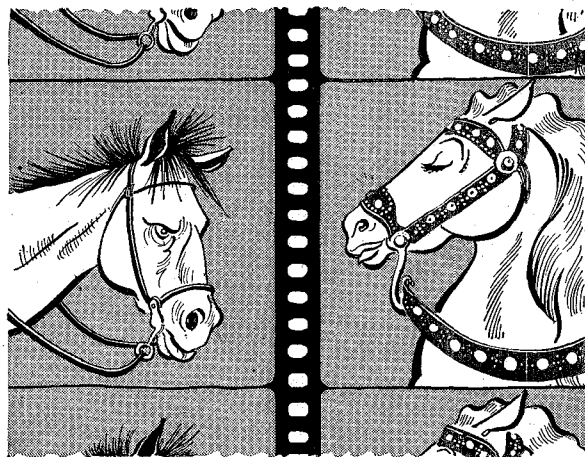
When he has finished the second verse of "My Pearl of the Purple Sunset," Señorita Caramela de las Pimientas Negras is nigh aswoon. The tide of her Castilian blood ebbs and flows with love — and fear. Can it be? She, the daughter of the hidalgos, and this simple cowboy?

No, it cannot. For five more reels he rides and he sings. He talks too, but more than two lines of dialogue in one speech leaves him somewhat dished. He uncovers the plot and restores to the Señorita Caramela the yellowed parchment grant in perpetuity to the Rancho, with the signature of His Most Catholic Majesty, Ferdinand, upon it. He has shot at nobody, and no one has shot at him. His weapon was *bel canto*, and with it he softened the heart of the villain to contrition. Black Dalton has confessed so convincingly and with such fervor that Señorita Caramela consents to marry him.

The Singing Cowboy sings again. The music follows him out to the corral where he mounts Old Paint. Caramela, her nuptial mantilla whipped by the zephyr of her flight, runs to him.

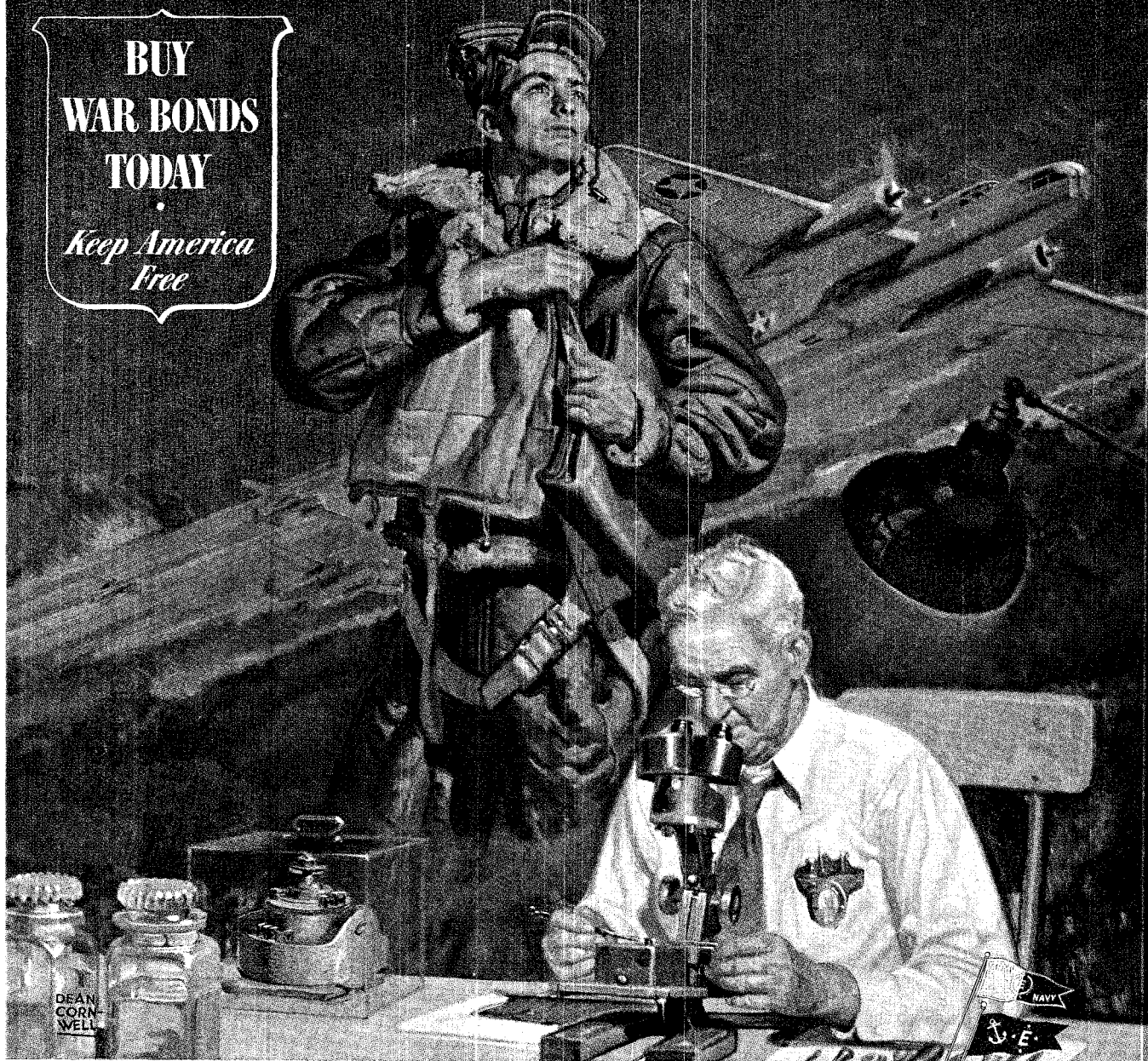
"Shore, miss," he says. "Shore. I ain't got no objection to kissin' the bride."

He rides west. Always west. Into the sunset, singing for the last time — a dirge, slightly on the hot side.



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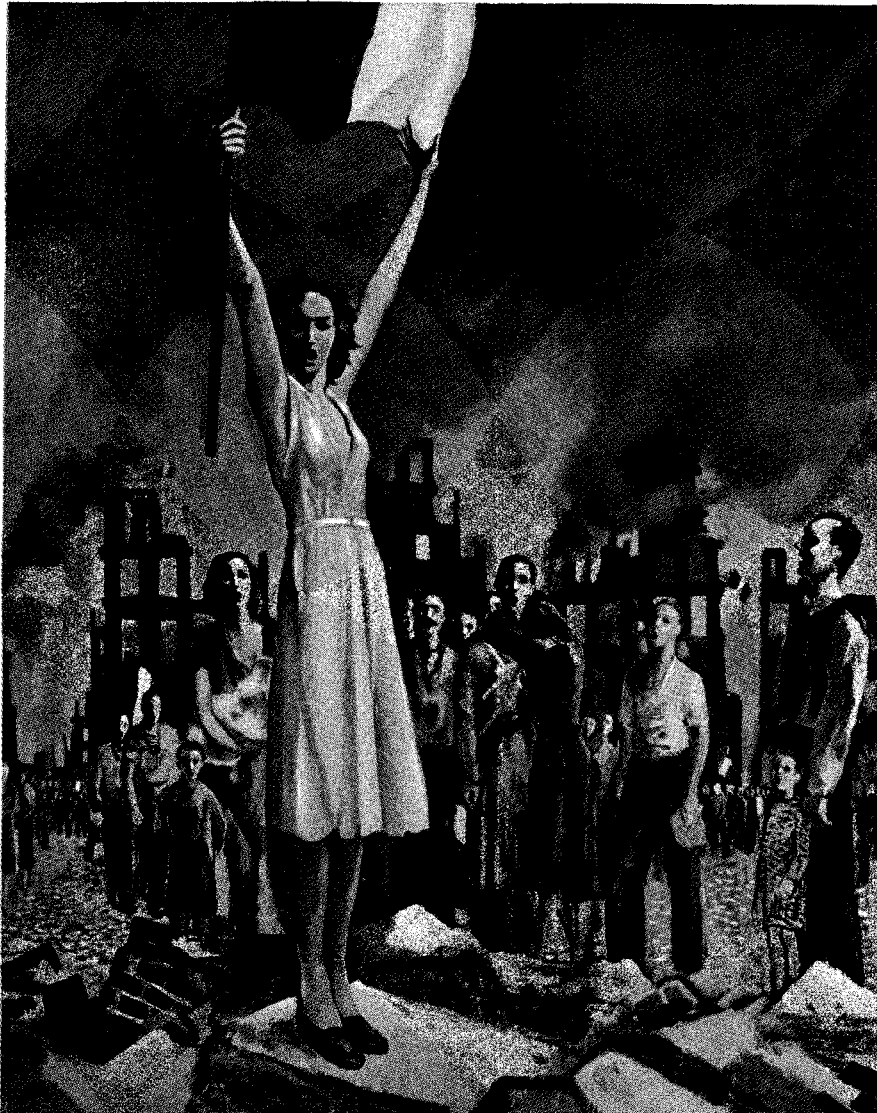


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Day of Deliverance



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Day of joy—when Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité are reborn! When men may sing—ungagged—"Allons, enfants de la Patrie!" . . . Yes, come, you children of the beggared nations—arise! And—as the chains of slavery fall—sing!

For song is the ever-ready accompaniment of freedom. In music of all kinds men find the truest reflection of their hopes, dreams and loftiest aspirations.

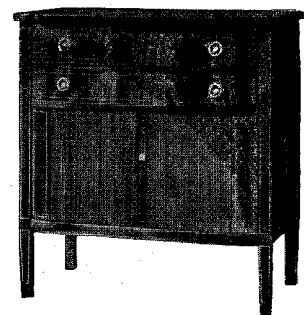
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Day of Wrath

By EVANGELINE DAVIS

I YEARN for a depression. I am fed up with these good times. I pant after a return to subnormal. I have a list of red-hot post-war aims the length of a rayon run. My platform is vengeance; a simple animosity fills my soul.

On that glorious day after peace when the swollen American business index begins to sink, I shall storm the citadel of mine enemies, the merchants of the land who now so sorely beset me. I shall fall upon them at the hour of opening the sacred gates, when their creatures the sales mannequins are unsuspecting, an easy prey.

I will bedeck myself in wartime finery bought of these men and their minions in the era of sleazy goods and low discourtesy. I intend to enter in triumph, arrayed in high-priced gloves leaking at the finger-tips; in a suit that has given up in the seams; in a coat drooping wearily to the leeward; in hose bagging at the knees and wrinkling horribly at the ankles.

Cringing, the chattering criminals will look upon these habiliments with a dread recognition. If there is unhappy repentance in the eyes of the stricken, I shall not notice. I will barge through shop after shop with relentless thoroughness, fluttering tale-telling price tags from every garment.

Behind me, I intend to leave pawed-over and disdained merchandise — the best the house has to offer — in mountainous piles.

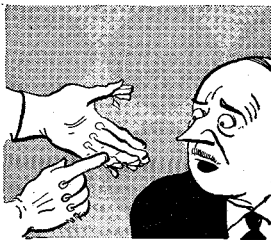
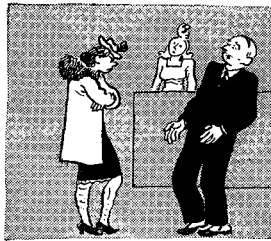
If there are wounded feelings and tweaked noses as well, I shall rejoice. My laughter will ring off the showy walls as I recall the ancient chant:—

"It's the war."

I shall cry heinously as I depart:—

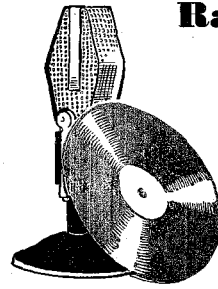
"It's the peace!"

EVANGELINE DAVIS lives in Charlotte, North Carolina. Her husband is on the staff of the *Charlotte News*. Before her marriage she was a staff writer for the old *Atlanta Georgian*.



Radio's Sceneshifters

By ROBERT GRAHAM



ON THE major broadcasting networks today is a select group of performers, each of whom has spent approximately two years' apprenticeship to learn a highly skilled profession. The work of this group, consisting of not more than one hundred artists, is heard in a million homes daily. None of these artists, however, has ever been accused of citing a controversial issue; there is no record of an adolescent's having fainted at the sound of any of their voices; and the amount of fan mail they receive is negligible.

These performers are the sound-effects artists, the stage crews of radio. Any one of them can "design," "paint," and "light" an involved setting in a matter of seconds. More efficiently than can possibly be accomplished by narration, dialogue, or music, the sound-effects artist swiftly acquaints the listener with the locale, time, and mood of the scene. His effects can be made so intimate as almost to bridge the gap of the microphone and persuade the listener to feel himself actually living the action. Without a well-designed and accurate sound-effects "accompaniment," the radio audience would find the most gripping dramatization of the news, or the most hysterically side-splitting cast of comedians, as devitalized as the stream of tape from a stock ticker.

Of the two categories into which sound-effects are divided, manual and recorded, the latter is the less heralded and the more fascinating. A well-stocked sound-effects record library contains roughly four hundred different records. These records are identical in size with the ordinary ten-inch musical recording, but usually they are made on a much more durable base. Since many of the records contain as many as five or six recorded effects, or "cuts," on each side, the actual number of such items may approximate three thousand or more. Each cut is cross-indexed in a comprehensive file under all applicable headings.

There is also a file of "quickies" — that is, sound-cuts made by the sound-artist himself. Frequently no commercial cut can be found which will fit a particular script sequence, and the artist must then find or improvise a sound-source and make a special recording. Recently, while preparing a dramatization of Thurber's *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, NBC artists found themselves at such an impasse. In the original story, there is an onomatopoeic

For the past seven years ROBERT GRAHAM has been a sound-effects artist in NBC's Chicago studios. He is a graduate of the University of Iowa.



What powers most of America's **WAR PROGRAM?**

The answer is bituminous coal.

America's war program wouldn't get very far without it.

Bituminous coal is used in making practically 100% of all steel.

It supplies 65% of the mechanical energy required to run the machines that make the guns, tanks, planes and other arms and war equipment.

It supplies the power for 94% of the nation's locomotives.

It provides in whole, or in part, the basic materials for all high explosives, and the four most important war chemicals.

85% of all war plastics require processed bituminous coal as a base.

And in addition to all this — and more — 41% of the homes in the United States depend on bituminous coal for heat.

"What do you want to know about the Coal Industry?"

That's what we asked thousands of people throughout the nation, and here are our answers to two of their questions.



How much coal is produced in a year?

During 1943 our bituminous mines produced 589,000,000 tons, the greatest volume ever mined in one year in any country. During the past six years our bituminous mines have produced a total of 2,883,320,774 tons. The yield in 1943 would have been 40,000,000 tons greater had it not been for strikes.



Why are the miners always striking?

They aren't. It only seems that way, because anything that happens to an industry as important as the Coal Industry gets widespread publicity. Rarely does a strike occur except about the time a new contract comes up — and that is at two-year intervals. Strikes in the coal mines are likely to be more spectacular than frequent. This also exaggerates their frequency in the public's memory. We look forward to the day when there won't be any strikes at all!

No wonder the annual value of the bituminous coal mined in this country exceeds the value of all metallic minerals combined.

Bituminous coal is a great fuel. We're proud to belong to the industry which mines it. We aim to live up to our responsibilities to our country, to our customers and the men who work in our mines.

★ ★ ★

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

BITUMINOUS COAL *Institute*

60 East 42nd Street

New York 17, N.Y.

phrase, "pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-queep, pocketa-queep," with which Thurber describes the faulty motor of the anesthetic machine. Since it is impossible to read the phrase without practically hearing the motor, it was felt necessary to reproduce the effect as accurately as possible. The "pocketa" was finally produced from an obsolete automobile machine by removing two of the "cylinders" and rhythmically starting and stopping the motor. The "queep" was provided by blowing a rising inflection on a small peanut whistle at appropriate intervals. This effect was cut onto an acetate record by a portable recorder. As these "quickie" recordings wear out rapidly from continued use, the initial cutting is retained as a master copy from which others are "dubbed," or re-recorded, as needed.

Sound-effects records are "played" on a reproducer which is an elaboration of a home record playback. It has three turntables, however, rather than one, and there are usually four tone, or pick-up, arms, adjacent pairs of which can be placed simultaneously upon a single turntable. Each tone arm is regulated by a volume control similar in action to that on a home phonograph. The reproducer is further supplied with the familiar "high and low" controls found on modern radios. Thunder effects, for instance, are more resonant with all the bass frequencies accentuated, while the ricochet of a bullet is more piercing when the high frequencies are amplified. All effects reproduced by this machine are emitted from loud-speakers placed beside it in the studio and are heard by the actors and musicians.

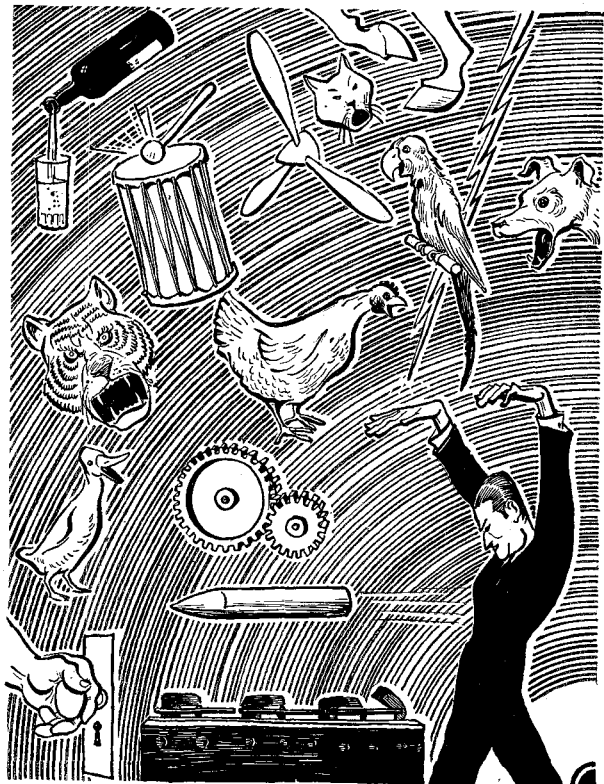
Further to complicate the operation of the reproducer, electromagnetic "spotting" devices are installed on the tone arms. Not infrequently the sound-artist must reproduce an effect which is buried in the content of a sound-cut — or perhaps the sound-cues have been inserted into the dialogue with such frequency that it is physically impossible for him to place the tone arms in position on the records in time to execute the effect. In such cases, the operator may resort to the spotting device, which, once set, automatically suspends the tone arm just above any desired spot on the record.

When the cue comes up, the sound-artist operates a control which allows the tone arm to drop, and the needle engages the particular groove on the record where the specific sound is recorded. At the same moment, he opens his volume control to the position already determined during rehearsal, and the effect thus fits in with the actors' voices at the correct intensity. When the effect ends, the volume control is closed, the tone arm is manually removed, and the record is replaced for the next required in the sequence.

The sound-artist, in these record operations, must be deft and always the precisian. There are usually five components, for example, to a correctly executed airplane take-off — starter and idle, revving the engine, taxiing, the take-off, and flight. While these effects are available in correct sequence on several different records, it is rarely that any one record will fit the dialogue in a script. Since timing is critical in broadcasting, the sound-artist will often have to create this effect from five *different* records in forty-five seconds.

When the plane lands, four more records are needed — "gunning" the engine while still in the air, the impact on the ground, taxiing, and back to idle. He may also have to provide the effect of wind howling past the plane as it lands, brakes squealing as it turns on the ground, or the final coughing grunt as the engines are killed. The manipulation of possibly twelve records on three or four turntables must be seen to be appreciated. When such a sequence begins, it is not unusual to find the sound-artist stacking records three deep on each turntable.

The correct execution of the sound-plot just described may seem difficult enough; but the sound-artist must also keep one eye on the producer in the control booth, one ear for the actors' delivery, the other eye roving between the script and the turntables, and the other ear monitoring the output of his loud-speakers. Meanwhile, his hands operate the reproducer controls purely by reflex action.



About two years of daily operation is required before a sound-effects artist becomes sufficiently adept to work in the more exacting productions.

While recorded effects afford general sounds for background, locale, and broad action, the hand-operated effects usually provide specific sounds — the small sounds indicative of personal action. Manual devices are limited only by the ingenuity of the sound-artist who devises them. Among the simplest of these effects is a gadget made of nails and glass which squeals excruciatingly when revolved. Among the more complex is a horse machine consisting of a candy drum and crank, a small slab of cement and a tray of gravel, and four coconut shells and the chassis of a small baby buggy — a complicated device which walks, trots, and gallops.

The radio actor acts with his voice; the sound-effects artist acts with his hands. He must be able at a moment's notice to articulate any one of a thousand effects in such a manner that it will be exactly in keeping with the rhythm and intensity of the sequence. Without this accurate synchronization, action soon becomes discordant and inharmonious. Everyone has heard a broadcast in which the opening of a door, the timing of footsteps, or the starting of a car has been a fraction of a second too early or too late. The impression that the actor himself has performed the action fails to ring true. Effects in which the sound-artist physically acts for the actor must be synchronized with the actor's every pause and inflection. The actor is more at ease in his role when he realizes that the sound-timing is so accurate that he might be performing the action himself. So far, no Madame La Zonga has appeared, with an ability to teach the art of synchronization in six lessons.



Baron Munchausen

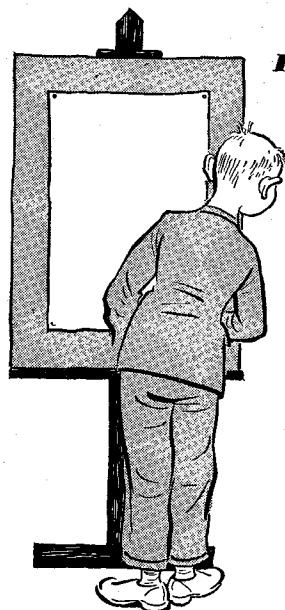
By OSCAR WILLIAMS

THE moth on the lantern is a bat on the wall,
A monster of shadow on road and trees.
It's the light at night that multiplies —
The fears are bigger when the light is small,
There are no fears when the dark is all.

Now Baron Munchausen has a pair of wings,
A bat of darkness he flies in the skies
And he throws on the screen of our verities
With gauze of iron the size of his lies
Really quite small in the nature of things.

Just Painting

By PATRICK MORGAN



SIR, what do I draw?"
"That, over there,"
I said, pointing to the still life that had taken me some time to place in a casual-looking way. Though I was new at the game of teaching, I realized that a stiff "artistic arrangement" would not be the thing to start

seventeen-year-old boys off with. I didn't see why these husky-looking citizens had signed up for the course anyway.

"That?"

"Sure, that," I answered. "That pile of junk, which henceforth we shall refer to as a still life."

"Gee, can't I draw people, sir?"

There it was already, subject matter. Always the question of subject matter. No one asked to paint a red picture or a blue picture. No one cared what pattern he created. All they wanted was to copy an attractive subject.

"No, you cannot draw people yet. Or boats either," I added, since they all wanted to do one or the other. The boats were preferably their own sailboats, and the people were preferably girls, not necessarily their own. I got so that I divided them automatically into the life-on-the-ocean-wave and the mildly-disturbed-by-sex categories.

What happens to people between the ages of seven and seventeen? Plenty, obviously, but why should it produce such a prosaic point of view? At seven a child uses his subject matter as a springboard, and his imagination leads him beyond. But at seventeen he prefers to dress, talk, and think like the others. He has grown a protective cover of conventionality that blunts his perceptions. To hack through this crust takes work from within and without.

"No, you can't draw people. People move. They don't sit still even when they are posing. That junk which is a still life sits obligingly, even though it's

A graduate of Harvard who studied at the Beaux Arts and with Hans Hofmann, PATRICK MORGAN is a painter who has had one-man shows in New York and Boston. For the past three years he has been scoring a remarkable success as a teacher of art at Phillips Academy, Andover.

not pretty." As I spoke, I gave out charcoal paper and drawing boards to the students who had gathered around. The studio looked enormous when it was empty, but now it had shrunk.

"The thumbtacks are over there. When you have your paper anchored, put the board on one of these easels."

"Is this right, sir?"

"Hey, where did he say the thumbtacks were, Joe?"

"Sir, what do we do next?"

The one they called Joe was in difficulties. "Your paper isn't flat," I told him. "Put the northeast and southwest tacks in first; then smooth out the paper with your hand before putting in the other two. You know, Joe, if a thing is worth doing —"

"Yes, sir, it's worth doing well." He was obviously pleased to hear a familiar fragment in the strange world of art.

"Now for those of you who are ready, here are your weapons." I gave each a piece of charcoal, a cloth, and an eraser. "All you have to do is to draw that cow's skull leaning against the blue tin box. It is simple except for one slight hitch. Over there on the table, those objects have three dimensions, and I have been mean enough to give you a perfectly flat piece of paper, so you have obviously been short-changed out of one dimension. Let's see what you can do about it."

The majority were frozen by this statement. They had, it seemed, never thought of this, the painter's handicap. A few went confidently to work, unperturbed by the loss of the depth dimension. They had the courage of the undaunted.

One of the frozen thawed out enough to ask, "But, sir, how can you draw depth if the paper is flat?"

"This is just what has troubled a good many painters for a good many centuries."

"Then you don't know how?"

"No," I said, "I don't believe I know any one conclusive way. But I know some painters who got pretty good results. A man called Rembrandt could do amazing things with a flat paper. After you've tackled the problem yourselves, we'll take a look at his work and that of many others."

"Why not now, sir?" They were still putting off the moment they dreaded to face.

"Because it would discourage some of you from ever starting, and the others would just try to copy the one they liked best without understanding the point."

"But I don't know where to begin."

"By standing at your easels and watching the still life. While you are doing this I will tell you one essential principle." The group separated. Once at



their easels, each watched the skull intently, as if an act of levitation were expected.

"This principle," I said, "is balance." I noticed my words in no way deterred the undaunted. One reason was they had not listened.

"The fact is," I continued, "that when you look at the work of those painters whom we call great, you notice that it all has one outstanding characteristic — namely, balance. This is true of their pictures no matter how individually they see things or do things. Somehow a perfectly balanced painting holds your eye, and makes you believe in its depth, though this depth may have been created in one of many ways, ranging from sharp observation accurately set down, to dreams imaginatively suggested. But at all times the illusion of depth is most convincing when the painting is balanced."

As I spoke I looked around, and saw that I had sounded off on a too high plane. Most of the boys looked bewildered but not bored. They had expected me to show them how to draw the subject of their choice, helpful hints in ten easy lessons, as advertised. Instead, I was talking about balance, something far too intangible for them. They wanted a crutch and were getting a sermon.

"What I am trying to tell you will help you later when you come to draw boats and people, because perfect balance gives a sense of reality to your picture. It keeps the eye in bounds so that it doesn't try to compare this world of paint with the real world beyond the frame. The eye recognizes perfect balance and is willing to make allowances for the necessary distortions involved, adjusting itself readily to what it might impatiently reject in an unbalanced picture. So try to juggle the lines of the skull and the box onto your paper, keeping your drawing balanced from the first. Get going, now."

I wondered how much of what I had said sunk in. Very little probably; but so far as I could see, they all had begun drawing. All except Joe. He was staring at the still life, tapping out a rhythm with his charcoal against the easel. I tapped his paper.

"No hits, no runs, no errors," I said.

"No, sir, but I was thinking. Honest I was."

"But, Joe, your thoughts have to get on the paper. Draw something."

There are broadly 3 kinds of listening: (1) active routine (2) passive and (3) collector's-item.

The last consists of seeking on the radio experiences that couldn't thrill you in the same way anywhere else. On the air you infallibly hear from time to time things that are not only unique, but truly on the outer rim of this world.

Say you're listening to a signed-off channel at 2 in the morning, and suddenly through the dead-air static comes: "This is Station So-and-So coming back on the air. We have just heard that Commander Rogers and the crew of the PN9-1 have been found alive and afloat off the island of Kauai..."

Or you hear things like the rhythmic duet between Bill Goodwin's voice and Fred Astaire's feet, on behalf of Swan Soap—probably the top "commercial" of all time.

You hear Sergeant Roy Maypole's wire-recording made during and in the landing at Bougainville... Or you hear Edwin C. Hill conclude a reminiscent broadcast about the unknown 6-year-old heroine of the burning of the *General Slocum*; then a few minutes later you hear Hill's voice again, interrupting the program to report that a woman now 35 years old, had just called him to say "That little girl was me!"

You hear that a boy you knew has gone to glory with a Congressional Medal. You hear a girl you knew in pigtails sing—or tell how she and her sister nurses dug in when the Krauts strafed her hospital tent. Or you hear Ed Murrow in London, just landed from a marauder raid of a German airfield in Belgium.

To hear collector's items you must not only hear but listen *acutely*. Your reward will be golden. And by the way—what is the most interesting thing you ever heard? We'd like to hear your choicest "item"...

★

Following CBS' "first" broadcast of the new Russian anthem, the first American broadcast of the French underground anthem, "The Chant of Liberation" went over CBS' *Report*

to the *Nation* program on Washington's Birthday. The song was originally published in the French underground newspapers, ferreted to England, there recorded by a gifted French chanteuse. If you haven't heard it you should like the amount of whistling in it, since one of the most widely used techniques of annoying the Kraut today is to whistle at him.

★

Juvenile delinquency, though a real wartime community problem, is no war baby. In 1939, station WMBS (CBS affiliate in Uniontown, Pa.) started a weekly program of tackling the problem. Public interest grew so steadily that a volunteer clinic was formed to investigate and rehabilitate cases of juvenile delinquency. Today six such clinics, composed of 100 members, supervise 140 individual cases.



During 1943, Fayette County won a 20% decline in juvenile delinquency in the face of a nationwide increase of 400% during the period 1939 through 1942. Neighboring counties are now imitating Fayette in similar vital community service.

★

At 6 (yrs.) Morton Gould started composing. At 30 he is overhauling Franz Joseph Haydn's opus numbers. Musical director of the *Cresta Blanca Carnival* (CBS, Wed. 10:30 to 11 p.m. EWT) Gould is equally at home in short- and long-haired music. 16 of his original compositions were performed by America's major symphony orchestras last year—more than any other American composer. Mitropoulos of Minneapolis called his *Symphony No. 1* "The American Lenin-grad Symphony;" its premiere was with Fritz Reiner's Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra last March, and it is heading for an active life with other famous orchestras. Gould writes symphonies, concertos for violin, viola and piano, concertettes (which take 12 minutes to play, 2 weeks to write) and he was recently commissioned by Jascha Heifetz and Vladimir Horowitz to write a violin concerto and a

piano solo. His new piece "Cowboy Rhapsody," written for Dr. Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, will have its first airing in the near future. The YMCA, now celebrating its one-hundredth anniversary, has commissioned him to write a commemorative symphony dedicated to the youth of the world. His quality is as noteworthy as his industry.

★

Alarmed by the increasing loss and slowdown of production through absenteeism, Chattanooga war plant manufacturers came to WDOD (CBS affiliate) with their problem. The station's staff devised an emphatic, no-punch-pulling half-hour campaign, broadcast it once a week for 39 weeks. Other stations in 5 nearby towns admired the idea, bought transcriptions and broadcast likewise. Result No. 1: visible reduction in absenteeism. Result No. 2: WDOD received a public vote of thanks from the Labor Relations Committee of the Boilermakers Union in one of the largest war plants.

★

If you run into one of those rare and precious musical fanatics who deplores the fact that great classical music has expanded its audience of devotees beyond all the dainty barriers of snobbism, just tell her that you understand that the sale of symphonic records has increased 800% in the past five years. Your figures will be correct. Radio is pretty largely responsible for making great music popular music by making it familiar music.

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"I wish I knew the first line to make, sir."

"I can help you there but not beyond that. Do you think you can get going on your own steam then?"

"Yes, sir, I won't ask another thing."

"All right. This is what my teacher taught me. Draw a line right down the middle of the page. This line represents nothing you can see over there. It is an axis of gravity, a plumb line in space by which you could lift your composition without tipping it in any direction. Around this line you balance your entire picture. To visualize its position in space, you must decide first how much of the subject you will include, and that, Joe, is entirely your choice. So it's your move next."

"Sir, there's something else that I—"

"No, you don't. You said you'd ask nothing more."

"It's not a question, sir."

"Well, all right. What is it?"

"It's just that my name's not Joe. It's Jack."

"Sir, oh sir, are you busy?"

"No, Jack, just painting. What's up?" I had been told that I should have time off for my own work. And so I did in the afternoons, but though four months had slipped by, my free time amounted to little. Something like this always happened, for when I was found painting I was considered fair game. It was never counted as working.

"Sir, they all say I'm nuts, but I think I am right."

"You weren't nuts when I last saw you in class."

"No, but then what happens? After class I go play the piano in the Beanery. Well, while I'm working on that new tune of mine, up come a bunch of the boys, and they get to talking about what's the basis of life. They ask me what I think. Sir, what is the basis of life?"

"I thought you were telling me."

"No, but what do you think?"

"I don't know that I have thought. Faith, maybe. But that sounds like a guess. I'll have to cut all my classes some day and just think about it. That's a big question."

"D'you know what I say? I say rhythm and they say I'm nuts."

"They said you were nuts about rhythm?"

"No, I admit that. That's why I like swing. Classical is all right, but it hasn't got the rhythm. Now this little tune I'm working on, well, I'll tell you about it later. It's terrific! But they say I'm nuts because I claim rhythm is the basis of life."

"Sounds all right to me. That's not being nuts, Jack."

"I say to them, look, when you are born, it's your

heart starting to beat that makes you alive. That's rhythm, isn't it? Then when you learn to walk or anything, that takes rhythm, doesn't it? And they say I'm nuts because they say that's not true of everything. So I say it's true of the universe. The earth moves round the sun. There's rhythm again. The moon round the earth. The stars—do stars move, sir?"

"I think they drift."

"Well, they must have rhythm if they drift. Everything's got rhythm, hasn't it?"

"I don't know why not if you can find it."

"Now this is when they said I was nuts. They say take that door frame, that piece of wood has no rhythm. And what do I say? I say a piece of wood has rhythm because you said this morning it had, didn't you?"

"I did? I mean, did I?"

"Sure, in the still life. Over there you have a log of wood, and you told me to draw the rhythm of it. So I say you say a log of wood has rhythm, but all they say is 'Quit it,' so I am here to ask you."

"Yes, I did say the log has rhythm. In a log or a landscape or in the human form, rhythm is what the painter looks for. A sequence of colors or of shapes can establish a visual beat as noticeable as a sequence of sound to the ear. Yet most people think of rhythm as part of music, but not of painting. They hear it but can't see it. It seems to me the beauty of a painting depends on the working together of the different objects and spaces. These different rhythms when they are balanced pleasingly give the picture a quality that people can feel as well as see, so that the emotional impact of a painting often transcends its subject matter. That is why, last fall, I started this course by making you draw the spare part of a dead cow. I wanted you to find something in that skull beyond its outward appearance."

"Yeah, you said draw the skull and make it balance. I thought you were nuts then, sir, for sure."

"Well, lots of people say painters are."

"There, sir, there you have it. They can't see, they can't hear—so they blame us. We artists ought to stick together. Guess I'll shove off now and polish up that little number. Thank you, sir, thank you. See you in class tomorrow."

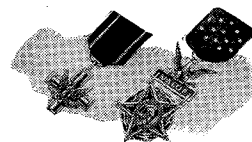


LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS

Destruction of the Ploesti Oil Fields

More than 1,500 officers and enlisted men representing all states in the Union took part in the Ploesti raid, which knocked out 42% of Rumanian oil refining capacity. Two participants in this action received the Congressional Medal of Honor, and 50 received the Distinguished Service Cross or Oak Leaf Clusters for that medal.

They've got a lot more coming than Medals



THEY came in at 250 feet, bombs set for delayed action lest the blast rip the tails off their chimney-skimming Liberators...

They came out so low that when they got home, some of their bomb bay doors still carried wisps of hay picked up in passing...

But behind them, fire-cored pillars of smoke said that Ploesti, once-vital source of enemy oil and fuel, had been ruined. That was what they had set out to do.

The medals waiting for them are the least these men of our

Air Forces have coming to them.

They deserve more than our cheers, our praise, the gratitude of a nation; they deserve also the very best we can give them to work with.

That is why Buick engineers have pooled their brains, sharpened their wits, whetted still keener their well-tempered minds.

That's why Buick people—nearly tripled in numbers over any previous peacetime peak—have been taught new

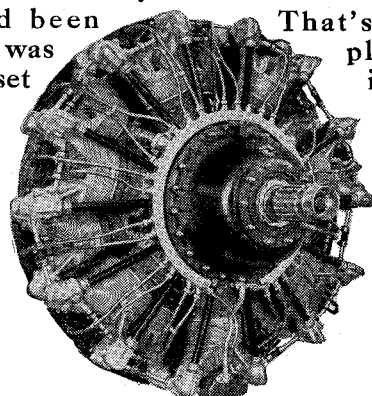
skills, schooled in fresh exactness, given new standards of meticulous precision in their work.

We know that every shining Pratt & Whitney aircraft engine that rolls from our plant marches straight to its place in a brand-new Liberator bomber.

We never know when any bomber or any engine may be chosen to help strike a blow as crucial as over Ploesti.

So we build every one to measure up in character and faithfulness to the men who will look to them to carry them through.

We aim to give that bunch the very best there is.

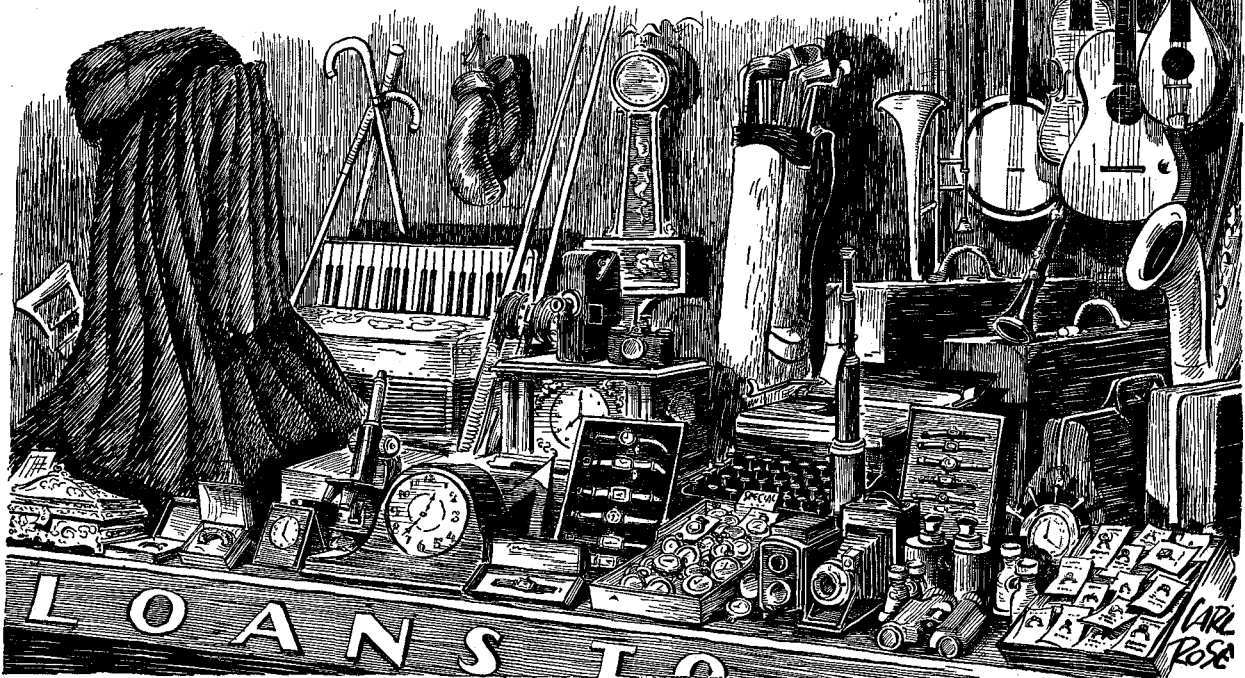


**BUICK
POWERS
THE LIBERATOR**

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network

By FREDERICK EBRIGHT



By C. S. Lewis

Author of *The Screwtape Letters* and *Out of the Silent Planet*
A master of fantasy transports us to Venus or, as its inhabitants call it, *Perelandra*: a world of naked beauty unashamed, a new Garden of Eden, for the re-enacting of the story of the Temptation. This is a brilliantly imaginative novel, full of fun and food for thought. \$2.00

PERELANDRA

A NOVEL

By "Vercors"

Written in occupied France by an author of unknown identity, published secretly at mortal peril by men who have refused to compromise with the Nazis, this story of a German officer billeted in a French house was smuggled to freedom and is now issued in America. "Upon a book with such a price on its head, an obligation of greatness is laid. Never has it been more nobly fulfilled."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* \$1.00

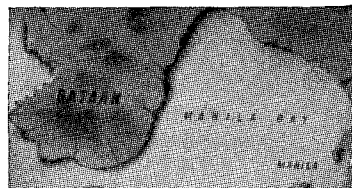
Bataan

THE JUDGMENT SEAT

By Allison Ind,

Lieutenant Colonel, M.I.

This stirring book is a thrill and a challenge. Studded with deeds of heroism that will live forever in history, driving on toward the gigantic tragedy of its conclusion, it is nevertheless written with critical frankness by a man who was there and who dares to tell it straight. \$3.50



THE SILENCE OF THE SEA

A MODERN FOREIGN POLICY for the United States

By Joseph M. Jones

The author of this timely re-examination of our foreign policy raises the question whether we are not tackling a job of twentieth century diplomacy with nineteenth century equipment and outlook, and outlines four essential requirements of a modern policy. \$1.35

Cloudless May

By Storm Jameson

Author of *The Captain's Wife*, etc.

A dramatic novel of character and a profound study of France and the French. Its setting is a town in the Loire Valley; its story is that of the people of France, and what they were and became in the weeks that followed that cloudless May of 1940. \$3.00



"A SPLENDID PIECE OF FICTION THAT CAN STAND UP IN ANY COMPANY OF CONTEMPORARY NOVELS."—*N. Y. Times*

CRAZY WEATHER

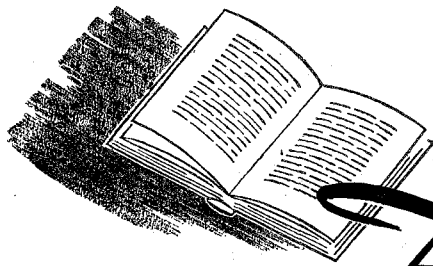
By Charles L. McNichols

This intensely exciting story of a Mojave Indian boy and his fourteen-year-old white friend known as South Boy "belongs with our best beloved stories of boys growing up. But it is for adults in every sense of the word. I envy those who have ahead of them the utterly absorbing experience of following South Boy through the four days that changed his world."—*Joseph Henry Jackson, N. Y. Herald Tribune* \$2.00

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE phrase "across the tracks" conveys a mean picture of American life. Yet it is the first picture which a visitor to this country is obliged to look at, and one which any American who sits at a Pullman window can never forget. Traveling is my specialty, and I love it, but I wish that our trains did not remind us so insistently of the quick spoliation of American life. Those tree stumps tell the story of vanished forests, and who gives a damn for the billboards that stand in their place? When a river comes within reach of the city, it becomes a drab, brown affair, banked with tin cans and ashes. Into our creek beds we shove the blackened hulks of old cars. And bed springs. And bottles. The houses past which the Streamliner glides wear that weary, sooty resignation of Western Pennsylvania; and a stranger, say a Russian fresh from Stalingrad, might well wonder whether, save for our church steeples and skyscrapers, we had built anything to show for our three hundred years of domesticity.

We Americans have been very callous in blotting out the past. In my home country in New Jersey, which the English named for the Virgin Queen, exactly two noble buildings now stand which were built before the Revolution. New England does a little better in this respect; so does Charleston, S.C.

— but only because the wave of expansion has not rolled their way recently. A month ago I stood at a bend of the Ohio River (Ohio meaning "beautiful") at a spot where, so said the tablet, Audubon had often seated himself to paint the water fowl. Well, he would not sit there today. When we are building, nothing can stand in the way. It was our mission to clear a continent, and we have been doing it ahead of schedule. Not until we look back at the Old World do we realize how poverty-stricken we are for things of the past. Then the realization makes us a little lonely.

Souvenirs

We pulled down our old trees, our bricks, and our clapboards because we were in a hurry. But now we are part of a larger wrecking crew. "And shall we really bomb Rome?" said James Bone to me last summer. "How better could we do the Huns' bidding!"

Yet if Rome stands in the way, as Monte Cassino did, I suppose we must. As the bombs fall, and the roof of the nave crashes in, and the Crusader's Tomb melts away, and the great oak topples, and the château slumps down, momentarily the thought

hits us that, in our struggle for liberty, again and again we have had to kill the beauty of the past.

With us the word *souvenir* has acquired an Atlantic City flavor ("Wish you were here. X marks my room"). But it has a deeper meaning which I shall try to apply.

A souvenir is something which recalls the past. Listen:—

For a German, Nuremberg is the city which makes his heart swell because there he finds the ghosts which are dear to his soul. Every stone is a reminder

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Just Out!



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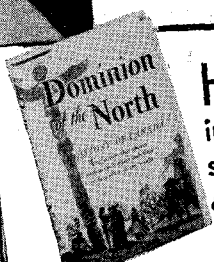
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SILLY GIRL



A kaleidoscopic life presented in full color. As an artist, Angna Enters' pictures hang in the Metropolitan; as a dancer, she is hailed as one of our greatest dance mimes; when she writes, you have a brilliant picture of the glittering Europe of the late twenties and of that part of the Village that was too artistic to be arty.

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Here is an entertaining and thorough-going history of Canada, a nation great in undeveloped resources, great in the example of the long undefended border she shares with us, great as a strong link between America and England. The author is Professor of History at the University of Toronto.

Dominion of the North

BY DONALD GRANT CREIGHTON

"Sound scholarship, a brilliant and well-disciplined historical imagination, and a fine sense of literary form . . . a book of unusual distinction . . . it should be read with equal admiration on this side of the international boundary." — *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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of those who made the glory of the old Germany. I think the French must feel the same thing before the Cathedral of Chartres. There they too must feel the presence of their ancestors beside them, the beauty of their spirit, the greatness of their faith, and all their graciousness. Fate led me to Chartres. Oh, truly, when it appears over the ripe corn, blue in the distance, transparent, ethereal, it stirs one's heart. I imagined the feelings of those who used to go there on foot, on horseback or by wagon in the olden time. I shared their feelings, and I loved those people. How I wish I could be their brother!

A German officer is speaking, a character in that mysterious little book which has come to us from the French Underground, *The Silence of the Sea*. This long short story was first published in Paris in 1942, at the expense and peril of a Frenchman who calls himself Vercors. The paper was procured and the printing done by an Underground publisher known as Les Editions de Minuit. "Silence" is the key word in the title of this dramatic story—not the silence of defeat, but the silence of will power that can be by turns oblivious, contemptuous, and even tolerant of the invader. There are three people in this book: a French man of letters, elderly, chair-borne, and dogged; his niece, whose beauty and resistance are symbolic of France; and the lame German officer, once a composer, who is billeted with them. To say more is to lift the curtain.

I should call this book patrioteering, for the narrative is charged with the same national pride that one remembers in Daudet's "La Dernière Classe." Only here the anguish is not for Alsace-Lorraine, but for a France threatened with spoliation. About one point I am still in doubt. The German officer has been drawn charitably—he is such a sensitive soul, so eager for sympathy and even forgiveness, that one is instantly impressed by the magnanimity of the French state of mind in 1942. He is not the typical Nazi, but is of the minority we are trying to reach.

Souvenirs of England

When I was studying in England, I made a number of literary pilgrimages on my push bike. In the rucksack were books of the county, the lightest I could carry, and when you read Chaucer along the Pilgrims' Way and Dickens in Kent, and Wordsworth in Westmorland, you take in literature not only through the eyes but through the pores. In *Literary England* I find that Christopher Morley covered much the same ground a decade ahead of me. In his Introduction to what he calls "this album of symbols" Chris writes: "The shabbiest sentimentality is to be ashamed of honest emotion toward things of noble memory." Those are five-dollar words for a \$3.75 book. What he really

means is that you should not be ashamed to enjoy these beautiful pictures of old England while the new is being forged.

The photographs are the work of **David E. Scherman**, who took them for *Life*, and they have been framed in thin but adequate prose by **Richard Wilcox**. With one exception they are of exteriors, and for that reason I find them lacking in personal warmth. My New England conscience (acquired) tells me that the price is high and the amount of paper wasteful. The way to get the best out of a book like this is to look at it while you are reading *Puck of Pook's Hill*. For there is the real remembrance of times past.

The British, having less paper and pence, do the thing more economically. Their **Britain in Pictures** series, published by William Collins of London, strikes a happier balance between text and illustrations, and in such volumes as *British Dramatists* (edited by Graham Greene) and *English Women* (ed. Edith Sitwell) and *English Poets* (ed. Lord David Cecil) and *English Country Houses* (ed. V. Sackville-West) and *English Novelists* (ed. Elizabeth Bowen), you certainly get your shillings' worth.

Souvenir of extravagance

Extravagance is always tempting to the American mind. Our appetite for champagne or T-bone steak is sharpened as we have to do without them, and that same appetite is aggravated by the sight of aliens—French and German exiles, wealthy South Americans, and our own spenders—who can be seen in café society not doing without either. It was high time for someone to write a satire of extravagance, and this **Ludwig Bemelmans** has done in *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep*. His pages are highly seasoned, sensuous, and sardonic. You enter the story as if you were entering a New York night club of the flush '20's, and for a time it seems altogether out of keeping with our present temper. But then Bemelmans's humor begins to take you by surprise and you laugh with him at the monstrous extravagance. He has the art of insinuation down to a fine point. The South American general and the irascible French chef are much too alive to be preposterous; the English governess and the Spanish beauty are both of them women within reach of the mind though they, too, do the most preposterous things. I shall tell nothing of the story, for to uncork Bemelmans's humor is to let some of the bubbles escape. There will be readers who will lay the book down in disgust, thinking it trivial, and there will be others—like me—who read it first with suspicion, then with snorts of delight and recognition as the shafts go home. For with his malicious



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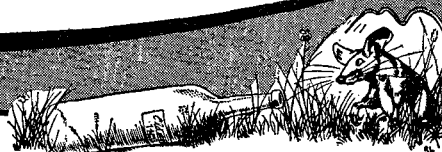
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and irreverent wit the author is telling you that here are the extravagances of that superfluous and graceful society, — people who had money to burn and are now burning for their carelessness.

From the Ritz to the Underground

It is in much the same atmosphere of extravagance, or more precisely in the world of English extravagance, that **Louis Bromfield** begins his new novel, *What Became of Anna Bolton*. We are in London in the giddy, lovely, mesmerizing June of 1937, a London "in season" such as we shall never see again, a London which one war had undermined and which was now threatened by a worse. We have our eyes on an American widow, thirty-five, easy to look at and with all the money of Detroit. She is throwing a big party, and as the lions roar and the violas sob, Dave Sorrell, the *Times* foreign correspondent, whom she has just cut, quietly reminds us that the generous, talked-about Mrs. Bolton (why had she no lover?) was really Annie Scanlon, born Shanty Irish on the wrong side of the tracks, in Lewisburg, Ohio, and that all this glitter was just her way of "showing Lewisburg" how far she'd come. From that challenging first scene Mr. Bromfield, writing now forward, now back, in the easy conversational tone of an expert journalist — for Dave tells this story — proceeds to show us just how far Annie has *really* traveled and how much farther she has the character to go.

Mr. Bromfield never writes a dull page; his style has the "come hither" of Somerset Maugham. Deeper than the surface vivacity is his ability to charge his books with the strong electricity of his own experience. Ruby Hillyer, the London "hostess," and Madame Ritz, the grand duchess of all hotels, are characters drawn naturally from his affection for Paris and London; so his feeling for France adds force to his picture of the bombed road, just as his glimpses of the sad ghosts in the brickyard (a concentration camp for men without a country) draw authenticity from the work he did in rescuing American volunteers in Spain. But Mr. Bromfield is by nature a swift narrator, sometimes too swift for loving attention. Anna Bolton is too locked up for our sympathy to reach her: we never share in the deaths that hardened her, or fully believe in the love that was her release. In short, she has not lived as long or as well as Mrs. Parkington.

Will they trust us?

The worst to be feared is not the destruction of timber and brick. The cynic can no longer say that this war will be won by Russian blood, British time, and American production. For this year our blood is in a common pool and the time has brought us all to

the attack. The worst to be feared is first the casualties among our men, next the slow corrosion of our soldiers' minds, and lastly the growing distrust of ourselves and of our allies. In *Men on Bataan* **John Hersey** showed us how Americans stood up to their first and bitterest defeat. In *Into the Valley* he followed a single company of Marines as the tide turned on Guadalcanal. Now in *A Bell for Adano* he tells in fiction form (the only form, I believe, which would pass the censor) the first story to come home about AMG, the story of a Civil Affairs Officer, Major Joppolo, born in New York and fluent in Italian, who does his best to bring order out of the village chaos in Italy. Mr. Hersey writes: "America is on its way into Europe. You can be as isolationist as you want to be, but there is a fact. Just as truly as Europe once invaded us, with wave after wave of immigrants, now we are invading Europe, with wave after wave of sons of immigrants. Therefore I beg you to get to know this man Joppolo well. We have need of him. He is our future in the world."

As you might suspect, *A Bell for Adano* is a morality story. It is a story of American morality in which Major Joppolo stands on the side of the angels. He is a good guy who has been trained in city administration by La Guardia, and not only is he good, but he is also efficient. Yet a telegram soon reaches you that no matter how conscientious the major may be, his work is going to be rubbed out by the swashbuckling, profane, mule-shooting American general to whom all Italians are Wops and a centuries-old mahogany table simply a target for spurs, or spit, or a jackknife.

As is always the case in morality stories, the chief characters are oversimplified. They are all black, or all white, and so you must accept them. The humanity, the rich humor, and the occasional pathos in *A Bell for Adano* are to be found in the lower ranks, in men like Sergeant Borth and Captain Purvis, and in the Italians like the obsequious Zito, the stubborn fisherman Tomasino, and the painter Lojacono. These people are as real to us as an Italian fruit stand, and to watch them react to the ruthless and destructive impersonality of the war machine is to realize what a long, tortuous road lies ahead of us in Europe.

A world we never knew

In our preoccupation with the war in Europe, most of us (the West Coast excepted) have too little knowledge with which to estimate the changes in Asia. For seven years China has been fighting the battle of the Western democracies, and in the long run **Owen Lattimore** is probably right when he says that "the most important consequences of victory

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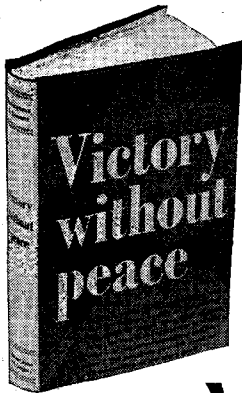
... "There are in the world today not only men fighting in planes but women behind them, if not literally then figuratively, in the back cockpits. Women who love and watch and wait eternally. My story is for them. Not only is it for them, it is about them.

"For this story is fiction and not biography. Or, to be more accurate, it is a fictional account of an actual incident. It is not primarily an adventure story, at least certainly not one of physical adventure. And only in the most accidental and superficial sense can it even be called a flying story. Fundamentally it is simply a woman's story, the story of a woman's life and ordeal—any woman and any ordeal."

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Jonathan Daniels, Book of the Month Club News

"Adroitly using certain devices of newsreel and novel, Roger Burlingame and Alden Stevens have written an exciting and illuminating book in their account of the tragic aftermath of World War I. A much needed contribution to the national post-war peace debate. An excellent work and will make a strong bid for popular attention."

Charles Lee, Philadelphia Record

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may yet be the consequences in Asia rather than the consequences in Europe. We ought to stand back and examine, in good time, ourselves and our prejudices, our pre-formed opinions."

For two decades Mr. Lattimore has been blazing a trail for our closer approach to China. The journeys that began in Turkestan and High Tartary carried him at last to Chungking, and of all our liaison officers, I cannot think of a better. His short book, *America and Asia*, published by the Claremont Colleges, is a powerful stimulant and mind-opener. Here is the prediction that "the future of China will be firmly built in the heart of the country and from there it will expand back to the coast." Here is what the Arctic will mean (as access to Asia) to Russia, Canada, and ourselves; here is the White Peril as contrasted with the Yellow Peril; and here is the appreciation that "Asia in our time is an area in which decisive events can originate which determine our own course of conduct before we can determine it for ourselves." Here, in short, is what is meant by reorientation. Such thinking as this is reconstructive.

Unfinished Business

By STEPHEN BONSAI

Introduction by HUGH GIBSON

+ + +



S. BONSAI

A MORE timely book than this could hardly be imagined. In the construction of a durable and effective fabric of collective security, the world truly faces "unfinished business"; and from a hitherto unknown source, the diary of the confidential interpreter for President Wilson and Colonel House in the

sessions of the Peace Conference Commission for drafting the League Covenant, we find a strong light poured on the reasons why the first effort broke down. This intimate and revealing impression of events in 1919 contains valuable sections on Vienna and Southeastern Europe, on war-ravaged Berlin, and on Washington, but its most striking pages describe what went on behind closed doors in Paris.

After the Conference and the unhappy American battle over the treaty had ended, Colonel Bonsai asked House to explain the curious shifts in his attitude toward Wilson's attendance in Paris. House said that he had at first regarded the President's decision to go to Europe as a tragic error. But by the end of January, 1919, he realized that he had been mistaken. "I was convinced that but for the presence of the President the Peace Conference never would have been convened at all; certainly never would have gotten down to work. The powers would have split up into groups, peace treaties would have resulted, quite a

number of them in fact. They would have been contradictory, and none of them would have been worth the paper they were printed on. Without his presence our peace ship never would have been launched. The pressure which he exercised upon his motley co-workers never could have been exercised by cable. The President's first sojourn in Paris had been an astonishing success, the future course of the world had been charted in broad lines, the recalcitrants had been brought to heel."

At home the rally to the League was most encouraging. But Wilson, House continued, risked too much when he returned. The Conference descended to power politics and drew Wilson into "guerrilla wars" which dismayed home opinion. In America hostile Senators and embittered economic interests saw their chance, and began a relentless and largely unscrupulous campaign against President and treaty. The end was disaster.

The vivid book bears out the general correctness of House's judgment. It bears primarily upon the prodigious labor of drafting the Covenant. Colonel Bonsai takes a detached view of Wilson. He deals frankly with the President's error in failing to appoint a leading Republican like Root to the Peace Commission, his prejudice against Lansing, his petty attitudes and gestures on various issues. But as he watches Wilson direct the writing of the Covenant, extort agreement from Lloyd George and Balfour, thwart Clemenceau and the cynical Sonnino, and carry to victory his dominant idea that a redeeming world-organization must be "intertwined" with the treaty, he becomes filled with admiration. "We are here," said the President as he moved his adoption of the League resolution on February 14, "to see that the very foundations of this war are swept away."

Then he went home to close Congress. He brought League amendments from America which weakened him in Europe; he was caught between two fires; his foes in Washington and Paris gave encouragement to each other; the whole tone of the Conference degenerated; abuse became shriller and shriller. In mid-February a great victory had seemed won. Six weeks later House gloomily remarked: "Years may pass before the war psychosis that enthralled the world is cleared away."

Those present-day liberals who read the book will gain a better understanding of the dangers they face. We can build on Wilson's great unfinished work; we should know how to avoid his errors and to deal better with his and our enemies. But the book is worth reading for more than its lessons. Here are delightful sketches of Clemenceau, battling Wilson, chaffing his nurses, and using the dull Bourgeois as a butt for his wit; Balfour, oppressed by philosophic doubts and "a coterie of female cousins, aunts, and nieces"; Smuts, striking a fire of idealism even in flinty hearts; the witty Orlando; and the slippery Lloyd George, fairly caught out on one sharp turn by some forgotten letters. Here are pictures of Vienna in despair, Budapest under the "Lenin boys," and Berlin in the sullen hate of defeat. Here are Lodge and the other plotting isolationists as Bonsai saw them in Washington. But one figure dominates the book — the tragic yet magnificent figure of Woodrow Wilson. *Doubleday, Doran, \$3.00.*

ALLAN NEVINS

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Author of "Inside
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The Elizabethan World Picture

By E. M. W. TILLYARD

+ + +

DR. TILLYARD's little book is further evidence that not all the intellectual revolutions have been led by natural scientists. There is no more relationship between Shakespearean scholarship today and that of fifty years ago than there is between a Thunderbolt and a balloon. The spacious times of the Virgin Queen are now revealed as having been the Middle Ages at full tide, mentally embosomed in the concept of a world order inside which the laws of humankind were complements of the laws of the universe and of the Divine Mind. When poets said their prince was like the sun, they meant every word of it with startling literalness. The mundane had its omnipresent cosmic analogy: the portions of the body mirrored the segments of the Zodiac, the ocean and the air were seated likewise in the human breast, and what happened in man's history was the counterpart of the Divine adventure with angels and demons. The universe had been made habitable for Platonists. Men heard, not too dimly, the "music of the spheres," driving the stars and the souls of thinkers onward in a cosmic dance, and to follow its rhythm was the highest wisdom.

The book will startle and beguile many. It is an urbane postscript to much recent inquiry, but it has fresh points of its own to make. In so short a volume not everything can be said. Little notice is taken of the fact that many Elizabethans definitely felt that the Tudor dictatorship was an invasion of older sanctities, or that the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, really did turn the world upside down. There is an odd indifference to the Stoics who had come down partly in their own right and partly by reason of Augustine. But good fare is offered nonetheless, in particular a garner of citations from the poets and essayists of the period which will seem to many a reader quite as absorbing as Dr. Tillyard's commentary. *Macmillan, \$1.75.*

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Cone of Silence

By A. FLEMING MACLIESH

+ + +



A. F. MACLIESH

THIS Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship novel is the pilgrim's progress of a young intellectual of the generation which came of legal age, at the start of the last decade. It may not be said, however, that *Cone of Silence* either is or is intended to be a definitive portrait of this generation. If it were, it would have a good deal more value than it has.

Like his contemporaries, Mr. MacLiesh's young man

came of age with little but the baggage of the precious twenties in hand. Unlike his contemporaries, he not only didn't cast it off, he didn't really try. At the start of the thirties when both Europe and America were no longer arguing in the parlor, Mr. MacLiesh's protagonist was, and neither the quality of his argument nor his conclusions are convincing.

The hero of this journey presumably represents the pursuit of a creative, changing, moving world: the girl may be taken as the symbol of the drive to surrender freedom for the security of fixed, rigid, lifeless formulas. The trouble is that through five hundred rather pretentious pages this hero's search is not very honest. He himself ends up an escapist, and he does so by a process of eliminating all current *systems* of thought — organized science, organized politics, organized church, the good, the bad, the indifferent — on the ground that they have an attraction for ostriches. As though one could understand and judge any structure by the fact that, being a structure, having a form, it will attract some who are simply looking for shelter.

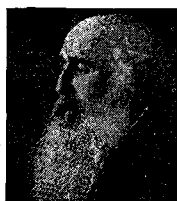
The relativist point of view is buttressed with just such sophistries as this. As an intellectual pilgrimage, *Cone of Silence* is neither valid in itself nor valuable as a historic document of a generation which faced its world with a notable lack of wishful thinking. *Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75.*

LUCY TOMPKINS

Camille Pissarro Letters to His Son Lucien

Edited by JOHN REWALD

+ + +



C. PISSARRO

A POSTHUMOUSLY published collection of letters written with no eye to publication can be a tasteless, scandalmongering indiscretion; a disappointing compendium of scraps, boring trivia, and tedious omission; or a revelation of important lives and times and techniques of working and living. These very personal letters written during the last twenty years of his life (from 1883 to 1903) by West Indian born Camille Pissarro, distinguished and underestimated French Impressionist leader, belong to the revelation category, and revelation in this sense does not imply sensationalism. These letters record twenty years of poverty, suffering, and patience, twenty years of "seeking the rare bird whose plumage is resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow, whose song is musical and pure; perfection. . . ."

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violent, blistering with color, soul-scorching, intensely original, and so are his letters. Both collections are important for an understanding of modern painting and of French culture during the 1880's and 1890's.

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LEO LERMAN

cussion yet published of the problems of constructing a synthetic or artificial language. The authors pay generous tribute to the transformation which C. K. Ogden's pioneer work has achieved in this study. They are rightly severe on *Esperanto* and judiciously critical of the lack of imagination which has accompanied so many other attempts. Whether *Interglossa*, Lancelot Hogben's proposal, has a future, time will show. It is based on the increasingly international terminology of science and operated with what may be a too economical syntax.

All who realize the coming world needs will welcome this presentation of the subject. We should, however, remember that there is an excessively urgent need for a more widespread common second world language. A synthetic international language must wait for adoption upon political and educational conditions which are not yet in sight. Its designing is a worthy task for the collaboration of the best minds, but meanwhile what can we do to ease the linguistic strains the next fifty years will put upon the world? *Norton, \$3.75.*

I. A. RICHARDS

The Loom of Language

By FREDERICK BODMER

Edited by LANCELOT HOGBEN

+ + +



L. HOGBEN

THIS joint work is two books closely interwoven. The first is an impressive presentation of well-selected facts about languages — mainly Teutonic and Romance, those with which Anglo-American (to use the authors' term) is most closely connected. This is addressed to those who, when studying a foreign language, wish to have as wide and clear ideas as possible of what they are doing. We may reasonably hope that most language teachers will study it — indeed they may have to. It is dominated by the idea that it is easier for a biologist to comprehend and to remember the structures of a number of related animals (when the forms "make sense" developmentally) than to tackle the anatomy, say, of a rabbit in isolation. An excellent contrast between the *table manners* and the *traffic rules* of a language guides the presentation.

The chief merit of the treatment has yet to be mentioned. Some parts of any language matter much more than others to a learner. The authors really take this to heart and work towards basic vocabularies analogous to the Word List of Basic English. Their results for Swedish, Danish, Dutch, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian are displayed in tabular form in the Language Museum which forms Part Four.

In such a topic the going cannot be easy, crowded as it must be with examples. Hasty-looking sentences dim the view at moments; but later editions should look after that. On the whole this book is one which general language students have been greatly needing.

The other, the second part, is the most intelligent dis-

Blessed Are the Meek

By ZOFIA KOSSAK

+ + +



ZOFIA KOSSAK

ALTHOUGH Zofia Kossak's first book, *The Blaze*, published in 1923, was translated into French and English, she is still comparatively unknown outside her native Poland. The Roy Publishers, a leading Polish publishing house resident in New York since 1942, is now presenting a translation of *Blessed Are the Meek*, which first appeared in Poland in 1938 and is one of Madame Kossak's most distinguished novels.

Blessed Are the Meek is subtitled "A Novel about St. Francis of Assisi." It tells the story of St. Francis from the attempt of his brotherhood to get official confirmation of their order from Pope Innocent III to the moment when Francis determines to leave the Holy Land and return to Italy to save the brotherhood which he has founded; involved in the story are the ill-fated but fascinating Children's Crusade, the disastrous Fifth Crusade, and the strange and poignant love of sixty-year-old Jean de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, for Blanche of Champagne.

Zofia Kossak is a historical novelist of distinction. She distills the essence of elaborate and careful historical research into a fanciful and reflective novel which revivifies the early thirteenth century with all its religious wars and spiritual conflicts. She deftly mingles fact and fancy, never once forgetting that she is writing a novel and not a history. Her characters act according to their historical tradition, but they also move easily in paths ordained for them by the exigencies of fiction. And never for a moment does she step out of that past which she so vividly creates. *Roy Publishers, \$3.00.*

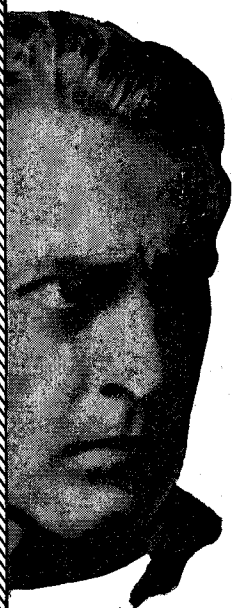
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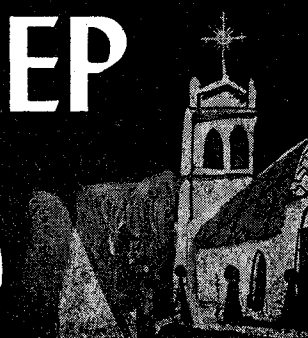
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NOW I
LAY ME
DOWN TO
SLEEP





LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND!

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

SOME ancient houses have storied in them the character, the beauty, and the trophies of experience which a vigorous family hands down the centuries. Such is Renishaw Hall, which, since 1625, has been enlarged and reanimated by the Sitwells. Hot-tempered and reckless, scholarly and passionate and adventuresome, this family is in miniature a portrait gallery of England.

Renishaw today is the home of Sir Osbert Sitwell, an officer of the Grenadier Guards, 1914-1919, a poet and critic who now combines the duties of a squire with the art of a biographer. In his "frank, beautifully written, and excessively amusing autobiography" he traces that blending of character and temperament which has produced three authors in his generation — Edith, Sacheverell, and Sir Osbert himself.

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MY FATHER was watching, waiting for me to betray those symptoms of extravagance, weakness, and self-indulgence which from our family history he so confidently — and not without considerable justification — expected. He blamed me for resembling members of my mother's family, while, rather unreasonably, he entered a judgment on a contrary plea against my sister, because he thought she resembled members of his own mother's family. He had always hoped that a daughter of his would have a straight, Grecian nose, and here she was at the age of eight or nine, already provided with an aquiline! Most provoking and inconsiderate.

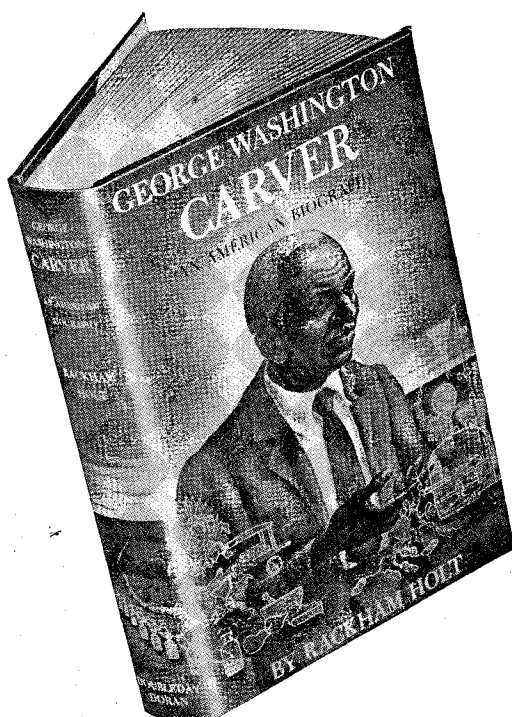
As a child I was slow as my sister was quick of apprehension. And in each of us this was wrong. She should have been slow, being a girl — dedicated, as girls of her class then were, first to a life of Infanta-like seclusion and then to marriage. On the other hand my childish difficulty in pronouncing certain consonants was regarded as downright original sin.

The development of my character for which my father was looking was not the only trouble that existed between us. There was, for example, my misunderstanding of the nature of humor. This discordant theme continually recurred to perturb him and — to go forward in time again — I remember very well, when in London, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, being taken out for a walk by my father so that he could speak to me upon, as he said, "a serious subject." I had the usual sinking feeling which the thought of such a process entails, but eventually we sat down on a bench in St. James's Park and he told me what the trouble was. He was very much afraid, he said, that there must be something wrong with my sense of humor. He had often noticed that I laughed at things in which he could see no joke, while at other times, when he said something extremely amusing, I apparently saw nothing funny in it.

Well, the same rankling trouble was at work even in this early period. We were in the middle of one of the great practical-joke epochs (it must have been about '97, when I was four years old). One morning I went with my father into the dining room before luncheon. He was expecting as a guest at this forthcoming meal a supporter of his in politics, an alderman, mighty in stature, a very heavy man, and he now placed ready for him at the table a Chippendale chair, the seat of which collapsed when you sat down on it. As a matter of fact, over this particular incident my sense of humor at that time coincided entirely with my father's. I remember thinking it an extraordinarily funny joke.

And so, after he had left the room, I changed this chair — with tremendous labor, for I was very small at this time — with his own, and then hid under the table to watch the effect. My father sat down, rather slowly, waiting for the alderman's collapse, and then fell through his own chair with an expression of intense amazement and consternation, while my merry laughter rang out from under the table. He was not in the least amused, but got up, very red in the face, remarking at the same time, "I might have most seriously injured my back." My laughter soon changed to tears and it was some time before I was forgiven. All the same, I had meant no harm.

On the other hand, my father was always helpful and sympathetic about such things as nervous symptoms or health generally — though, with illnesses that might prove contagious, he would go to any length to avoid possible infection. (Thus, for example, when subsequently at the age of eleven I was very seriously ill, in bed for four months, and the doctors did not quite know what was the matter with me, he never once came near me, never even to the door.) He would be extremely kind to me, however, about my fear of the dark, a fear which I suppose all children have, but which I suffered in an exaggerated form.



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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

For this I dare say many things are responsible, including heredity and a sensitiveness to atmosphere.

I forget at what precise age I was first made to sleep by myself, but it was a moment I dreaded, and my father was most sympathetic. However, when that awful first night of estrangement did arrive, an incident occurred which I believe, though slight in itself, to have been responsible to some extent for part of my attitude towards life: that if you are afraid of a particular thing, that thing takes advantage of your fear to establish itself as the reality.

It was with great difficulty, and only after a relay of persons had looked in from the lighted passage, that I contrived on this first night to fall asleep at all. But no sooner had I just lost consciousness, and the fears of dark had been after that fashion temporarily banished, than there came a tremendous gust of wind which blew the French window open, though it was summer, and upset various objects in the room. This finally disorganized my nervous system for the night. I doubt if it had happened ever before — and it had happened, I realized, because I was frightened.

The dawn of neurasthenia, though it is a hereditary complaint, varies with each individual. It is born anew with him; yet it is so personal to him that it is difficult for even the most sympathetic to comprehend its symptoms. No apology for neurasthenics is needed after that fine passage in which Proust describes what this army has achieved. Without them, achievement in the arts would be limited in the extreme. Every time that you open a book, remember that countless bad nights, composed of torturing and unnecessary fears and worries, have gone to its making, as well as the fire, energy, and the zest of its writing; all sorts of nights in the past, as well as while the book was being written.

And I recall here the first occasion of this kind for me. When I was three or four, my mother always came to say good-night to me at seven o'clock, and I well remember one night when she was a quarter of an hour late, how I thought to myself, "Now I shall *never* get to sleep tonight: it is past the time," and how she noticed that I wanted to get rid of her and, being hurt, told my father, who spoke to me severely. It was all too complicated and unworthy, too difficult for a child of that age to explain.

In such ways, even Davis, our nurse, could not help. Her character was too simple. Besides, she and my father disliked each other very thoroughly. She thought him "too clever for a gentleman," opinionated, abrupt, and irritable; he thought her stupid and old-fashioned. Further, she had been in the service of my mother's family, and this seemed in itself reprehensible to him. Over one matter only, then, did employer and employee agree: over the food that a child should eat. It must be nourishing and, "to do the child good," be disliked by him.

All the things for which children now clamor, — and are often indeed obliged against their will to eat, — oranges and sweets and fruit juices, were beyond the pale. Boiled mutton (fortunately without capers) and a stodgy eternity of rice pudding, stretching spotless beyond the horizon, or, like the Church of England Heaven, a pale eternity of jelly, constituted our recognized diet, based on scientific knowl-

edge. Glucose especially — now recognized as "a prime body-building food" — was the bogey of those days. "You must not eat a sweet. There may be glucose in it!" was the warning continually issued to all children of the time. Fortunately my mother paid no attention to these rules, and my native cunning taught me to keep on good terms with the cook. (Indeed, while we had a French chef, I even managed to learn a few words of French.) Whenever I happened to pass through the kitchen — which was frequently — I would nonchalantly seize a handful of candied cherries or sultanas, and eat them.

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BIRTH and death entered my life about this time and together, and with them came the sense of mortality. Mortality, a specter, peered at me first through a conversation that I heard murmured between my nurse Davis and a female assistant in a toy shop, who was dressed, after the manner of her calling in late-Victorian days, in very voluminous, tight-waisted black clothes that smothered her body from foot to chin, while a fringe draped her naked forehead. For a long time they discussed something in undertones, and then, out of the words, I pieced together the fact of a dreadful operation on some unmentionable part of the unmentionable human body.

An atmosphere of intolerable and muffling sadness envelops this incident for me in the memory; for it was only then that I realized that we were all condemned to death in a world of swathed dejection and faint voices. Not here were the dying tones of youth and beauty. Though brightness fell from the air, sure enough, it was not because

Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye,

but because Helen had lived on from her flaming and legendary world into this humdrum life of prison routine, with execution for each of us at the end of it; Helen of Troy, faded or grown insignificant or swollen and over-emphatic, muffled in sadness and suffocating black clothes. And soon after this initiation, my aunt Lilian died. I did not know her very well, but I had been a page at her wedding the year before and could remember that ceremony and the excitement of it. And now the bitter weeping of my mother made me comprehend the existence of a world of sorrow beyond the world I knew.

Then birth came, a miraculous baby from the void — but for some reason this seemed to me no more strange than the truths of revealed religion as I was learning them. If one had to believe one, why not believe the other? At the age of nearly five I became an elder son; for a great event in the family occurred with the birth of my brother Sachewrell, from his earliest years my chief friend and companion. I suppose that when he was a very small child I understood him better than did anyone else, I instinctively comprehended what he wanted to say, before others could; and on this foundation our friendship was soundly based.

He was a particularly fascinating and genial child, as



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N. Y. Times Correspondent in Rome from 1935 to 1942

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well as exceptionally good-looking, and — to anticipate — when he was three or four years of age, his love of life and of people was so intense that if Davis and I were not looking, he would often run up to strangers and say to them, "My Mummy and Daddy would be delighted if you would lunch with them tomorrow." The stranger would easily find out, if he was not already aware of, our identity, and the most amazing raggle-taggle gypsy crew would thus occasionally assemble to be entertained in response to his invitations. It made things difficult for my poor father, who was either candidate or member at the time, and on whose part it would therefore have been most impolitic to turn constituents away. This love of life, shown in his earliest days, this curiosity, was undoubtedly the root of my brother's subsequent search for knowledge, and perpetual eagerness to know the ways of humanity in every part of the world.

It can be imagined that some of the guests, thus hospitably gathered from highway and byway, were surprising in the extreme to my parents; and among them they included one or two of the untouchable class, known to us as "People At Whom You Must Not Look." These were the eccentrics in behavior and morals, blown hither on some wind of curiosity and misfortune, and here stranded, listless, unaffected by life outside the town.

Even the ordinary people — the men in their bowlers, boaters, close-fitting caps and with their carefully trained or trailing mustaches, the women with their narrow-waisted bodies, like continents, their huge hats feathered and contaminated with milliners' flowers, decaying in purple and deep pink — walking, riding horses, riding bicycles, driving in varnished shells of wood, were strange enough, looked back upon; but how do justice to these other capering figures at the world's edge, on the faces of whom the light plays with the same trembling power of emphasis as a mirror flashed in the sun upon the features of an unsuspecting person by some small child?

There was, for example, Count de Burgh. A tradesman, retired and prosperous, who had bought a papal title, he always wore, over tightly laced stays, a frock coat, and to the rim of his top hat he had attached a row of curls, so that as he walked down the middle of the road — he generally seemed to be advancing from a broad cul-de-sac into the main street — and doffed his hat to his acquaintances, in a gesture reminiscent of the court of old France, his hair swept off with it. He seemed ever to be acknowledging the homage of the crowd, gravitating with certainty to the middle of every picture.

Again, there was an old man, with a divided beard, — like that of Mr. Dunlop in the advertisement, or King Leopold II of the Belgians, — who always wore a gray bowler and a gray frock coat and who had an unhappy and too meaning way of staring at Edith's governess. It was alleged that on one occasion he had even followed her. Then there were a lady who dressed, in the daytime, in a ball gown of blue chiffon sprinkled with silver stars, a man who thought he was a cat and mewed, and a whole host of glandular children of one sort or another.

The same light that shows me these faces, wry and contorted, also illuminates for me the countenances of those I

loved dearly, such as Miss Lloyd, who, until her death in 1923 or 1924, remained a great friend of mine. Her background was a little mysterious and we knew little of it except that she was related to Sir Charles Wyndham, the actor, who used to come to see her, and that she was partly of French extraction — but her gifts were plain to us all. She was, for an old lady, exquisitely pretty, with small, beautifully chiseled features and a round mass of long white curls spread all over her head, on which, when she went out shopping, — after the manner of a Frenchwoman, with a basket on her arm, — she put a sort of black poke-bonnet. Her fingers were the nimblest in the world; she painted flowers, did feather-work and embroidery, designed and baked china, embroidered and painted in a thousand different ways and as well and delicately as she cooked. I have never eaten chicken or cutlets that were so delicate and fragrant as hers, or bread that was as delicious as the many different kinds she made.

Though fond of all three of us, she constituted herself from the first especially my champion. She used on many occasions, when I was a small boy, to give me presents, things she made, and I remember my grandmother Sitwell warned me against selfishness in this respect, and that, in consequence, an ethical difficulty assailed me thus early, for I, too, used to give Miss Lloyd small presents, bought with my pocket money, in return, as often as I could, and soon discovered that I preferred the pleasure of giving to that of receiving. Was it not, therefore, still more selfish on my part to give? And I remember my father, unintentionally, did not help me in the matter, for I heard him remarking, apropos of some member of the family, that it was "easy to be generous with other people's money"; an aphorism which caused me much reflection.

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NEVERTHELESS, I liked to receive as well as to give, and that brings me to my great-aunt, Lady Hanmer — Aunt Puss, my grandmother's sister; the most worldly member of an unworldly sept. I frequently used to go to see her with Miss Lloyd as my herald — for Miss Lloyd helped her in a thousand useful ways. Richly appareled in layers of lace, satin, and velvet, Aunt Puss lived near the railway station, in an incongruous house, very ugly outside but full of lovely French furniture and rare china and silks. She sat in an armchair, with a lace cap poised on the top of her head and with one eyebrow lacquered — for her hair was rather colorless — in its normal position and the other flicked artistically into the middle of her forehead, with the consequence that it looked as if it had been put there — so exquisitely had it been placed, as it were, upon the paper — by the hand of some great Chinese artist; and again, to paraphrase Pater, it seemed as if she had become what men in the course of a thousand years had grown to desire, for she was the prototype of the models whom Matisse and other French artists were, unknown both to herself and to me, at the time painting in Paris.

Originally she had come to live near my grandmother,

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Lady Sitwell, and now that my grandmother had moved from Scarborough, and only came to her new house outside the town for a month or two in the year, she, too, was stranded on this desolate shore; but she did not dislike it, for webs of amusing scandal glistened for her in the perpetual sunshine of her room, being woven especially for her by the amateurs of the town. And among these enticing threads she spent much time. To me and to my brother she was invariably kind and I was very fond of her, though she kept us at the full distance of the seventy years that separated our ages.

I went to see her every week when I was in Scarborough, and later took my brother with me, and four times a year she would give us a tip. The suspense for some weeks before each of these occasions was considerable, the atmosphere carefully worked up. The procedure was always the same. The old lady would ring the bell. Alfred, her harlequin butler, would alight on the drawing-room rug — an Aubusson — for her commands, and then conduct us away into another room. After a few minutes she would ring once more. This time, it would be to summon us. Alfred would leave the room, and she would bestow upon each of us a golden sovereign wrapped in a neat piece of tissue paper. We would then, as it were, kiss hands on relinquishing office, and be ushered out by Alfred, who would be waiting discreetly behind the door with a slight smile of congratulation, but not enough to give offense. He would make no allusion in words to our good fortune.

At her death in 1908 or 1909, she left her property to my father, with appointment to Sacheverell and me, and in her drawing room, inside a cabinet with ormolu mounts, and with a Dutch flower-piece for front (it faces me now as I write), — a cabinet made for her father in Paris, when he was with the English troops in their occupation of that city in 1814, — were found fifteen hundred golden sovereigns, done up in tissue paper in ones and twos and threes, ready to be presented to us in the course, as it were, of the next hundred and eighty-seven years: for we received them, as I have said, only four times a year, and my sister because of her sex was never given a sou. This rather differentiated her view of Lady Hanmer from that held by my brother and me; since, for us, she had been at an early period, and continued to be, the great-aunt upon whom our liveliest interest was focused.

I will not here, however, unleash on you the whole ancient pack of my great-aunts. Each of my grandparents possessed numerous sisters and, drawn up foursquare, they would constitute a formidable though varied regiment of old women. Other single units of them shall make their appearance at the proper time, but to three of them I must introduce you now, as the light first touches their faces for me; two because otherwise they will slip away into the darkness again before I can show them to you, and the third because she survived to become a beloved part of our grown-up life — though at the time of which I write none of them seemed so much to belong to every week, or at any rate to every quarter, as Aunt Puss, with her ceremonial maundy presentations.

These other aunts, then, were three of the sisters of my

grandfather, Sir Reresby Sitwell. First came Aunt Mary, Lady Osborn; a very old lady with eyes that were still lucent and dark-blue as the harebells of our native slopes, she was already tottering down the steep return to childhood. Thin, pale, transparent, with white hair and a trembling lip, one could almost watch her growing smaller, as she slipped down it. For my benefit, and as though it were her duty to hand on some sacred flame, she would temporarily pull herself together, to question me, to see that I could tell my shibboleths correctly, and that my manners, deportment, and knowledge of the world were equal to my age — of four or five years — and station.

Next there follows her sister, Aunt Georgie, Mrs. Campbell Swinton, my father's favorite relative, — though since he was always so undemonstrative, I doubt if she ever realized it, — a delightful and distinguished old lady, more authoritative than her sister. I think it was her love of the family, and of Renishaw, of which she had made innumerable sketches, that had particularly endeared her to him. And I, too, liked to listen to her stories of life in the house long ago, and her reminiscences of her sister Lucy's red deer there, which used to follow her like a dog, or of the escape of a wild mountain cat brought thither from Balmoral.

Last, there comes Blanche Sitwell, — even the run of her names as you speak them, Blanche Susan Rose, is typical and enchanting, — twenty years younger than the rest of her brothers and sisters, and the only one of them to remain unmarried. She belonged to the rarest of the many diverse types to be found in a family such as mine, by the very variety of its members so essentially English; and can be classified as a Hunting Radical. Others of her relations, it is true, had been fine horsewomen, but they, together with the males of the family, were all Tories, whereas she was an ardent Radical of the most advanced outlook.

This generous attitude was, I believe, due to an adventure that befell her as a child, no less than to the warmth and kindness of her nature. At the age of five, while in Italy with her parents in 1848, she had witnessed in a street in Milan a fight between the followers of Garibaldi and the Austrian governmental troops. The redshirts were temporarily the victors, and one of them, seeing that she was an English child, and knowing that English sympathy lay with the rebels, stopped pursuing the foe, to tear off his red cockade, and pin it upon her dress. This youthful initiation she had never forgotten.

The contradictions in her character helped to make up the sum of her great attraction. Her beautiful manners and exceptional charm were opposed to her views and to her expression of them. In art and politics — though art did not so much appeal to her — her mind ranged freely, whereas she was conventional in manners, in her code and religious outlook. She expected good manners in all members of her family. A strong feminist, she was horrified at any lack of a chivalrous attitude in a man, and, while herself a pacifist who would rail against the causes of the war, if a war was in progress she expected all her male relatives to be serving in the forces. She was able to enter equally into the beliefs held by generals and poets, archbishops



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and anarchists. Among them all, among people of every age and every creed, — or lack of it, — she found friends.

In later years, from Lambeth, where she would stay with Archbishop Davidson and his wife, who was her first cousin, she would champion the undeserving, and even introduced on one occasion a well-known anarchist within the Palace precincts. She was very fond of the Davidsons and they of her; but this did not prevent her saying what she felt. Once we heard her, from her house in Egerton Gardens, telephoning to Lambeth. The chaplain tried to guard the Archbishop from her, but she insisted on speaking to him, on the subject of a condemned man, who was to be hanged, but with whom she sympathized. "Are you going to do anything about it?" she inquired. "It's your job!" The Archbishop must have said "No"; for she ended abruptly with "Go to hell, Randall," and rang off.

From our earliest years, we three children were fortunate in that this unusual, courageous, and fascinating woman — who in later years reminded me so much of Aunt Alethea in Butler's *Way of All Flesh* — took an interest in us — a great interest, but not too much, for she was never fussy. We knew instinctively that she, too, was in league against authority, and saw through the shams. (She told me later that as a girl she had driven past the Guards Club in a hansom cab, and that her mother, when she heard of it, said that neither she nor her daughter would ever be able to lift up her head again. It meant RUIN.)

With my mother she was always on terms of cordial friendship, but she did not get on so well with her own nephew, my father; for he, though himself no less original in character, resented in her the opposing manifestations of this same quality. As to her view of him, although a feminist and religious, she attributed what she considered his shortcomings, his formality and isolation, to having been "brought up by a pack of religious old women, and never carin' for huntin'." About myself — though we were extremely fond of each other — her chief complaints were that I, too, did not hunt or persist in taking a cold bath every morning. I remember in this connection that when, many years later, I told my father that my aunt Blanche attributed her good health at the age of eighty-seven to having had a cold bath every single morning of her life, he remarked morosely, "Not at all! It merely shows how strong she is: it would have killed *me* long ago!"

As we grew up, she grew continually more interested in us, always giving me in particular her support and advice, until, in the end, although some sixty years my senior, she had become one of my most intimate friends. And while I write these words, I can still see her slight, active figure, as she used to run downstairs to greet me, her kind blue eyes, gray hair, and sweet — for that adjective, sullied though it is by wrong use, remains the only word to describe it — smile, and I can still hear her charming voice and laughter. Though her counsel was so valuable to others, about herself she was supremely careless, never worrying, hardly bothering even, about her clothes or what she looked like. She was, indeed, vague to a degree about her appearance, and far from vain; though as a girl

she must have been pretty. About others, however, and their worries, she fretted herself perpetually and minutely.

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I SEE two other figures, not such constant landmarks through our childhood, but going back to very early days and then disappearing. These figures, contrasting so violently one with the other, are nevertheless bound together; they belong precisely to the same epoch, and their antithesis is so strong as almost to present a likeness. One of them was Sir Henry Pennell, a magnificent old soldier, brave and handsome in his old age, gay, even when he suffered, and altogether charming, who had earned great distinction in the Crimean War; the other was "Old Charles," a deserter from the same conflict. These two old men, so different in their styles and virtues, though contemporary, constituted to Edith and me an insoluble puzzle; because, while my grandmother Sitwell and my mother, whose points of view were often divergent from one another, both encouraged our loving veneration for Sir Henry, Davis never failed to solicit and to claim our sympathy and respect for Old Charles. Secretly my sympathies were — and still are — with Old Charles. "Think of him *daring* to desert!" Davis used to say with the light of wonder and simple love in her eyes.

Certainly, these two contrary currents of opinion worried us; yet, looking back, I think I understand them and that between them can be discerned a very ancient rift, a difference of mind due to status. In Davis's attitude can be distinguished that common-sense view of war which prevailed in England among the working classes from the time of the Norman invasion until the end of the nineteenth century (an outlook similar to that of the Chinese, which saw in soldiering a low and disgraceful profession), the same which in medieval times had made the villeins shake their sides with laughter as they saw their ridiculous masters strutting off to the wars; while in the opposing attitude of my grandmother and mother could perhaps be seen the survival of that same fire that had caused the nobles to kill each other off for no reason, except an exaggerated sense of honor and loyalty, during such struggles as the Wars of the Roses.

Sir Henry I see always sitting, muffled up, in a garden under the faint sunshine of the first spring days, the sea showing distant misty and fitful glints of blue. His heavy, rugged limbs seemed to be sinking with fatigue into the earth, cruelly sprinkled with the shrill, unheeding cups of the crocuses, insistent for attention: he was too old for the spring to do anything for him but tire him further. When he saw us, though, he would rouse himself, and throw round him the old fiery garment of his courage, and gayety, and tell us stories.

Old Charles was not nearly so attractive a character as Sir Henry. He appeared to be connected by analogy, as well as by profession, with milk. He delivered it, and everything about him was milky. Always faintly splashed with milk, in addition, his hair and beard were milky, and his face had the milky complexion of a baby's. If you

pricked one of his veins, this opalescent liquid would most surely have run out of it. He was very badly paid for his work, it appeared, and, being a veteran deserter, as it were, could obtain no Poor Law Relief, because — or so Davis led us to believe — if he demanded it and gave his name (which incidentally he could not write, being only able to make a mark), the authorities would instantly recognize him and claim him for the Army. (I can hardly believe this now, unless a post in the War Office had been reserved for him; even then he must have been rising ninety.)

Davis, and my sister's governess of hierarchic name, Miss King-Church, both agreed that children ought to try to be charitable; so we were encouraged to put away for the old man sixpence a week out of the shilling each allowed us. And here I must confess that my earliest charity was inspired by greed. Miss King-Church delivered a lecture to us which, rightly or wrongly, I understood to mean that each gesture of charity brought in a substantial and immediate return in cash from Heaven. Accordingly, I rushed with my pennies to Old Charles's help, and was therefore, albeit gratified, in no way surprised when, by chance, a day or two later, my grandmother Sitwell presented me with five shillings. As a result, I pegged away month after month, and was dreadfully disappointed to earn no further dividend from the higher powers.

These figures, old, so very old, fade into the mist, sink into the ground, though the light still grows.

At Renishaw I see many more people; of whom a few — a very few — still remain. Maynard Hollingworth, for example, the present agent at Renishaw, who first emerges in my memory when I was aged seven and he came to the house to try to teach me how to take a large clock to pieces and put it together again (for my father, I do not know under what inspiration, at the time believed this to be an essential part of a child's training). Alas, my native lack of sympathy with the machine in all its forms triumphed over his every effort to instruct me. I was much more interested in talking to him about other matters, and in finding out what a delightful being, decisive, ingenious, and unusually versed in the lore of animals, flowers, and trees, and yet with a rare comprehension of character in human beings, was screened by his reserved manner and great height. Perhaps it is only because he seemed so tall to me then that I still see him after this fashion, for I am only an inch shorter myself — but I have never seen anyone who *looked* taller for his height.

These horological visits laid, at any rate, the foundations of a friendship by which I have been infinitely the gainer, for the little that I know of the country, of woods and flowers and trees and butterflies and birds and fish, — apart from the elementary lessons of Davis, — was taught me by this best and most genial of teachers with his innate sympathy for all wild things; a man whose interests would make him the most perfect country squire and naturalist combined.

It was he, for example, who would give me rural tidings: that he had seen a Camberwell Beauty the previous morning down by the old Sawmill at the edge of the lake, the

first seen in the neighborhood for a century, and how the local entomologist, a rather proud, airy, and eccentric character, had chanced to come over the same afternoon to roam in the park for a few hours with his nets and bottles and cases and snaring tackle in general. Maynard Hollingworth said nothing about his morning's adventure to this trafficker in wings, but when the latter called, about five o'clock, to bid a somewhat blasé good-bye, adding that there was no point in his staying further as there was little of interest to see at present, asked: —

"What would you say if I told you that I had seen a Camberwell Beauty this morning?"

Catching wildly at his nets, the snarer rushed from the room crying, "Where? Where? Where?"

It was Maynard Hollingworth, too, who told me of the pair of kingfishers of pure white plumage that nested beyond the lake on the dark, miasmic waters of the Rother; and he can give one countless bits of information unknown to others: that on a particular hazel bush grow oval nuts instead of round, that his father had told him this forty years before, and how, remembering it, when the bush began to sprout again after regular attempts to extirpate it by the farmer, he took a cutting for his own garden, and there, sure enough, it bore oval fruit; or that wild violets must grow in one secluded ravine in the woods, because, though he had looked for the plants and never yet found them, notwithstanding, every summer he has seen fritillary butterflies there, the larvae of which — true gourmets in the fashion of the Romans eating nightingales' tongues — feed only on the leaves of violets.

Sometimes I fear that my lack of feeling for rural pursuits, hunting, and fishing, and my constitutional ignorance of farming, must pain him; indeed his interests would have made of him a much better country squire than am I; but, on the other hand, as the years developed, we became the two greatest authorities on an abstruse subject, and one of moment to both of us: the character and behavior of my father, a subject of endless interest.

There are too many characters for me to tell you of in detail, and some will introduce themselves later, but it is plain that Mark Kirkby must enter here; an enchanting rural figure, a great friend of mine, and one who seemed to sum up in his short, sturdy person, his boots, gaiters, and stout clothes of Bedford cord, and in his red, very red face, peppered all over with blue shot lying protuberant just under the skin, the essence of the countryside. Haughty in manner with those — and their name was legion — whom he suspected to be poachers, and for whom he delighted to lay the most elaborate traps of dummy pheasants, made of straw and fastened to branches, so that in the moonlight they looked most realistic, he was known widely, from the situation of his cottage, as the Duke of Plumbley (Dook o' Ploomly), and his rule in the woods, of which he knew every inch, was vigorous and absolute.

Accompanied by Clumber spaniels, night bitches of the local breed, he would roam hills and valleys at full moon throughout the hours of darkness, and thereby gained an infinite experience of their poetry, of which, in an unexpressive rustic manner, he seemed to be aware. Always

the center of incidents, on one occasion, I remember he caught a poacher who refused to answer him; the more Mark shouted at him, the more dazed and silent and sulky the man seemed to become — and it was not until an hour or so had passed that he realized that he had caught the rarest of all his poachers, a deaf-mute.

The light of hills and sea shows in these faces; and my first Dionysian or rhapsodic experience was, too, connected with light; light which has always meant so much to me, its quality even affecting my writing. I was about five years old, and had been involved in what seemed at the time irretrievable misfortune. It was a Saturday afternoon in June, the first exquisite day of summer that year, and I was doing some of my first lessons; but so much did I long to be in the golden air outside that it became an obsession. From my high child's chair I could obtain a view of sea and sky and, lured by their temporary but seemingly ineffaceable gayety, I resolved to make a dash for freedom.

Accordingly, I hurled my copy of *Reading Without Tears* down upon the floor and ran out of the room, a screaming Swiss governess in pursuit after me. But I had obtained a good start and hid under the billiard table in a room in the farthest part of the house. Extricated with some difficulty, I was carried upstairs by my father, who had been summoned by the governess, and in the course of the journey I kicked him very hard in the belly. Naturally he could not let that pass, and fearful scenes ensued. I felt disgraced and humiliated forever.

My mother had been out at the time but, when she returned, may have divined the original source of the trouble, because she took the same exaggerated delight in fine days as I did, and felt the same depression over those that were black and foggy. At any rate, she rescued me, restored my self-respect, told Davis to give me tea, and, though it was by now rather late for my usual promenade, for it was about six, sent me out alone with Davis.

We went a little farther than usual, to the gardens on the north side; flat, level lawns, broken off above the sea (the gardens there had slid into the water about ten years before), which were usually lacking in charm. On the edge of sea and sky great, white, furry clouds, golden-tinged, wrestled and tumbled like polar bears clumsily in the summer wind. Tonight, skillfully eluding Davis, I ran to the edge of the precipitous cliff and stood there looking straight in the face of the evening sun.

The light bathed the whole world in its amber and golden rays, seeming to link up every object and every living thing, catching them in its warm, diaphanous net, so that I felt myself at one with my surroundings, part of this same boundless immensity of sea and sky and, even, of the detailed precision of the landscape, part of the general creation, divided from it by no barriers made by man or devil. Below me and above me stretched the enormous merging of blue air and blue water with golden air and golden water, fathomless, and yet more and more fervently glowing every moment, the light revealing new vistas and avenues up into space or out towards the horizon, as though the illimitable future itself opened for me; and, as I watched, I lost myself.

All this must have endured only an instant, for presently — but time had ceased to exist — I heard Davis calling. The eye of the sun was lower now. The clouds began to take on a deeper and more rosy hue, and it was time for me to return home; but this strange peace, of which poetry is born, had for the first time descended on me, and henceforth a new light quivered above the world and over the people in it.

Like Cellini before me, I had seen the salamander; I had seen it, not in a fire within a house, but in the flames that lit the eye of the sun.

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MY FIRST contact with the worlds of art and literature occurred a year or two after this early experience of Dionysian or creative emotion. My father, gifted though he was, spent his life apart, alone. Indelibly stained with gothic darkness and its accompanying colors, pure and soft in tone, his mind inhabited the ivory tower of the thirteenth century, complete with every convenience of the time, — crossbows, battlements, oubliettes, and thumb-screws, — that growing unhappiness had obliged him to construct for his protection against the exterior and contemporary world.

Occasionally, he would lower the drawbridge and make a sortie; but these affrays became rarer and rarer. The ivory tower, within its magic circle and protected by the stout stone fortifications of a Harrison Ainsworth castle, grew more and more fantastic, and, with each passing year, he spent a longer time in it, until, gradually, he was able to fake for himself even the views obtainable from the loopholes of his fastness, and refuse to contemplate reality at all.

Even in these days of which I write, when he was a comparatively young man, he inclined to shun the company of living human beings, for they disturbed his ideas, forced him to adjust them with so much violence that slabs of ivory would fall from the tower, exposing its furniture to the light of the outside world. And this he disliked, becoming shy and paralyzed under its vibrations. Only where business was concerned did he see, or wish to see, things as they were, with a sharply outlined reality, though in this, also, some slight medieval bias attached to his acumen, and manifested itself in his methods.

But, though he felt no sense of anachronism in sitting in his thirteenth-century retreat reading the latest scientific theories by electric light, at all other times he liked to be surrounded with archers, bowmen, and servitors. (Henry, however, subtle and robust and fitting perfectly into the pattern of his time, was determined to be no henchman, but a servant, and continually drew up the blinds, as it were, with a bang. His passion, too, for mechanical devices, trouser presses, instruments for coring apples, special appliances, ingenious but complicated, for cleaning various objects — all these, besides being in part the passion of a sailor for all things neat and cleverly contrived, were in addition bought in order continually to bring my father up of a sudden against the epoch in which they were both living.) For the rest, if my father *must*

meet the living, to him as insubstantial as were the dead to others, he preferred them to be in a trance-like condition of subservience and astonishment. And even my mother's friends treated him in a rather frightened way, for to them he bore that intimidating label, *clever*; a word pronounced as though in invisible inverted commas.

Thus, in spite of his respect for artists and men of learning, — a quality he most certainly possessed, — he was acquainted with very few, and although he intended to see a great deal of them in some ideal and nebulous future, and, indeed, boasted of getting on well with them in a visionary present, in fact he seldom met them, and always remained apart, though not without an effort to impose his will upon the two or three antiquarian soul-mates who from time to time crossed his path.

Before proceeding further, however, I must illustrate his genuine reverence for these beings, together with his attitude of aloofness, even from those to whom his temperament most nearly related him, by two anecdotes picked at random out of time. When I was eleven years old, my health compelled my parents to take a villa at San Remo for the winter, and during that period Mr. Horace Round, the great authority on heraldry and genealogy, came for a few days' visit. In appearance he was hirsute and solid, in the manner of the late nineteenth-century Englishman. Just before he left, he suddenly asked, "Are the young people interested in genealogies too?" And then, before there was time to answer him, he slid with abandon down the whole length of the banisters. This unexpected behavior on the part of one who was normally dignified, and by no means young, made us children laugh, and my father subsequently reproved us, saying, "Don't laugh! These Great Men have their Little Idiosyncrasies."

The other incident took place some time in the insouciant twenties of this century. Our dear friend Arthur Waley was staying with us at Renishaw, and my father very much admired his translations of Chinese poetry. My father's manners were later in period than himself — about the time of Charles II, but with a touch, too, of the Meredithian baronet, Sir Willoughby Patterne or Sir Austin Feverel, clinging to them; or again they might belong to the eighteenth century, as seen through the pale amber spectacles of one of his favorite artists, once so famous and now so greatly neglected, Orchardson. But, formal, exquisite, and elaborate though they were, they could scarcely be more beautiful than Arthur Waley's.

Upon a Sunday morning, then, my father was walking round the lake which he had caused to be created, regretting that he had not moved the old river-bed farther back, and thinking out possible fantasies in stone, torrents to fall through the hanging woods above, pavilions upon islands, and decorative effects generally (a few years before, he had determined to have all the white cows in the park stenciled with a blue Chinese pattern, but the animals were so obdurate and perverse as in the end to oblige him to abandon the scheme). The lake is shaped like an hourglass or a figure-of-eight, and a bridge spans its waist. On this bridge my father met Arthur Waley advancing towards him. Each took his hat off ceremoniously and said to the other, "How much I wish we were going in

the same direction!" and passed on. Half an hour later they met again at the same place, having pursued their contrary courses as though they were planets whose goings and comings are immutably fixed by the sun, and repeated the salutation.

This aloofness, which hedged my father ever since I can remember him, possessed its own beauty and interest. Yet how remote he was! For example, in those days of house-to-house canvassing, he had personally visited each dwelling in the borough of Scarborough several times, but he seldom remembered single constituents when he met them. (He has frequently in later years passed me by in the street, looking at me without recognition.) My mother's friends he saw very seldom, even when they were his guests. He liked to have his luncheon alone, an hour earlier than the rest of the family, and he always had tea by himself in his study. Often at Scarborough, when I was a small boy returning from a winter's afternoon walk with Davis, just as we entered the hall, he would open the door of his room, which was on the ground floor, and call me in to talk to him. (He loved children until they were old enough to reason, express their views, and show a will of their own; he loved their originality and the amusing, naïve things they said.) He would talk — always interestingly.

But, looking back, I realize how little he told me of himself. My mother would, when I was with her, tell me of incidents from her childhood, and of her brother, her sisters, her mother, her adored father who could do no wrong in her eyes. She enabled me to enter into her childish life as she had lived it. But my father, I suppose because it had not been happy, never mentioned his childhood. His range was wide, and intentionally instructive. It touched inevitably, at some point or other, on history, geography, or art, with, occasionally, the wonder of an elementary conjuring trick, with pennies disappearing from between the fingers, for amusement and to hold wandering attention. Even this, I have sometimes thought in later years, was really designed in order to prove that magic could not exist, and that everything that occurred possessed a material explanation. He would tell me not to be frightened of the dark (he was very sympathetic about it): there were no bogeys in dark corners, no ogres or ghosts; they were only stupid and ignorant nurses' tales. Why, he had himself exposed that sort of thing once and for all, years ago. Then he would veer to medieval times, tell me a story about a knight or a minstrel, or lift me up to look at a painting.

It was by George Morland, a picture of the Westminster Election, and represented Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire kissing the butcher, or about to kiss him, in an attempt to win his vote for Charles James Fox. On each side of the butcher's shop are the usual Morland sheep. The foreshortened face of a farmer's boy, the usual thatch and trees, and the rather horrifying concomitant detail, the meat hanging up in the open shop, the dingy, mangy collie running out of it with a sheep's head in his mouth, are all painted with an extreme realism, so that my father had chosen it out of the other pictures very skillfully for

his purpose. Its story was easy to explain, and it was precisely the painting to arouse a child's interest and hold his attention at an age when the greatest work of Titian or Raphael or Michelangelo would to him signify nothing. Thus it would ensure an early inclination towards noticing pictures, and looking at them.

From the time, therefore, when I was four or five, I remember the Westminster Election much more vividly than the lovely Copley group of the Sitwell Children or the Fruit Barrow by Henry Walton; notwithstanding, it may be that the intense pleasure I have derived from seeing works of art all over the world, and the influence they have exercised upon my mind, are due, at any rate to some degree, to this ruse of my father's; for he was very anxious that, when I grew up, I should care for pictures — though, of course, only for the pictures he himself admired. At any rate it became a regular turn, a treat, and I was constantly worrying him to "show me the butcher's shop."

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MY FIRST impression of a great artist — I do not mean a great painter — dates from the age of five, when Edith and I went to spend Christmas in London with my Londesborough grandparents, and without my father or mother. Looking back to that time, it seems to have been a season of primrose-yellow fogs and of snow, of brilliantly lit shopwindows, full of toys and flowers and sweets, and from the distant darkness of the nights that followed I recall — so that our nursery must have looked out on the square — the occasional clip-clop-clop of the horses, their hoofs muffled by the snow.

Very clearly, too, I see the carriages. (Who that has known it can ever forget the peculiar smell, mingled of oats and beer and leather, which haunted every four-wheeler, and accorded so well with its speed, and the face and voice of the driver?) In my ears still vibrates the tinny whistling that went on desultorily through the night — another London sound that has vanished; a whistling all the more shrill and forlorn because the world of the nineties was so quiet. As it died upon the thick night air, it left behind it, you would have said, a trail of sadness, of disillusionment; while the very hopefulness of its original start, until the break came in its voice, was as though someone were seeking a needle in the haystack of the enormous night. That sound, so typical of the city to which it belonged, was killed by the coming of the telephone — though it continued until forbidden at some period during the war of 1914–1918. And, accompanying it, I see the face of the crossing-sweeper under the gas lamp as he limps to open the door.

His was a trade which had belonged to nineteenth-century art and literature, had inspired Dickens and Gavarni and many more. He belonged as much to this, the metropolis of mud, as modes to Paris, sand to Timbuctoo, or coal to Newcastle. His apotheosis, no doubt, had been during the 1840's, before London had been paved, when, for example, even Oxford Street more resembled a derelict canal on the outskirts of Venice than one of the

chief thoroughfares in the richest modern city. Then, as soon as for a moment the mud was swept back, the immense tide rolled in again.

The crossing-sweeper, in those days, was all-important; but even then it was constantly remarked that no one had ever seen him with a new broom — only such a stump as I remember my crossing-sweeper carried. But this was no sign of poverty, for fortunes had been not seldom amassed in the trade. The same persons, men or women, would occupy the same pitch year after year. They inherited it from their predecessors and bequeathed it to their heirs. The work, or rather the hours of work, varied with the locality. On the whole the crossing-sweeper rose late, for experience had taught him that the entire race of early risers was unworthy to be served, apt to be costive, poor, and in a hurry. It was necessary for him, of course, to be astir earlier in the city than in the districts devoted to fashionable life. Moreover, in the squares, contact was usually established between each family and the sweeper, who thus obtained benefits, scraps from one house, and a regularly paid salary, however small, at another.

In the prime of this career, one or two well-known characters were ambitious, and went in for ornamental sweeping. In the forties there was one man who, near the present Marble Arch entrance to Hyde Park, sculptured out of the dirt all sorts of designs, hearts and diamonds and icicles and stars, and another, by St. Giles's Church, who hedged his right-of-way with holly twigs, and after dark decorated it with lighted candle-ends and small tallow lamps until it glittered like a Neapolitan *presepio* at Christmas. When the crossing-sweeper, however, had finished his day's work he "shut up shop"; that is, swept the dirt, upon which he had during his hours of duty imposed some kind of order, back over the road again.

The crossing-sweeper I remember used to have a chat with my grandfather every day, and be given a shilling: he knew everybody's business, but the great days were already gone, abolished, as a writer in the forties had foretold, "by wood, asphalt and granite, gutta-percha and India-rubber." Nevertheless he was still an essential part of the life of London. Yet he disappeared as swiftly and quietly as a ripple in the mud. It was only yesterday that I used the expression "crossing-sweeper" and, seeing a look of incomprehension on the face of the girl to whom I was talking, realized that both word and trade were now obsolete and void of meaning.

Even to a child, the London of my young days presented its peculiar qualities of fascination and excitement. The very squalor of its climate, the cold and darkness and fog, the greasy tracks in the roads, the streets patterned by feet, made the luxurious life, the entertainments, the dresses, the carriages, the lighted windows of the shops like baskets of flowers or sweets, or even like rockets offering their flowers and stars to you, all the more alluring, as if you found a great picture in some dusty auction room or saw a diamond shine suddenly from a lump of mud. And above all, there was the size of London, vast and intricate, and seeming in those days of horse-drawn traffic, when to go from Mayfair to Regent's Park took half an hour, of a shape and layout impossible for the mind

to grasp. In this city dwelt whole nations of the rich and poor, whole tribes of atrocious drunkards and cripples, gnarled like trees, as well as a thousand times as many dancing girls as ever postured on the terraces of palaces for Cambodian kings; in it were Chinese towns and Indian settlements, and Jews congregated round their synagogues.

Yet London was the heart of England, beating to the tune, unmistakable in vigor and rhythm, of its blood. An understanding of the world-wide roots of this great city, passing deep under the surrounding water to the rich soil of the five continents, was enforced by a visit to the Zoological Gardens, whither beasts had been brought from every direction across the seas. My grandmother's love of birds, and especially of parrots and cockatoos, inspired her to take us to the parrot-house. I have never forgotten first entering it from the darkness of that afternoon, how triumphantly and gayly the feathers flared in the cages, and how the shrieks and squawks and chatter were so intense as almost to offer another element, like water or fire, in which you could drown or scorch yourself.

The culmination of our visit, however, was the opening of the Drury Lane Pantomime on Boxing Day, to which our grandparents were escorting us in state. All through the afternoon which preceded the performance, Edith and I were made to rest in bed, in a darkened room; that kind of resting which during childhood makes those subjected to it so much more tired than would the perpetual running about which both their limbs and spirits crave. We were mad, drunk, drugged with excitement. Drury Lane on Boxing Day had been a subject of conversation between our nurse and her friends ever since we could remember. It had seemed an ideal, visionary and beyond attainment. Yet now it could almost be touched, its air breathed in, and we threw our pillows wildly into the air, and even shouted, in our enthusiasm.

Still time advanced. Outside the drawn blinds, the yellow murk was deepening into a thick and nearly palpable darkness and the whistles that sometimes pierced the silence sounded lonely and choking. (Perhaps the fog would be so bad that we should be unable to leave the house? But we knew, we felt, that this could not happen.) At last, the climax arrived; we climbed into the carriage, and after half an hour arrived at the immense portico, got out, were conducted to the stage-box, sat down on our chairs, our chins just resting on the dusty red plush of the curving ledge that hemmed us in. The curtain went up. Already our grandparents were watching us, with the strained and anxious attention which elderly people reserve for children, to see if they are enjoying themselves.

Alas, right at the beginning, just as the devil had appeared in a red enveloping cloud through a trap-door, the

accumulated feelings, the long-drawn-out sense of expectation, and, above all, the total exhaustion resulting from so protracted a period of resting, overwhelmed me and my nose began to bleed. Hastily I was taken out, to the little room at the back of the box, and told to lie down, flat, upon the gilt sofa. As I lay there, I heard Davis remarking that it might be a good thing in the long run, because it was said that, a week or two before, the Prince of Wales had only just been saved from apoplexy one night after dinner by his nose beginning to bleed. Whether I, too, was saved from this fate by the involuntary following of so illustrious an example, I do not know; but I know this: that all the first part of this performance, to which I had so eagerly looked forward, was spent by me, lying there, with a rusty key down my back, a piece of melting ice upon my forehead, and, in addition, the whole time undergoing threats of being subjected to other ill-judged and empiric remedies.

Fortunately, I recovered early enough to see Dan Leno as the Beautiful Duchess, wearing a hooped dress and a large picture hat with a feather flowing from the brim, fall through the harp he was playing. I can still remember vividly that supreme representation of artistic abandon, and also, before it, his virtuoso plucking at the instrument, the strings of which were made of elastic. I even recall a fragment of Dan Leno's dialogue with Herbert Campbell. I believe it took place in the same pantomime, though I saw him subsequently more than once. At any rate on this occasion his appearance contrasted violently with that of his former role. Gone were the Gainsborough costume, the wig, and the plumes. Instead of them, he wore a tattered white silk dressing gown; and a little tail of hair, screwed up at the back of his head, together with a curl-paper or two, completed a masterpiece of slatternly ensemble. His face looked un-made-up and wrinkled. He was, temporarily, a pantomime Queen interviewing her cook in the morning. Herbert Campbell, Leno's large and wonderful foil, acted the part of the cook. The Queen was finding fault with the household accounts.

"Cook," she was saying, "the bills for the Palace are far too high. Look at them! Onions, onions, onions, always onions. I don't understand. Did we give a garden party?"

"No, Your Majesty, you forget. Onions repeat."

Such jokes may not sound funny, — though this still seems funny to me, — but Dan Leno's personality in effect raised everything he did or said onto a plane of its own, for he possessed a sense of comedy that transcended comedy and became tragic, just as his face, one of the most sad and individual masks that any actor ever presented to the public, went beyond laughter and placed him on a level with the most famous clowns who have ever lived.

(To be concluded)

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THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR